



Augusta M. M. M.

THE HISTORY OF
THE HAWTREY FAMILY



THE HISTORY OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY

BY

FLORENCE MOLESWORTH HAWTREY

*"Have regard to thy name: for that shall continue
with thee above a thousand great treasures of gold."*

—ECCLESIASTICUS xli. 12.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

WITH THREE PORTRAITS

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1903

[*All rights reserved*]

THE HISTORY OF THE HAWTHORNE FAMILY

FRANCIS HAWTHORNE, M.D.

WITH A HISTORY OF THE
FAMILY OF THE HAWTHORNE

OF THE HAWTHORNE

OF THE HAWTHORNE

WITH A HISTORY OF THE
FAMILY OF THE HAWTHORNE

LONDON

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

1893

(All rights reserved)

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
XXXV. EDWARD HAWTREY	I
XXXVI. MY FATHER'S ORDINATION	12
XXXVII. PAKEFIELD AND MY FATHER'S AUTO- BIOGRAPHY	33
XXXVIII. LONDON	86
XXXIX. MY FATHER'S MISSIONARY VISIT TO THE NORTH	97
XL. VISITS TO BOULOGNE AND LANCASHIRE	111
XLI. LETTERS FROM MY UNCLE STPPHEN .	123
XLII. THE LAKES	126
XLIII. CONCERNING COLONISATION	139
XLIV. MOVE TO GUERNSEY	143
XLV. MY GRANDMOTHER'S LAST ILLNESS .	152
XLVI. LETTERS AT HOME AND ABROAD . .	156
XLVII. "THERE IS A VERY MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GUERNSEY"	168
XLVIII. FAIR WEATHER	170
XLIX. RADBOURNE, WHEATLEY, AND ETON .	174
L. AGGRIEVED PARISHIONERS	180
LI. GUERNSEY, SARK, AND OXFORD . . .	181
LII. GOOD-BYE TO GUERNSEY	190
LIII. THE FAIR AT BOULOGNE	195
LIV. KINGSTON SEYMOUR	198
LV. WINDSOR AND CLAVERHAM	218

CHAP.	PAGE
LVI. MY FATHER'S LAST DAYS AND UTTERANCES	228
LVII. EARLY LIFE OF STEPHEN HAWTREY	251
LVIII. UNIVERSITY CAREER	263
LIX. STEPHEN HAWTREY'S EARLY CONNECTION WITH ETON AND WINDSOR	267
LX. BEGINNING OF ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, WINDSOR	271
LXI. PAROCHIAL WORK AT WINDSOR	274
LXII. SWITZERLAND	283
LXIII. INTERCOURSE WITH BISHOP SELWYN	298
LXIV. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS AT ETON	299
LXV. ST. MARK'S AND H.M.S. "PEMBROKE"	306
LXVI. SYMPATHY	330
LXVII. A SERMON	338
LXVIII. APPRECIATION	345
LXIX. CORRESPONDENCE WITH FRIENDS	349
LXX. RETIREMENT FROM ETON	357
LXXI. STEPHEN HAWTREY'S WRITINGS	362
LXXII. COLLÈGE COMMUNAL DE SALLENCHES	368
LXXIII. EUCLID	369
LXXIV. THE MOVE TO THE WARDEN'S HOUSE AND RETURN TO CHURCH HOUSE	372
LXXV. TYROL	376
LXXVI. RETURN TO WINDSOR	378
LXXVII. LAST DAYS	379
LXXVIII. IN MEMORIAM — BY CANON CARTER, A.D. 1886	382
LXXIX. LETTERS FROM OLD ETON PUPILS	385
LXXX. CONCLUSION	392
APPENDICES	395

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II.

ANNE, WIFE OF JOHN HAWTREY	<i>To face page</i>	7
JOHN HAWTREY IN LATER LIFE	” ”	37
STEPHEN, SON OF JOHN AND ANNE HAWTREY	” ”	354

THE HISTORY OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY

CHAPTER XXXV

EDWARD HAWTREY

THE following is in Anna's handwriting :—

“On Friday afternoon our ever beloved Edward was sitting by Mamma on the sofa, and we were all at tea. He had rather a severe attack of coughing. He seemed agitated, and Mamma and Montague supported him into the next room, and unfortunately placed him on his back on the bed, which caused a dreadful convulsion for want of breath. It was agony to us all ; we thought he was dying, and could give him no relief. Oh ! it was intense agony. I suppose it lasted two or three minutes, but it seemed much longer. At length, with a convulsed effort he rose, sat up, and leaned forward, and got instant relief. The first word he said, as he leaned his head on Mamma's shoulder, was : ‘Thank the dear Lord Jesus.’ We never can be thankful enough to God for having suffered our precious brother to remain two days with us after this. For, notwithstanding his long illness, we should at that moment have felt it sudden, for even that morning his medical man had given us faint hopes of his recovery.

“Now, however, we felt all was over. He was never again able to lie down, lest he should have another fit of suffocation, but was supported in bed with pillows. After settling him so for the night, dearest Mamma—who had that day come down for the first time after a most severe fit of ague and fever during which, at one time, we had despaired of her life

—was obliged to go to her room and leave him to me and the nurse. Her illness had lasted ten days, and had been brought on by her unremitting care, nursing, and anxiety for Edward.

“From the time that Mamma had been taken ill I never left his room, but slept occasionally in the easy-chair. This evening he said: ‘Never leave me again, Anna.’ I need not say I never did. But he was very anxious I should sleep in the easy-chair, and begged me to make myself comfortable. He was never again able to speak above a whisper, as he had a great dread of breaking another blood-vessel.¹

“He passed a quiet night, and looked beautifully placid and resigned, occasionally saying in a whisper some sweet little affectionate things, but unfortunately I did not think of writing down what he said at first. However, on Saturday I did, and the first thing I find (that he had said) written on the little piece of paper on which I wrote at the moment is: ‘God so loved the world that He gave His Only begotten Son—how amazing that love!—Him that was called Counsellor!’

“When I was trying to say something of the glories of Heaven and the happiness of all being united for ever, he said he thought we should not consider the happiness of Heaven as consisting in anything but gratitude and love to God for all He had done for us. After speaking of the extreme agony he had during the suffocating fit, he uttered aloud an earnest prayer to God that, for Christ’s sake, he might not have a repetition of that agony. I said I wished that he would pray as earnestly for an increase of faith. He said: ‘If I had not faith I should not pray in that way at all; I should not expect my prayers to be answered if I had not a little faith.’ Some time after he prayed very earnestly for an increase of faith, and for love to God for all that He had done for him.

“His sufferings at this time increased very much, and Saturday night was very restless and painful.

“Sunday morning, after the doctor had left the room, he said: ‘You see, he gives it up too’ (meaning any hope of

¹ This was what had happened, with great loss of blood, in the fit of coughing above mentioned.

alleviating his sufferings). I said : ' Yes, Edward, we must submit to the will of God ; there is but one Physician who can be of any avail now, the Physician of the sin-sick soul—He who was wounded that He might heal us.' ' Oh, yes,' said he with much feeling. ' Would that I could love Him more !'

" I was sitting by him with the Bible open. He said : ' Read.' I read the 53rd of Isaiah. When I had done, he said : ' What a beautiful chapter.' At about twelve o'clock Papa administered the Sacrament to us. He appeared to join earnestly in the Prayers. When it was over, Papa said : ' And now, my Darling, I trust you can tell me that you know that Christ hath saved you, and that you are going to be with Him for ever.' He answered : ' Oh, yes.' Soon after Papa left the room he pressed his hands on his breast and said : ' Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me !' I, fearing he was tempted to doubt the mercy of God, said : ' Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.' He understood my fear, and said : ' You know I say that because I cannot say anything else,' alluding to his having told me he was too weak to pray much, and immediately after, with much fervour, said : ' *My Father who art in Heaven.*' Two or three times in the morning his lips moved as if in earnest prayer. His sufferings now increased exceedingly, especially from intense weakness, and not being able to lie down from difficulty of breathing, but only to rest on pillows that were placed before him as he sat up. Mercifully, Mamma was able to be with him from Saturday morning till he died. During the whole of Sunday night his sufferings were extreme ; he could not rest for more than a minute or two in the same position, and was constantly helped from the bed to the easy-chair and back again. He bore all this with the most wonderful patience. I said to him at one time something about being made perfect by suffering, scarcely knowing what I meant. But he quickly and with great feeling said : ' No, Christ did it all, Christ did it all.' During the night he said : ' Do you think, Anna, there would be any harm in praying to be taken soon?' I said I was not sure, that I had heard of many Christians that did, but that I thought it better to wait for the Lord's time. He said : ' Oh,

yes ; then pray that I may have patience.' 'But,' said I, 'it will be such a glorious change that we may well wait patiently a little while.' 'Yes, to be sure,' said he. 'And *what* a change it will be,' said I. 'Oh, yes,' said he, following my thought, 'amazing, inconceivable !'

"Papa, whose anxiety had always been extreme that he should have a 'full assurance' of his own salvation, and who never felt quite comfortable when our precious brother's tender humility of spirit led him (when for a moment he looked to himself) to feel a trembling doubt, said to him about this time : 'I hope, my Darling, you have a full assurance that you are going to be with Christ for ever ?' After pausing for some time, he said with extreme difficulty : 'Do you mean as to the time, or as to my being with Christ at all ?' Papa answered : 'You have not a doubt of being with Christ.' 'I hope so,' he said with a smile, 'but this is not the time for you to ask me.'

"Soon after this the intensity of his sufferings caused his mind to wander a little, and he said something expressive of impatience, and tho' his mind was wandering, his tender conscience made him feel he had done wrong, and he turned to Papa and said : 'Forgive me, sir ; I did not mean to say that.' At about six o'clock in the morning he seemed rather easier and perfectly sensible. Papa said to him : 'You are going to Christ.' He answered : 'I know that.' Papa : 'He is your Saviour.' 'I know that too.' Papa : 'You will see dear Percival.' Edward (with much feeling) : 'Dear Jesus.' Shortly after he said : 'Percival.' Papa then read some of Clark's promises. He listened with great earnestness, occasionally saying : 'Tell that again, if you please.'"

Montague writes of this time :—

"Mamma and I went in. I remained supporting his knees ; Mamma was, at his head, Anna kneeling on the side of his bed. He opened his eyes, which seemed at that moment possessed of their usual power, with effort, and looked at each of us, and then repeated several times : 'One, two, three.' I supposed he wanted more of us to be present, and asked Mamma, when she proposed

to him to send for Emily and Harriet, but he said no. Shortly after this Mamma proposed singing a hymn, it was not done at once, but Papa prayed. After that Edward made a sign to Anna to pray, which she did, and when she had said a few words, Mamma again urged her proposal of singing a hymn, and mentioned 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' Upon this Papa repeated the first verse, and then Anna attempted to sing, but could scarcely proceed from the faltering of her voice. Then that dear angel joined in with her, and for two or three verses we heard his well-known, deep, melodious voice, with wonderful strength and accuracy, accompany her, Papa occasionally singing a note, and I attempting to do so, while Mamma was plunged in an agony of tears. We left off for a little while, but shortly he expressed a wish to have those verses again sung, and Anna did sing the first verse again, in which he joined, laying peculiar stress on each word in the last two lines—

“ ‘ Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last ! ’

“A little after this he fixed his eyes on me and said: ‘Montague, don’t you know the name? can’t you tell me anything about it?’ Soon after this I left the room, as I had been all this time very thinly clad, and dressed myself a little.”

“While Montague was absent,” Anna continues, “he gently drew his hands from ours (they had been crossed on his bosom, and Mamma was holding one, and I the other, on each side of him), raised them, and clasping them together with difficulty from extreme weakness, said: ‘Come, Lord Jesus, quickly.’ He then gently crossed them again, giving a hand to each of us. Almost immediately he began to draw long and longer breaths.”

At this time Montague returned into the room, and says: “He was lying on his back, his eyes fixed, his mouth partly open, and himself drawing long, deep breaths, accompanied by the fatal grating noise. I threw myself down on my knees for half a minute, but could not endure it, and

rushed out. I returned in about three minutes. There was a dead silence in the room, and just at that moment Papa, pointing to the lovely form before us, said to Mamma : ‘ Your Darling is in Heaven.’ ”

I can remember my mother coming into a room early one morning and saying to my sisters Emily and Harriet : “ You will never see your dear Brother Edward again.” And I also remember, the same day, our all kneeling in the room where he died, and where my father prayed, and probably tears were abundantly shed. But I was young, and the family grief did not touch me as it did my sorrowing elders.

I have since been told that my father prayed earnestly that he and my mother might be spared the loss of another child. Five had now gone before them, and of those then living not one was taken till many years after the death of their parents.

There is a very pretty country churchyard at Binstead, within a walk of Ryde—probably Edward had known the place—and there he, and the friend who died about the same time, Edward Percival, were both laid, not far from each other.

At first, mention of the other friend was made on each gravestone, but as time went by, and repairs or alterations were needed, this has been changed.

The inscription on Edward’s gravestone was as follows :—

“ Beneath this Stone lie the Remains of
EDWARD, the beloved Son of JOHN and ANNE
HAWTREY, late of Trinity College, Cambridge,
who departed this life, in full assurance
of faith, August 15th 1831. Aged 19 years.
He was the friend of Edward Percival,
whom he survived fourteen days, and
whose remains lie opposite.
Companions in tribulation and in the
Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ,
and victims to the same lingering disease,
they were separated for a moment in time,
to be united for ever in Eternal Glory.”



ANNE, WIFE OF JOHN HAWTREY

XV

P. 7—Vol. II

In writing to her son Stephen, at Cambridge, soon after Edward's death, my mother, putting aside her own sorrow, comforts him.

“*Tuesday, 16 August [1831].*”

“Ought I not to call upon you to rejoice instead of to mourn when I tell you that our beloved, our best beloved Edward is now a glorified Spirit near the Throne of God, and I fondly hope even again returned to be a ministering Spirit in our midst?”

“I do not think he had a wish ungratified that it was in the power of the most watchful care to supply. . . . We all sat up with him Sunday night, and evidently saw that the Lord would speedily release him. During this whole time and for a month past, we have had from him sweet and blessed assurances that his mind was in a prepared state. . . . Papa was constant in prayer the whole night, which he enjoyed, and even when Papa went into the next room to pray he heard many petitions and used to say ‘Amen,’ and ‘Go on—pray, pray.’ About six o’clock on Monday morning he was put into bed; he had been on an easy-chair. His breath was getting shorter, but he lay down, sweetly crossed his arms on his breast, and I said to Anna: ‘Sing “Jesus, Lover of my Soul,”’ Papa and Montague standing by. The moment she began, he joined with such strength and voice as astonished us, and with such strong emphasis on those beautiful words as was delightful. When she stopped, he said ‘Again,’ and again joined in a verse. After that Papa read a few delightful promises, and he [E.] joined in finishing the verses. His mind seemed to wander for a few minutes, and we think he wanted to sing [the Hymn] again, but could not remember the line, and said to Montague: ‘Do not you know the name? you ought to know it’ (which dear Montague has taken as a direct word of exhortation). He then rested, perfectly quiet; we were all kneeling—the eye fixed, the respiration lengthened, but not a motion, no hand disturbed. And if ever there was a perfect falling asleep, it was that. We all watched breathless while he still for five minutes drew five

slight sobs, and at half-past seven all was still. Oh, my dearest Stephen, you may conceive all ! Our tears and our thanksgivings were mixed together, for we must, my love, consider it a most merciful release to our Beloved, and rest in hope of a joyful re-union around our Father's home in glory. He now lies still—beautiful—in the next room. On Friday he will be laid by the side of his friend Percival (who just went one fortnight before him) in the beautiful little churchyard of Binstead, where every sweet flower shall grow, and it shall be our little treasure in the Isle of Wight. This love is surely natural, though we well know his Spirit, himself, is not there, yet the beloved clay will ever be loved by us. Another great mercy I am most sensible of. I was very ill for nearly a week—an ague and fever—but in one day I seemed restored, so that from the Friday that he was taken worse, I was able to attend to him with all my usual strength night and day.

“I have taken a most excellent profile of him as he lay in peace, and I will send it to you—at least one of the same, which you can put on black paper and hang up. I consider it a great treasure, and rejoice that I thought of it. Now I have only to exhort you not to sorrow as one without hope ; but let us all set out with renewed determination to spend an Eternity all together. Though one and another may step in before us, do not indulge in bitter recollections ; be careful of yourself. I know not how I could support sorrow upon sorrow. . . . I am happy to tell you while I was ill Anna never left our darling, and she got so completely into the way of doing everything that when I returned he still employed her, and in fact never wished her out of his sight. For three nights she never undressed, and ministered to his temporal and spiritual comfort. She is a blessing to the family. . . . —Believe me, my Beloved Son, ever, ever your affectionate mother,
ANN HAWTREY.”

The above is addressed :—

“S. Hawtreys, Esqre.,

Trinity College, Cambridge.”

FROM ANNA

"PORTLAND HOUSE, MELVILLE STREET, RYDE,

Nov. 16, 1831.

"MY DEAREST STEPHEN,—You will have been surprised, and I fear have thought our silence most unkind. But I assure you we have been exceedingly occupied, which you will not be surprised at when I tell you we are most comfortably settled in this house, where we expect to be, please God, till next April. It is . . . an exceedingly nice cottage, beautifully furnished; it lets for eleven guineas a week in Summer . . . owing to peculiar circumstances we have got it for 30s. a week, and that, Grandmamma Hawtrey is to pay. I am now admiring all your beautiful prizes as they stand in a nice Chiffonier opposite to me; they are the subject of conversation, *i.e.* Mamma, Emily, and Harriet are wondering what you have chosen for your present prize, and when we are to see you and them! But I must explain. Papa went a fortnight ago to Missionary Meetings; and we all came here for a week, having had a cottage offered to us. We found many kind friends, exceedingly anxious that we should come here for the winter. Of course we all wished it, as we did not know an individual at Cowes but Mrs. G. And Papa most kindly complied with our wishes, and took this nice house for us. Grandmamma Hawtrey and her two servants can be comfortably accommodated here.

"We had the most favorable weather for moving, and with incredibly little trouble and expense moved piano, what books we wanted, &c., and are now as much settled as if we had been living here for months. How I wish it were in the nature of things for you to come here, but, of course, it is not. I spent a few hours very pleasantly at Mrs. Young's. She is an excellent and most agreeable person. . . . The girls are extremely good-natured and clever. They only want the one thing needful. I had a good deal of serious talk with them, and always tell them where I think they do wrong. We have been at some pleasant soirées here, and met some very nice

people ; religious conversation, Hymns, and expounding occupying the time. Something has excited considerable interest here. When here, Mr. Simeon was very much opposed to the Millenarian System, as he had always been. But a letter lately received here states that he has been preaching their views, and publicly renounced his errors on that head. Pray tell me if this is the case ?

“ Have you heard from Montague lately ? He has had two most interesting interviews with Frederic, Prince of Wurtemberg, with whom you know he was at Louis-le-Grand. I think it would be a pity to try to give you any curtailed account of what he tells in so exceedingly interesting a manner, so I will try to get a frank, and send you Montague’s two last letters. He saw by the papers that he [the Prince] was on a visit to the King, and wished exceedingly to meet him, but scarcely hoped to be able to do so. It was far beyond his most sanguine expectations.

“ What a mercy that the cholera seems to be leaving us ! Mr. Geneste, who is supplying Mr. Siphthorpe’s place in his absence, has had weekly prayer-meetings almost expressly to pray that this frightful pestilence might be averted. Many others have done the same, and I believe it is a special answer to prayer that it makes so little progress. Oh, that we may be thankful ! Charlotte Cox, one of our newly found cousins,¹ who is at school at Kensington, is to spend the Christmas Holidays here. Did you hear what an escape Grandmamma Watson and Uncle William had in crossing from Waterford to Milford ? The wind blew a hurricane. They were 36 hours instead of 12, and, with all the steam they had, could scarcely keep off a most dangerous lee shore, St. David’s head. Grandmamma is, however, now most comfortably settled with Uncle William for the winter.

“ Mamma wants to finish this. I think I can now promise to be more regular in writing, at least till your arduous race is over. May the Lord bless you, and give you as much success as is good for you.—Your most affecte. sister, ANNA.”

¹ Granddaughter to the Rev. Ralph Hawtreys, descended from one of the Ruislip Hawtreys, who settled in Ireland.

FROM MOTHER

"MY DEAREST, DEAR STEPHEN,—It is sad you have been so long without a letter. I hope Anna has given you an interesting acct. of all we have done. And, though I fully allow we do not deserve a letter in haste, still I hope we may get one very soon. . . . The time is drawing on fast [for his degree]. I trust your mind is peaceful and happy, and that you have a good courage without presumption, and continue in good health. Papa thinks he may be in London about the time of your degree, and will take a trip down to see you. I suppose we must give up our long-cherished wish of going at that time. . . . The little Methodist Chapel was very full on Sunday, but none of the other Hawtreys [were there]. Mr. and Mrs. Elwin were there, and Papa preached a very nice sermon. Anna has also got another friend, Miss O'Brien, sister to Mrs. Gerard Noel. She is very sweet and pious—old, and very like poor dear Aunt Colclough, if you have the least recollection of her. You may be sure, my dear Stephen, with the Blessing of God the dear girls will all keep at the right side of the society of this place, which is just what I have always wished for them. This Island in every respect is certainly most desirable. We have our 'Poplar Cottage' at Cowes still, and go back in April. It is a very nice place for Summer, but cold for the winter, and no good people but our humble friends, who are very affectionate and fond of Papa in the extreme, as, indeed, they are in all the Places he preaches in, in this his present circuit.—Ever your affecte.,
A. H."

My father adds :—

"Oh, Stephen ! Live to God. Lay hold on Eternal Life.
—Your affecte. Father,
J. H."

CHAPTER XXXVI

MY FATHER'S ORDINATION

WHILE still in the Isle of Wight, my father met with Mr. Sargent, whom he had known in early life, I think at Eton, and his son-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. They were much interested at hearing of my father's early correspondence with William Wilberforce, but for which, as he told them, he would at this time have been in orders in the English Church, and they resolved to promote his ordination. My father's mind was now not unfavourably disposed towards this step, as may be seen by the following letter. It is only, it is true, a rough copy, but it probably is the case that a letter to this effect was sent by him to Mr. Sargent.

“PORTLAND HOUSE, RYDE, *March 31, /32.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—The very interesting conversation I had with you has much affected me, and should it not in its issue lead to any results, I shall nevertheless reflect on the interview with unfeigned delight. The interest you have manifested for me, and for my *usefulness* in the service of my Divine Lord, will ever command my gratitude, and I must indeed be ‘slow of heart to believe’ if I do not acknowledge that, under all the circumstances of the case, there appears to be the movement of more than an ordinary Providence. In calling also to my remembrance that in the year 1805 I should, when entirely unknown to him, have addressed a letter to your venerable and beloved relative, Mr. Wilberforce, desiring his influence to enable me to procure orders, which then his prudence and judgement thought it better to dissuade me from, and that now, after the interval of so many years, he should be the individual associated with one of the dear companions of my early youth to promote those views, I am powerfully struck with the coincidence. I feel that to leave myself in such hands is safety; and while pious desires for the advancement of the Redeemer’s

Kingdom would only lead you to recommend those measures which in your judgement are calculated to promote it, He whose I am will, I am assured, still guide me by His counsel, as I humbly hope He will afterwards receive me to Glory; may, then, my will be lost in His. Should the Pillar of Cloud lead me within the pale of the establishment, I trust I shall not be less devoted to its interest than I have been in my present sphere, and to labour in communion with yourself, and the many excellent ministers who are now the bright ornaments of the Church, would, I trust, be the means of urging me on to a closer walk with God, to further usefulness, and to higher attainments in the Divine Life. Farewell, my dear Sir. . . .

“Whatever may be the result of your most kind and Christian interference, I trust we shall be united together in our Redeemer’s Glorious Kingdom, whom, not having seen we love, to all Eternity.—Believe me to be, with the very sincerest esteem and affection, most faithfully and truly yours,

“J. HAWTREY.”

FROM MR. SARGENT TO MY FATHER

“April 20, [1832].

“MY DEAR HAWTREY,—I adopt, you see, the old Eton style, tho’ I hope we have bid farewell to Eton principles. I have not forgotten you, and have been at work by means of a confidential friend. He has obtained an *explicit* answer from the Bishop of Norwich that the testimonials need not say a word of discipline, but only of doctrine, so that one great obstacle has vanished. But the Bishop is equally explicit in requiring a title in his Diocese. How shall I apply for one? Shall Mr. Wilberforce, shall Mr. Elwyn, shall we all, or will you? The last question I revoke. *You* clearly had better remain as quiescent as you have been. But do converse with Mr. Elwyn on the point, and, if needful, see Mr. Wilberforce. I write in much haste. May the Lord direct you and us!—Believe me, with kind regards to all around you, yours very faithfully,

J. SARGENT.”

TO THE REV. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM, VICAR OF
LOWESTOFT (FROM MR. SARGENT)

“LAVINGTON, PETWORTH, *April 21, 1832.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to mention to you confidentially, tho’ I still must keep back the name, that a Wesleyan minister, of ardent piety and sobriety and talent (as I believe), is anxious to enter our Church, and your Bishop has consented to ordain him—but not without a title? Now, do you know of any good man who would open his arms to this returning brother, and would give him a title for a season at least? He is about your age, and has a grown-up family, who all belong to our Church. I fear it would be hardly possible to procure a title before the 20th of next month, but considering the Bishop’s age, it is of the utmost importance to attempt it. Believe me, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

“JOHN SARGENT.”

FROM MR. CUNNINGHAM TO MY FATHER

“AT T. F. BUXTON’S, ESQR., M.P.,

May 2, 1832.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Sargent has been mentioning to me the wish you had expressed to become a Minister of the Church of England, and it so happens that I have a curacy vacant in the Diocese of Norwich.

“You will therefore, I am sure, excuse the desire which prompts this letter, and makes me take the liberty of requesting a little explanation upon certain points of great interest to myself and my flock. For about 17 years I watched myself over my Parish (Pakefield), and I had abundant pleasure and interest in my work. Since August last the Parish has been committed to a gentleman, whom I had before known, but who in the interval of our first and second meeting had become an ultra-Calvinist, and now he has determined to secede. You may, therefore, judge of the particular position of my people.

“It would be highly inexpedient to expose them to anti-

Calvinistic statements in their crude state, which those very few who had adopted my curate's views would much object to. I should, therefore, wish to know—Whether you would be content to leave all the *isms* of *men's* systems and preach the doctrine of the Cross of Christ.

“I suppose that you are fully satisfied as to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England, and can use the latter without exception.

“What I desire to have, is a simple, straightforward, laborious Minister, who preaches the truth with diligence, would seek to do his Master's work, and prepare souls for His Kingdom. My Parish adjoins Lowestoft, where I live. It is combined with an adjoining Parish named Kirkley. The population is about 800 souls, the salary £130 without a house, but the house I lived in—a large one—may be had for £25 a year.

“The Bishop's ordination will be on the 20th, so no time must be lost in forwarding your papers. I heartily wish that the best blessings may be upon your determinations, that they may lead you to that course which is most to His glory, to your good, and that of my poor people.—Believe me, most truly and faithfully yours.

F. CUNNINGHAM.

“There are 2 Duties and an Evening School-Room Lecture in the evg., besides a duty on Friday evg. I am sorry to be obliged to write in the midst of distractions” (of which the letter bears traces).

TO MY FATHER (FROM MR. C. DUDLEY)

“LONDON, 3rd May 1832.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sent you a little parcel from Southampton last Friday. On the preceding evening I passed an hour or two with the Bishop of Chester at Dr. Wilson's, and very unexpectedly found an opening for asking his Lordship's opinion on a *suppositious*, but deeply interesting case.

“Scarcely, however, had I opened my lips when a smile from the Bishop, Dr. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson convinced me

the case was *not* suppositious, and your name, my dear friend, was simultaneously mentioned by all three.

"In short, they were as well acquainted with the business as myself.

"On Friday I had much and interesting conversation with the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham, on the subject, and discovered that it was no secret to him either. . . . Into all our feelings these two excellent Brothers entered most fully and kindly, and with evident interest, but the point of difficulty is the degree. Had this been taken, no other obstacle would be insuperable, but this I much fear *cannot* be conquered. The Bp. of W. evidently thinks the better mode will be through the Norwich Diocese, and you will readily perceive this door cannot be always open, and may be suddenly closed. I exchanged a few words with Mr. Sargent yesterday and was told by him that the business was almost settled, so I infer that you have made up your mind as to Norwich.—Yours, my dear friend, most sincerely,

"CHARLES T. DUDLEY."

FROM MY FATHER TO MR. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM, VICAR
OF LOWESTOFT AND RECTOR OF PAKEFIELD

"COWES, I.W., May 5, 1832.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I received your very kind letter of the 2nd, offering me the curacy of your Parish of Pakefield, for which I desire to return you my sincere and best thanks. The confidence so important a trust shows you have placed in me, I heartily pray God may never be abused should it be in the providence of my Heavenly Father that I should be placed in a situation of so great responsibility. The cautious and judicious suggestions you make I hope I should profit by, and that without any compromise of principle. My doctrinal opinions must be known to you, and every man must certainly have a *system* of Divinity in his own mind for his government, on which basis he builds his hopes, and if a minister, constructs his discourses—but surely, as a wise builder, he will avoid

whatever might not facilitate his work and hinder his success. At all events, I can and do heartily consent to all you have said, and acquiesce in the wisdom and sobriety of your views. This I have already intimated in a letter I wrote to my dear friend Mr. Sargent, and to which I am happy now to add, with my gratitude for your kindness and confidence, that if I see my way providentially to accept your offer it shall be my most serious and earnest endeavour, in dependence on Christ's aid, without whom I can do nothing, to be what you wish to have, in your own expressive words, 'the simple, straightforward, laborious minister, who, preaching the truth with diligence, will seek to do his Master's work, and prepare souls for His kingdom.' May God give me the grace which is necessary for such an office. Hitherto has He helped me, nor have I been without some marks of His divine approbation in this department of His Church; may I not be less useful in winning souls should I become your fellow-labourer.

"I am expecting a letter from my dear friend Mr. Sargent, and if it be for my proceeding to town, and that some little difficulties I candidly submitted to him are abrogated, I shall be ready to enter heartily, *ex animo*, and immediately on my work; for I am of opinion, as to the leaving my circuit before the conference, that it is *not* insurmountable, and if my ordination is suspended on a prompt acquiescence, that everything must give way to it.

"May God in mercy and love direct me. Help me, dear Sir, by your prayers, and accept the assurances with which I am your very faithful and obliged servt.,

"J. HAWTREY."

FROM MR. SARGENT TO MY FATHER

"POSTMARK, May 22, 1832.

"SEELEY'S, FLEET STREET.

"MY DEAR HAWTREY,—All, I trust, will end well for you, and well for our Church. I had an interview with the Bishop of Lichfield this morning and he *will gladly accept* letters demissory from the Bp. of Norwich. You have, therefore,

only to ascertain from the Bp. of Norwich whether he will grant them, and then get every paper—the *si quis*, which must be read at New Church, I conceive. . . .

“The Bishop of Lichfield holds his Ordination on or about the 24th of June. This I should hope would meet your convenience, and certainly you will find the Bishop of Lichfield a man who will, by his spirit of love and meekness, make up for all you have gone through with the other Bishops.

“I hope to see F. Cunningham this afternoon. He will, I know, be much pleased with what I have to communicate.—Believe me, my dear friend, yours very faithfully and affectly.,

J. SARGENT.”

Addressed:—

“The Revd. John Hawtre,
Poplar Cottage,
Cowes, I. of Wight.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—A single line only do I send as you may wonder at not hearing. I am waiting for the Bishop’s reply about letters demy., in answer to a letter of *potent importunity*. . . . When the *Si quis* is put up, I would suggest that it would be proper to desist from preaching at Ryde or Cowes.

“I think I never told you of my going twice into the heart of the city to confer with a *Quaker* on your Ordination. John Joseph Gurney is Bishop of Norwich I hear, and can ordain any one he pleases. I had an interview with his Lordship in the Quaker Meeting House, and he promises to do all he can. To be serious, he is much interested for you, and has great influence, and, I have no doubt, will exert it.—Yours very faithfully and affectly.,

J. SARGENT.”

Mr. Sargent’s letters show how very earnestly and kindly he was interested for my father.

"I have only time, my dear Hawtrey," he writes, "to say that by this post I have despatched to the Bishop of Lichfield as importunate a letter as I can write, and as impertinent a letter as I dare write. I have in plain terms told him you fear in his Brother of Norwich, death or senility, either of which, were you to cut the Wesleyan knot, might let you sink between two vessels into the fathomless deep. I will also apply to the Bishops of Winchester and Chester should I fail here. I cannot wonder at your hesitating. I am not bold enough to counsel you to risk all consequences. But it *may* be weakness of faith in me.—Yours ever truly and affectly.,

"J. SARGENT.

"We have still hopes from *Bishop Gurney*. Under his management Norwich may relent. I have also written this moment to the Bp. of Chester."

(No date except "Lavington, Thursday.")

The following is a letter (autograph) from Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, and later of Winchester, to my father, written in May 1832:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Upon my return this Evng. to Brightstone I have found a letter from my Father, to which is added a postscript to this effect: 'I have to-day a letter from Bp. of Norwich, saying he will ordain Hawtrey if he will present himself at his October Ordination.' Four months' silence is a very different thing from 3 years, and you could, I have no question, find the time very valuable to you. You must consult your own judgment, guided as I doubt not it will be, by Him who giveth wisdom liberally to His children who seek for it; but I cannot help feeling a friendly anxiety for your decision upon a point on which my own mind is so strongly and by no means hastily made up. I fear for last Sunday. I fear still more for next. I long to hear that in the eye of man your intention is avowed.

"Receive the kind remembrances of my wife and brother, and believe me to remain, yours very sincerely,

"SAML. WILBERFORCE.

"BRIGHTSTONE RECTORY, *May 30, 1832.*"

FROM MR. SARGENT TO MY FATHER¹

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have only a *moment* or two to say that I have received by the same post that brought yours a letter from the Bishop of Lichfield, which puts you, not to say me also, *upon velvet*. The letters demissory, which are in the Bishop's hands, suppose all necessary steps to have been taken to the satisfaction of the Bishop giving those letters:—

"... These imply that *He* with the Ordination mainly concurs, is satisfied with the title, testimonials, and baptismal certificate. The only peculiarity is that Mr. H. is to be examined by my chaplain instead of the chaplain of the Bishop of Norwich. I require, therefore, no other papers than the L.D., which I have. As I held my public Ordination on the 29th, the Sunday before last, it is, as you will imagine, no small trouble to me to ordain again. But for this object I will.—I remain, &c.

"It is an additional pleasure to me to think that Wilberforce will be gratified."

"And now, my dear Hawtreys, I do bless God with you for these mercies. Never, I trust and believe, shall we either of us review this transaction but with comfort and thankfulness. And, oh! in *that day* may we abundantly rejoice in it. A single eye to God's glory and the good of the Church of His dear Son has, I am persuaded, guided us. His Hand has been manifested. The whole business bears the stamp and signature of Heaven, and that is all we can desire and what we have prayed for. May you have a real harvest of souls amongst us.

"As to the examination, you will find Archdeacon Hodson a christian brother. He has a cold and stiff manner, but he is an eminent man of God. Entering our Church, I should like nothing so well as to be examined by Hodson, and ordained privately by the Bishop of Lichfield.—Yours, very truly and affectionately,

J. SARGENT."

¹ Probably May or June 1832.

FROM MY FATHER TO THE REV. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM

“COWES, *July* 18, 1832.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I very much thank you for your kind communication. I had before heard from Mr. Sargent to the same purport. God does indeed appear to have most evidently conducted the whole of this business, and my earnest prayer is that He may bring it to such a conclusion as shall be very greatly for His own glory.

“I now only wait for orders, and am ready at a day, whenever the Bishop's leisure will allow him to send for me.

“I am particularly pleased that it has been deferred unto this time, when I can respectably leave the Wesleyan connection. It is also no small cause of thankfulness with me that my mind is *comfortable*—that I feel no longer the oppression, the meaning of which you and dear Mrs. Cunningham will no doubt well understand, and that I can anticipate entering on my delightful work with a *πληροφορία πίστεως*.

“I never can forget the kindness of you all. It is deeply written on my heart. May your reward be abundant.

“Our Conference begins in a fortnight. My resignation will then be sent in, and my last Sunday will be, I expect, the 29th inst., after which I am at your disposal. . . . —I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully and aff. yours, J. HAWTREY.”

FROM MR. SARGENT TO MY FATHER

“LAVINGTON, *July* 31, 1832.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I can perfectly comprehend your feelings, and wish the period of transition were over. Speaking humanly, all is secure; and speaking with the eye lifted above man and fixed on God, all is clear and encouraging.

“Few have ever taken so important a step with so *many* signs of divine guidance. Viewed in connection, they form a singular tissue of providences. I do confidently trust, indeed, that you are coming amongst us for good to your own soul, to your family, and to the Church of Christ. That the Wesleyans should say ‘*Utinam noster adhuc esses*,’ is no more

than we must expect, and, indeed (if it be said in kindness and love), no more than we could wish. But the great matter is not what they may think whom you leave, or those whom you join, but to have the smile and approbation of the Lord Jesus Christ. May you enjoy that continually and increasingly, and be the instrument of bringing many a wanderer into that enclosure which the great Shepherd sees, the only one worth belonging to in the great gathering day, the *Spiritual Church*.

"I will write to H. I told you, I think, that he is a truly excellent man, but of peculiar character. Some wine is good, but rather too sweet. H. has no lusciousness, but perhaps an excess of astringency. Now, the Bishop is *just* what one would wish. O that all our Bishops were like him, and that their number were quadrupled. What a Church we should have!

"With kind and Christian regards to your family, Believe me, my dear Hawtreys, yours very truly and affectly.,

"J. SARGENT."

FROM MR. SARGENT TO MR. CUNNINGHAM [probably 1832]

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I can only say, converse freely with H. He tells me he loves the Liturgy, and can, *ex animo*, sign our Articles. Dusanoy, Calvinistic himself, has *gladly* signed his Testimonials. He may have uttered some *verba ardentia* to be lamented, or words, such as an Apostle would have uttered, may have been mistaken. If St. James were presenting himself for your curacy, *some* might suspect his soundness on Justification; and this I do know, that Simeon is dreaded by some as an Arminian. Dear Bridges is, I conceive, a thorough paced Calvinist; admirable as he is, I more than suspect he goes farther than I can, farther than H. Martyn. This report may be hearsay, but talk with H. and get at his mind, and the Lord guide you. Yours truly and affectly., J. S."

FROM MY FATHER TO MR. CUNNINGHAM

"COWES, *Aug. 22nd*, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return you and Mrs. Cunningham best thanks for all your kindness and your friendly communications. . . .

"I have heard from the Bishop of Lichfield ; his Lordship has fixed as the earliest day the 2nd Sept. I am to be at Lichfield on Friday night, 31st, and meet Mr. Hodson on Saturday at 10. He desires me to convey to you his regards, and regrets that he cannot accommodate you by an earlier admission. I shall lose no time in proceeding to Pakefield after the 2nd September. We had a most favorable opportunity of going to-day in a vessel, with all our goods and chattels, and a fair wind, for a very moderate sum, but not having heard of it in time, we were not ready. . . .

"Do not fear touching the rubric ; I shall conscientiously attend to Rule, else why am I amongst you ? And I have not any fear on the subject of doctrine ; your views entirely coincide with my own. I have had a most affect. and honourable letter from the Conference, which I shall have great pleasure in showing you. God has seemed to mark my providential way. May He bless all our proceedings, and, as I told the Bishop of Lichfield that I hoped his Lordship would never have cause to regret his kindness, so I pray that you may never have reason to regret your appointing me to Pakefield. . . .
Very faithfully and aff. yours, J. HAWTREY."

My father consults Mr. Cunningham as to the best mode of conveying his family from the Isle of Wight to Pakefield. There was the journey to London to be considered, and then the subsequent one from London to Pakefield. There appears to have been a possibility of going by sea, either in a sailing-vessel or a steamer. The sailing-vessel, though perhaps a somewhat rough mode of travelling, was an inexpensive one. The coach would be more comfortable, but more expensive. All these matters had to be well pondered over. It seems my father had consulted the captain of the vessel which might

possibly convey the family with luggage, and perhaps furniture, to Pakefield, and "who," he says, "will signal when he approaches, and then some one will, I expect, be at hand to land my *Impedimenta*, and my beloved Family; and if they do not go by that conveyance, it will be by steam the Thursday following. Capt. Linden says he will be off Pakefield before 8 o'clock P.M. So that, it will also be necessary, if we do not come by the *Ceres*, to be ready on the evening I mention—Sept. 6. Your kindness will, I feel, my very dear Sir, forgive all the trouble I am giving you. May the Lord our God give us His Blessing, even life for evermore! Your most aff.,

J. HAWTREY."

FROM MY GRANDMOTHER, MRS. STEPHEN HAWTREY

"CHARMOUTH, Aug. 16 [probably 1832].

"MY DEAR JOHN AND ANNE,—In reply to the Letter sent to Stephen, and received yesterday, I have this to say: that I do not intend leaving Charmouth yet . . . but fully purpose, when you are settled, to pay you and Leistoff a visit; but on my *own* Terms, viz.: to give you 2 sovereigns and half per week. All *extras*, I beg, may be put down to me, such as *Horse, Servants, wages, dress, &c., &c., &c.* This I mention to prevent mistake; 'right reckoning make long Friends'—an old adage, but all old sayings are *true*, or they would not be proverbial. One of your three Mademoiselles will oblige me, I am certain, if you tell them Grandmama requests it, to put down every article as had of mine. . . . I have succeeded in taking apartments close to Stephen for one month; so quiet and comfortable, and acquaintance as many as I wish, of the right sort, so that I am well off, and greatly recovered of my nervousness. Shou'd John get a Living as we suppose, you need not be inconvenienced by my intruding myself upon *you*—when I can get apartments at Leistoff, or elsewhere, and still have the pleasure of seeing you and the Dears at your dinner table, but that is, as *you* all like.

"I do hope, before I leave the world, to be within a call of each other; that is, to be in the same place—we three

families. How delightful to dwell together in unity; tho' I confess I don't understand the simile—of Aaron's beard.

"Mr. Snow gave us last evening a sermon on Faith only; but I own that I cannot but think that Faith without works is *dead*—both together is complete. What say you? That John should leave the Westlians puzzles me: the young ladies liking the Church I don't wonder at, because certainly more genteel.

"I am willing to follow the steps of my Blessed Master. What amazing condescension to leave *all*, to be the lowest of the low. But I leave the subject, and my prayer to God is that He will *bless you*, and give you a right understanding in *all* things. I am call'd away, and can only add that I remain your ever affect.,

S. HAWTREY."

FROM MY FATHER TO MR. CUNNINGHAM

"AT MR. JUNIUS MORTON'S,
"90 GREAT SURREY STEET, BLACKFRIARS,
"LONDON, *Sept.* 4.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, the Bishop of Lichfield ordained me in the Cathedral as a Minister and Deacon in the Established Church. There was a young man, of Trinity College, Cambridge, admitted at the same time. . . .

"I lose no time in acquainting you with this, and in assuring you of my unfeigned love to God; my gratitude for all His mercies; my sincere repentance for all my sins, negligencies and manifold deficiencies; my faith in Christ, my adored Lord and Saviour; my full intention, God being my Helper, to devote my life, my all, to His Service and His Glory; my sincere attachment to that Established Church, of which I am now an unworthy member and minister; and of my veneration and love for yourself. Help me, my dear Sir, by your prayers, that I may discharge the most sacred duties which now devolve upon me, in such a spirit and in such a way, with such fidelity, and with an eye so single that I may in all things approve myself faithful to my God and to His

cause, which I trust is now more than ever dear to me and bound up with my life.

“My examination was rather for me severe, not expecting anything of the kind, and being, I fear, somewhat deficient in some of the technicalities; but Archdeacon Hodson has given me a letter for you, and the Bishop sends his kind love to you, with his regret that he could not accommodate you sooner. . . .

“And now, my dear Sir, I must consult with you as to my movements. I reached London last night, and this morning received a letter from Mrs. Hawtreys, written in *very great anxiety* and *distress*. The Captain of the collier has used her unhandsomely, having declined taking our things, and the people seeing her difficulty asking a sum by the Trader which more than doubles what they had previously agreed to take it for. She appears very much to wish me to return to her and to help her. Now, my dear Sir, could you do without me for next Sunday? I had intended to go to you next Thursday, but Mrs. Hawtreys is afraid of leaving our effects to strangers, and thinks it better to wait for a collier . . . which is expected every day from the North. I propose now not going on Thursday, but waiting till I receive your answer to this; then if you deem it necessary that I should go to you for next Sunday, I will go down by Coach on Friday, and my family must come up after me by Steam the Thursday following, tho’ I confess that I shall feel very uncomfortable to let them come by that conveyance without me. At the same time the coach is so dear and my expenses so serious, lately, that I must, with my very limited means, study economy.

“However desirable, as it will certainly be, for me to be with them, yet the Church is *my first duty*. If, therefore, you deem it right for me to repair forthwith to Lowestoft, I will, on receiving your answer, proceed on Friday to you, and leave my beloved wife and daughters to the care of their and my Heavenly Father . . . and let me assure you, my very dear Mr. Cunningham, of my gratitude for your disinterested kindness in giving me the appointment to your Parishes, and of my *full intention* to act in *strict* and *conscientious* compliance

with all your wishes, in all and every part of my duty, God being my Helper.

"I shall feel my obligation to you if you will have the goodness to speak to me at all times with the most perfect freedom and signify to me your desire, and it shall be my aim and endeavour to comply therewith.

"Most truly and faithfully yours, J. HAWTREY.

"*P.S.*—It strikes me, that as the collier conveyance is uncertain and attended with some risk and possible delay, would a kind word from you to Mr. Bream obtain for me a consideration in conveying our goods to Pakefield by the Trader; then, if his charges were moderate, we might determine at once to send them by that conveyance, and Mrs. Hawtreys mind would be relieved. We have a great many articles; how many I cannot say—a good deal of furniture, and trunks, &c. . . ."

FROM MY FATHER TO MY MOTHER

"PAKEFIELD, *September 8, 1832.*

"MY EVER DEAREST LOVE,—To this most interesting place the Lord brought me in safety last night, and it is cause of gratitude, for the safety of our lives was certainly endangered by the furious driving of the coachman. However, we got here in safety, to God be the praise. You, my dear love, knowing all, may well suppose what my feelings were on approaching the place. Expectation was wrought up to intensity.

"The first object which indicated my approach to my future residence was the *Church*, which with its Tower became a conspicuous object, and shortly we entered the Village. . . . The coach stopped. 'Have you any one for Pakefield;' said a voice which I soon knew to be Mr. Cunningham's. I immediately made myself known to him, and came down from the coach. I got my things together, and walked into Mr. Hitches' house, which was all prepared, and where I found my dear Mrs. Cunningham waiting for me in trembling agitation lest after all I should not really come. And how glad they were

to see me. What welcomes I received from them! Tea was immediately prepared, and our maid and her most excellent pious sister, who is Mrs. Cunningham's school-mistress, attended. We passed an hour very comfortably, and then Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham returned in their little carriage. But previously, on mentioning our difficulties about Bucephalus, Mr. Cunningham said he wanted a horse, and would take him with pleasure.

"This morning rose with a bright sun, almost as it were indicative of the Divine favour on my being here. I went out as soon as drest, and walked to the cliff, and glorious was the sight. Such a view of the German Ocean! fine sandy beach, many vessels plying their peaceful way, and the sea looking so inviting that I soon committed myself to its waves and had a delicious bathe. . . . The face of the country is far from being the barren place I understood it would be, but very interesting, and the soil rich. The Church is a very pretty object. But not to forestall, dear Mrs. Cunningham came at about 10, and after a little talk I went with her to see a few people, and it really was Salterton over again. . . . The country certainly not so variegated and beautiful as Salterton, but still picturesque and interesting. I went with Mrs. Cunningham to see our house, which really is the very thing for us, large enough for my Mother and us, and every possible convenience, I really think. Some remarkably nice rooms, and the Garden quite nice indeed. Then I went with her to see the schools. . . . Really, they are capital. There is an Infant one, where my darling Baby may go. (She) will have such pleasure in playing hide-and-go-seek in many a part of the house, where she may almost lose herself. Well, then, to the Church, which really surprised me. It is . . . larger than Broadchalk. It covers apparently as much ground as the new Church at Cowes. Well, I was, you may be sure, very much pleased. Dear Mrs. C. then returned and dined with me, she herself bringing all the materials. . . .

"Now, all we want is all of you. It will be a happy day when you are all settled here. But I shall add a line tomorrow after my first sermon. Mrs. Cunningham tells me

there is very nice, select, pious society at Lowestoft which we shall be very intimate with. I am already invited by a Mr. Worthington, a pious man, to drink tea with him on Monday. . . . Mrs. Cunningham, with her love, hopes you will not owe her a grudge because she desired me to come down before the family, but she was so anxious that I should come, and she believes it is for the best.

"I see there are some rough ones in this place. They want to be struck with a hammer which would break their heart of stone.

"*Sunday afternoon.*—Well, Beloved, I have preached my morning, and first, sermon. Mrs. C. delighted, and I—fettered. I received a note in the morning from Mr. C. desiring (me) not to preach extempore entirely, and this sadly embarrassed me. However, I got through well. Congregation small for the place. But *this* comforts me—I see plenty of work. There is scarcely a soul converted among them—just like Salterton. Sailors sat and stared stupefied with astonishment, fellows whose hearts are like rocks. But I feel assured, as I have got their ears, that God will give me their hearts. Mrs. C. is the *Bishop*, and she is pleased, and bids me not be fettered, but preach extempore. You will dearly love her. Farewell! Write immediately.—Ever your aff.,
J. H.

"My lumbago wants you to nurse me. I cannot get rid of it. I had an ungodly clergyman to hear me this morning. . . . How he stared!

"Mr. Cunningham is come out to hear me this afternoon. . . . They are all kindness."

This letter is directed to my mother at Lady Osborne's house in London, at which hospitable abode some of the family rested for a few days (by the kindness of its mistress in her absence), on the way from the Isle of Wight to Pakefield. My mother forwards the letter to her son Stephen, with a few very anxious words as to his own health. She had heard that he had not been quite well, and it was not long since her dear son Edward had died. She adds: "We came here quite well,

Emily, Henry, Florence, and myself, on Saturday morning, having travelled all night comfortably. Montague, Anna, and Harriet travel by the little carriage with *tandem*. I expect them to-night. As Papa says Mr. Cunningham will want the horse, perhaps they will settle to go on in the same way, and take Cambridge on the way. Let us know what you think of it. . . . I do not intend going until Thursday, but most particularly, let me know how you are. . . .”

At last my father's good kind friend, Mr. Sargent, was rewarded for all his efforts. He writes as follows from Lavington, on Sept. 10, 1832:—

“MY DEAR HAWTREY,—You will, I am sure, believe that your letter announcing your Ordination was *most* acceptable to me. Various causes led me to defer answering it, but I was truly happy at the receipt of it. Seven hours' examination was supererogation. I wonder Hodson resorted to it, but I suppose he proceeds in one routine. I wonder also that I have not heard from the said Archdeacon. I wrote to him fully, directing to Coleshill, but my letter has either expired on the road or it sleeps in his desk. I infer from your silence respecting Hodson's manner, and your praising and being pleased with the Bishop's, that you found I had given a correct comparative description.

“But what a mercy it is of God, that you are now amongst us, and how wonderfully have seas parted asunder, and rivers opened in the midst, and iron gates given way! The spirit in which the Conference have parted from you is delightful, as it respects them and you; it was the only thing you wanted to make your road a piece of perfect velvet. And who turns rough roads into smooth ones? Who removes obstacles of the most formidable kind as easily as cobwebs before the traveller in the morning?—Jesus Christ, the Governor of the World, the Head and Ruler of the Church.

“Most truly can I assure you that it would always be a pleasure to me to see you now a Brother in the Church, and in the Lord. Not that you are to understand me as arrogating exclusiveness for our Church, but, if we except that of the

Moravians, there is more of what is primitive and apostolical than any under Heaven. The trials evidently coming [lost under seal] will, I hope, 'purely purge our dross and take away *all* our tin.' I hope it will end in our getting more independent of the State whose kind condescensions are very oppressive often, and injurious. The merchants of Marseilles were asked by Louis XIV., what he should do for them. 'Let us alone,' was the answer, and this would be mine to the Government of the Country. I hope to see our Bishops multiplied and tethered in their Dioceses, the chain long enough to reach round the circle of their Jurisdiction—not to London nor the House of Lords. I am no radical, but I covet this. But enough on that topic. Most kindly remember me to F. Cunningham and his Lady, not forgetting yours and your Family. I shall be glad to hear from you e'er long, to know how you proceed. Every blessing rest upon you and your labours.—I remain, my dear Hawtreys, yours faithfully and affectly.,

JOHN SARGENT."

The next letter has no date except June, and no postmark, but as it is addressed to "Miss Hawtreys, Pakefield," where we were from 1832 to 1835, it shows that my father's kind friend, Mr. Sargent, could not have lived very long after the ordination of the former, which he had so much at heart. The letter is from his daughter to my eldest sister—from Brightstone Rectory.

"MY DEAR ANNA,—I write by Mamma's desire to say how much she was gratified by Mr. Hawtreys's kind letter, and to thank him for remembering us. We should have written before, but we have been under great anxiety lately on account of my dear brother's illness, and little else has been done or thought of but attending to him. You will be glad to hear that we are all now pretty well. Mamma has been most mercifully supported, and comforted in this very severe affliction, more so than we could have supposed possible. It is quite a privilege to be with her—her patient submission to the will of God is a pattern to us all. You, I am sure,

can feel for us. You knew my beloved Father; he united in his character everything that was lovely and endearing, and therefore called forth towards himself no common love. In taking him from us, God has indeed required of us our dearest, choicest treasure. But is not the hand of love to be seen here. Yes; and we shall see it plainer hereafter. God has taken up one of the strongest anchors that bound our affections to Earth, and cast it in Heaven, henceforth to bind us more closely to that shore. If this is the case with us, surely we shall have cause to praise our God for this bitter trial as our greatest blessing. Dear Anna, pray for us, that we may have grace to follow our Sainted Father's bright example, that we may live as he lived, and die as he died. He was kept in the most perfect peace to the last. With expressions of the deepest humility he declared his full confidence in Christ as *his* Saviour. At the beginning of his illness, when he was removed from his own room to another, his expression was, 'now from this bed to glory, or to live more than ever I have done to the glory of my Redeemer.' His only cause of uneasiness was lest he should say anything in delirium that might dishonour God. But far from this being the case, what he said when his mind was wandering was quite delightful to hear. Every word he uttered then and at all times showed plainly where his thoughts and affections were placed—there never was a more peaceful end. He found that the iron gate of death opened with no grating and appalling sound, but easily, and as by an angel's hand, and he passed into the Paradise of God. . . .

"With our united kindest love to all.—Believe me, dear Anna, ever yours affectionately, SOPHIA A. SARGENT.

"Should you feel inclined to send us a few lines at any time, remember how very glad we shall be to hear of you all."

CHAPTER XXXVII

PAKEFIELD AND MY FATHER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

FROM MY FATHER TO MY MOTHER

(THE letter is addressed to my mother at the house of "Lady Osborne, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park.")

"PAKEFIELD, *Sept.* 10, 1832.

"Well, my love, yesterday after I sent your letter I went to Pakefield Church—the morning service at Kirkley. Mr. C. was present, and I was certainly a good deal embarrassed, but they seemed wonderfully pleased; there was a very large congregation and so attentive. Pakefield is twice the size of Kirkley, I take it. The singing is very good, but their great solemnity frightened me. However, it passed off, I think I may say with gratitude to God, much better than I might have expected, and the Cunninghams express themselves as being beyond measure gratified. But the evening was the time! This schoolroom is, in fact, a very capital chapel, where without Gown, or Bands, or Liturgy, I had a very delightful time; the service precisely the same as with us, only the Clerk giving out the Hymns, which I think, perhaps, preferable. Thus we finished the first Sabbath, to God be all the praise—certainly everything very satisfactory, and I went to rest with great mental comfort.

"There is plenty for us all to do. . . . You must all begin to work and have Bible Classes and all kinds of Classes. Dear Mrs. Cunningham is so full of expectation and so anxious. She is coming out to confer with me this evening.

"I hope to have the house in some order by the time you arrive. Our house will accommodate all our family and my mother. Never were we since our marriage so delightfully well off, if we can only make our income do. What I hear of the Cunninghams is glorious. They have about £2000 a year and are always poor: they give so much

away. Oh! how you will love them and they you. Well, I have no more to say, tho' much to say. . . . Let us thank God for all His mercies and Blessings, and look for His Protection and Love, even to the end and for ever. In kindest love, I am ever your affect., J. H."

One of my earliest recollections is our move from the Isle of Wight to Pakefield. I am told that the trajet from Cowes to Southampton was performed in a large cutter. The mail coach brought us on to London, where we remained in Lady Osborne's House for a few days. From thence my two brothers, Montague and Henry, started for Pakefield in a pony carriage or gig, driving my father's two horses, "Bucephalus" and "Jack," tandem.

It seems very funny in these days, but it is a real fact; the two brothers did thus set out from London for Pakefield with a servant. "Jack" was only a pony, and he got lame on the way, and was left with the servant, John Garland, at Cambridge.

"Bucephalus," a good strong horse, brought the two brothers safely on to Pakefield.

My mother, three sisters, and I (who was five years old), came on by mail coach from London under escort of Watt, the guard, travelling by night. I knew some change in my father's condition had been made and expected to see him *looking* different. I was disappointed in this, for I perceived that the "papa" who was kindly looking out for us at Pakefield was exactly the very same papa with grey hair, that he had been when I saw him last at Cowes.

He received us at the house which had been occupied by Mr. Cunningham before he removed to the Vicarage at Lowestoft, a roomy house in the centre of the village.

FROM MY FATHER TO MR. CUNNINGHAM

"MY DEAR SIR,—Montague, Henry, and our boy have just arrived in style, brought by 'Bucephalus,' but Eheu! not

tandem—the poor little Forrester is left behind at Cambridge, *lame*.

“‘Bucephalus’ came, by my son’s account, 38 to-day and 40 yesterday, and trotted in in fine style after this day’s work. Perhaps as our pony is not come and you have Catermole’s, you would not object to our retaining ‘Bucephalus’ till his humbler namesake, ‘Jack,’ arrives, on whose back my son Stephen intends to transport himself here as soon as the Fellowship Examination is over. Stephen went into the Examination yesterday. We shall not intrude on you this evening, but are all most anxious to see you and the ladies to-morrow.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

“J. HAWTREY.”

“PAKEFIELD, *Saturday*.”

From my sister Harriet, then about fifteen, to her brother Stephen :—

PAKEFIELD, *October 30th* [1832].

“Thank you, dearest Stephen, for your dear kind letter. Papa’s study is every day looking more and more cheerful, the curtains are up this long time. On Sunday Mr. Cunningham came here to read Prayers for Papa, and to take tea in the study. So the carpet was transferred from Mamma’s room into the study, the fire was bright, the sofa trunk was just close to the fireplace, the red cloth was on the table, and the tea things and coffee things were put on it. It was just dusky, so as there were no candles the blazing fire gave the most cosy appearance to the room. Such was the smiling look with which the old plastered, unfurnished study of a month ago greeted Mr. Cunningham. He was evidently very much pleased, and walked about the room saying, ‘Well, how very odd, how very odd—well, this is very clever.’ You cannot conceive how very pleasant Papa was to him, and seemed to love him very much indeed, and he returned it all in the same beautiful way. Good-bye, darling Stephen. Ever your most affect.,
H.”

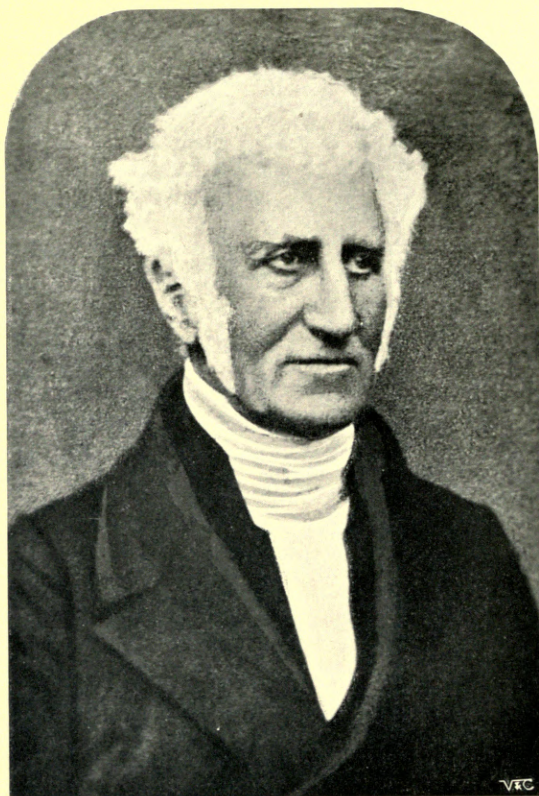
Here is part of a letter, and probably a characteristic one, from my grandmother, Mrs. Hawtreys (whose portrait we have as an old lady riding on a grey pony), to my father. It is written on Christmas Day, 1832 :—

“I preface this with requesting you’ll not take amiss anything I may have said in this Letter, but you have outdone me far away.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—We Christians celebrate every day as this day ; not so the Church, who think one day in the year sufficient for so great atonement. You’ll smile—but why, my dear John, did you leave the Chapel for the Church ? We are all at a puzzle about it—for emolument, no—not at present do you get more than you did. . . . do tell me . . .

“I must now set you right in regard to what you thought about my travelling to Pakefield, ’twas not my intention till the Spring, but to *Bath* . . . So you now understand me . . . here I propose to remain until the Spring. As to Sarah I know not what she intends ; she talks of going first to Bristol, but I leave it . . . I am here in perfect quiet. Everything goes on well. I kept my bed a fortnight . . . and now I feel *so happy*. What a mercy at my age—to be raised up. *Yes*. May I never be wanting in gratitude to my Heavenly Father, for odd as it may seem ’tis even so—that I am cent. per cent. better and stronger—the nervousness gone—*Phœnix* or a Ninon d’Lenclo—they all say I am born to see a Hundred—maybe so . . . What a Blessing is Health. We cannot appreciate it too much—beware, my young friends, how you *eat*, what you eat. All *Confectionery* is a slow Poison.

“In regard to money matters I mean to keep my word, and therefore request you’ll give me what is lawful and right. Have not I a right to do as I will with mine own. *You* are the last to complain. Mr. Smith and Fredk. I consult on every occasion where *money* is concerned, and they both agree, therefore you’ve no occasion for thinking I shall act *wrong*. I recommend your parting with carriage and horses,



JOHN, SON OF STEPHEN HAWTREY

P. 37—Vol. II

XIV

pay your debts, but—What, have you nothing from the death of Mrs. Watson?

“I had a letter from Fred this week, who mentioned that the reason for not calling himself on Mr. M. Hawtrey—being assured from two or three little things he had seen that such a visit was not desired. Do you ask Monte why he does these odd things. . . . where is to be found such a highly talented man? such amiability. I esteem his friendship a blessing; he is getting into high life on Honor. With every kind wish to dear Mrs. H., yourself, and Family, I remain your most affect. mother,

S. HAWTREY.

“I shall want £100, for I will not be worse than my word.

“I love the Quakers; they say little, but think much . . . Mr. Scales may be a relative of ours. My Mother was a Scales—once more adieu. . . . do tell one of your dear children to write to Grandma, and let it be a long Letter.

“I hope poor Ann does not lament so much as to injure her health.”

My Grandmother died a few years after a visit that she paid to us at Pakefield (probably in 1833). I never saw her after that, but I remember my Father going to see her, and that I sent her a little pincushion. As well as I can remember, when he returned I found she had been pleased, and had said “Did she send it to me? I shall never see her again!”

Her character had probably softened much with old age. She lived to be eighty-seven, and a long preparation was thus granted to her for the rest into which she at last entered.

She was a good woman, but, I think, had had considerable disadvantages in her bringing up. I doubt her having gained much good at that school in Queen's Square. Of her mother's influence I know nothing. By my elder brothers and sisters in their childhood my grandmother was more feared than loved, while my mother's mother was much more loved than

feared. One of my brothers, as a little boy, is said to have stood at the foot of a staircase watching his "Grandmamma Hawtreys" as she came down. He was about two-and-a-half or three years old. He was fascinated, transfixed by the sight. He did not move, or run away, but burst out crying.

Another, a little older and braver, when she said to him on the day on which his mother's mother was expected to arrive, "So you've another grandmamma coming to-day," answered, "Yes—and a *gooder* grandmamma!"

My Aunt Bird loved her mother, and I quite believe with good reason; but once when I said to her of my own dear mother, "Was not mamma very pretty, Aunt Bird?" she answered, "A sweet-looking young woman, my dear; and I am afraid she had a good deal to put up with from my mother!"

When we were living at Pakefield, in my childhood, she came to stay with us, and I remember her—a little old lady dressed in black. She was most kind to me. She used to make me little thimbles out of turnips, and if I said anything which she kindly pretended to think surprising, she would exclaim: "I can't speak for half-an-hour!"

This was long after the great change that had come over my father's religious views, which affected not only himself, but his brother and sister; it touched her also in a way, inclining her to dissent.

I have by me part of a letter from my father to his mother, written in 1830:—

"We all feel very much obliged by your kind remembrances, and pray that your life may be spared to reap the reward of all your kindness to your son and grandchildren; and that when you are, after many prosperous days, removed, that you may receive a bright crown that fadeth not away, which is reserved in Heaven for *you*. I hope God will bless you with journeying mercies. Do not go into any dangerous places, such as Steam-Engines or Carriages. Remember poor Huskisson. I need not say how glad we shall always be to see you, wherever we are. The Lord keep and bless and preserve you, prays your ever affect. son,
J. HAWTREY."

A letter from my mother to the same, of some years previous:—

“MY DEAR MADAM,—I cannot allow the parcel to go without a word of acknowledgement from me also, for this late instance of your increased kindness to us.

“I do trust your generosity will not in *any* degree lessen the comforts you ought yourself to enjoy. I am sure neither John or myself would feel justified in accepting anything from you which would in the *slightest* degree diminish the power of procuring every gratification, either necessary or agreeable to yourself. The fear that such might be the consequence would be a complete drawback to any pleasure the increased power of providing for our children might afford us.

“I am not conscious of the errors in family management you allude to, but rather think if you *knew all*, you would find that our desires were more in unison with your own than you perhaps at present suppose. At all events, I know I shall always *thank* you for an open avowal of whatever you think we might improve in. We shall always be most truly happy to hail your arrival in Sherborne, and wish most sincerely our house permitted us to make you as comfortable as our hearts could wish. The carrier waits. I hope you will excuse this hasty note. Believe me to be, my Dear Madam, your most sincerely affectionate,

ANN HAWTREY.”

MY FATHER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I now turn to a matter of much interest, which occurred in comparatively recent days—namely, the discovery of a short autobiography, hitherto unknown to us, of my father.

My brother Henry and his family were spending the winter of 1887–88 at Lausanne. My brother's name being mentioned by some acquaintances in the hearing of another English gentleman there (General Sandilands), the question arose as to whether he was of the family of a Mr. Hawtreys, a memoir of whom this General Sandilands had in his possession. And upon inquiry it turned out that, not only

was it so, but that he was the *son* of the subject of that memoir.

The manner in which the memoir came into existence was this. My father had evidently been spending the night at the house of Sir Fowell Buxton, more than fifty years ago; and as there were young lads present, he told them some stories of his own Eton life, and this led on to his giving to the elder members of the family a sketch of his early years, which one of those present—Miss Priscilla Buxton, afterwards Mrs. Johnstone—the next day wrote out from memory. Her sketch, or a copy of it was (later) given to a friend, who, years after, gave it to General Sandilands, by whom it was—to his intense interest—lent to my brother. He read it, wrote home, and told us about it, and all of us who wished were allowed to copy it. Not only so; but when I began this history I wrote to General Sandilands, wishing for his concurrence in my design of inserting it here, which was most kindly and fully given.

My two remaining brothers and I recognise in this short history facts and traits that we have known all our lives, while parts come to us now for the first time.

And now I leave Miss Buxton, the able editor of my father's short autobiography, and himself, to speak:—

“NORTHREPPS, *January* 19, 1833.

“We had so interesting an evening yesterday, through the kindness of Mr. Hawtreys, who gave us an account of his remarkable life, that I must endeavour to preserve at least some notes of it for my father and Edward. I do indeed wish they could have heard it! It was so well told and acted, and there were, as the subject gave occasion, such touches of both feeling and humour that it is quite impossible to retain the *charm* of the story.

“The bare facts, however, are worth remembering. Mr. Hawtreys had been giving our little boys after dinner a most amusing account of his Eton life. He took up the tale from that:—

‘My father was a barrister, the meekest and quietest of

men. His infirm health and retiring disposition kept him from public scenes, and he lived in retirement at Exeter. My grandfather was sub-Dean of Exeter. My whole race was High Church and Tory. Who can tell what my plunge was, from the top of Exeter Cathedral to the lowest depths of Methodism!

'Eton was then very warlike; every year we saw numbers of boys go to the army or navy, and I partook of the infection.

'Against my father's inclination, I was bent on being a soldier; he purchased a commission for me, and I was quartered at Lynn. I never saw him again! He was seized with a violent gout in the head and stomach, and died while I was at Lynn.

'He wrote me many letters, which I now read with comfort, finding in them sound divinity and excellent exhortations. I well remember having asked him who and what the Methodists were. He said, "They are a people who think that they alone have the influences of the Holy Spirit, to the exclusion of others, which is impious."

'I was at this time about nineteen. A company was purchased for me, and about the year 1800 I went to Gibraltar. On our passage there we were overtaken in the Bay of Biscay by a most dreadful storm; the seas literally ran mountains high. I remember when we were on the ridge of the sea the ships in the trough looked like swallows skimming about. If ever I prayed in my life I did that night, and so I believe did every officer in the ship. The next day, however, when the question was scornfully bandied about, "Did you pray last night?" every one denied it, and I among the rest.

'Two, if not three, ships were lost in that gale, and the first intelligence that my family had of me was a newspaper paragraph saying that the *Osborne*, with such and such officers of different regiments on board, among whom my name was mentioned, had been seen to go down! I believe they were kept in this suspense (for the news was not confirmed) a month.

'I now come to the most grievous part of my history.

Can I tell you what succeeded? I will tell it, for it more and more magnifies the grace of God in me.

'There was at this time on the Rock as Deputy-Judge-Advocate a gentleman of the name of Nugent. He was a man of fascinating manners, and I soon became intimate with him. One day I happened in conversation to mention "the Supreme Being." Nugent replied, "Who is he?"

'I was greatly shocked, and sought to convince him by such commonplace arguments and assertions as my ill-informed understanding and untouched heart could furnish. He was much more than a match for me, however, and soon succeeded in puzzling and entangling me. I remember I once said to him, "This is all very well, but how would it serve you on your deathbed?"

"Oh," he said, "don't talk to me. I've been on my deathbed! I know more about that than you do, and when I was dying I said to my friends, 'Come and see how an atheist can die.'"

'Finally, I was completely unsettled, and in process of time became a professed avowed infidel; went further even than Nugent himself, and excited the horror even of some of my officers, who had not, I believe, the slightest idea of religion, but my atheism and blasphemy disgusted even them.

'I returned home, and the Peace of Amiens intervening, went to Paris. Here I pursued the same course of recklessness, and on one occasion particularly, I remember coming out one Sunday from a gaming-house and meeting Sir Charles D'Albiac. I showed him the louis I had won, and said, "Look, Charles, I've been at the . . ."

'I narrowly escaped being imprisoned at the close of the Peace. I believe I had only left France twenty-four or forty-eight hours before all the English were caught up. I came to England, was again put on full pay, and ordered to the West Indies. We were, however, to stop at Cork. Just at this time Lord Kilwarden was assassinated, and the authorities thought proper to keep the troops for a time, in fear of disturbances.

'We were stationed at Clonmel, and for some reason or other, a major, a captain, and some troops were ordered to Wexford. These two officers, as it happened, were not on

speaking terms, and I, having the character of a good-natured fellow, was much urged to go in lieu of the latter. I did so, and thus by a very small occurrence, the whole course of my life was affected.

‘At Wexford I became acquainted with the widow and daughter of Colonel Watson, a gallant officer who had fallen in the rebel attack on Wexford five or six years before.

‘I must turn for a moment to his death. He was preparing to go the next day on service against the rebels; his daughter remembers the peculiar earnestness and affection of his farewell to her that evening, and his wife asking him again and again to go to bed, found him still on his knees, too much absorbed to make any answer. When he did come, there was a radiancy and triumph about his countenance that she never had seen before, but never forgot. He went out the next morning and’ (I believe, advancing to make a parley—P. B.) ‘was the first man who fell. His daughter, then about twelve years of age, saw from the window a man in the crowd on his horse, and exclaiming to ask where her father was, heard, “He’s dead on the road.”

‘There was complete panic, the men all fled, and many women and children were left in the town, among others Mrs. Watson and her seven children.

‘By the exertion of a Roman Catholic servant who is still living, they were conveyed to a ship in the harbour. The captain, however, was unfaithful, and the next day they were delivered again to the rebels, 50,000 of whom were in Wexford in utter lawlessness. When they found who they were, they made a lane for them to pass through, escorted them to their own house, and set a rebel guard to take care of them.

‘For three weeks the town was in the hands of the rebels. Ninety-seven Protestants were piked in cold blood on the bridge of Wexford. They covered the eyes, bound the hands of the victim, and ran at him with their pikes till he fell. The ninety-eighth man had a most singular and providential escape, of which he gave me the account himself.

‘He was a Methodist local preacher, highly obnoxious to them. In the jail he preached with such energy and power

to his murderers that they fled from before his face; he compared himself, when telling me of it, to Greatheart, whose sword grew to his hand, so warm was the fight. However, he was led out and stood by while the 97th man was piked; he described the sound of the pikes on the bridge through the body thus' (Mr. Hawtreys went tat tat tat on the table with his knuckles). 'They asked him if he would have a priest; he said yes, thinking they meant a Protestant. When, however, the popish priest came he refused to speak to him, and the people, exasperated, prepared to pike him; just at the moment, however, that he was blindfolded and on his knees, Father Curran, who had stayed quiet in his Convent till this time, having heard that the troops were coming, wanted to have the merit of saving life. "Now, boys, we've had enough of this work; we'll let this one go."

'Oh no, they would not hear of it; it was a good deed to pike a heretic, and they would persist.' (Their Bishop, meeting them in the street on this or a similar occasion, stretched out his hands and blessed them and their work!)

"Well then," said Father Curran, "it is a good deed; but before you pike him let us kneel down and pray for his soul." They did, and the priest prayed, "O Lord, may we in the Day of Judgment find that mercy which we deny to this heretic." It took, and the man was released.¹

'On the first tidings of the troops the rebels fled. To return from this very long episode, I remained at Wexford, and in a few months married Miss Watson. Her family were regular in some religious duties, and I soon found my infidelity would not do for them, and it fell away from me.

¹ [The following seems to have been copied from a newspaper obituary two years later than the date of this record, and is in a different handwriting from the foregoing:—"April, 1835. Lately, in Wexford, at the patriarchal age of 85, the very Revd. John Corrin, P.P. of that parish. What endeared him most was the part he took at a time and on an occasion of great public excitement, having been the instrument in the hands of God of putting a stop to the massacre on the bridge of Wexford in 1798. Just as the insurgents had finished the inhuman butchery of 97 unoffending individuals, and were in the act of hurrying more into Eternity, Father Corrin, in the most humane manner, rushed on the bridge, and at the risk of his own life saved those on their knees ready to be piked, and prevented the further effusion of blood."]

I joined in all their habits, and resolved on my marriage to be very religious, and began family prayers. We pursued the religious habits which we thought right with extraordinary diligence. We read the whole liturgy, I believe, together every morning and evening, with sermons, and quantities of the Bible. My mind was unaccountably led more and more to the study of religion. We were now at Limerick. I continued, and increasingly, to pray and study; the liturgy I found didn't perfectly embody my feeling, and I wrote a prayer which I still have. Though very ignorant and dark, there are in it signs of earnestness and humility, and my desire was for virtue and good works.

'At this time I was one day engaged in prayer in my closet, when there appeared, as it were, a stream of grace to flow into my soul. It is impossible for me to describe that which I must even consider as the most memorable day of my life; but it is *light* and *life* to me.

'I know not whether I was in the body or out of it, but I was inexpressibly touched; my whole soul overflowed with love and gratitude, though I scarcely know why, and I was the happiest of the happy. I went to my dear wife and embraced her in ecstasy, endeavouring to make her partaker of my new-found treasure.

'Soon, however, my feelings cooled, I lost the vivid sense of happiness, and knew not how to regain it. My mind, however, continued engrossed with the subject. I longed to talk with some clergyman, but had no introduction. I used to look after them in the street and long to touch even the skirt of their coats. That text was then verified in my experience—"In that day ten men shall take hold of one man and say, Let us go with thee, for the Lord is with thee." I bought the "Week's Preparation." I quite recollect the reverence with which I received it from the bookseller's hand. I used it diligently and attended the Sacrament with great feeling. I heard at this time a good sermon from a Mr. Hoare who was Chancellor, upon which I found courage to write to him, and ask for the perusal of it. He returned me a kind note with the sermon, saying he had frequently

observed me, and would call. I thus became acquainted with him and his brother, and eventually very intimate. I fully sought their religious assistance. They were truly good men, but, unfortunately for me, very Calvinistic. Of that to me most memorable day they made very light. Doctrine with them was everything, feeling they feared and disliked. I knew nothing of doctrine, but had felt a good deal. I put myself, however, under their guidance, but it did not much help me on. I used sometimes to go with the younger Brother to visit the sick. We went one day to the prison to visit a soldier who was condemned to death for murder. Mr. Hoare, being the Chaplain, was detained on some account, and I went forward towards the cell, which could be seen and spoken into through a grate. I saw a man holding the bars of this grate, and heard him earnestly speaking to the prisoner within. "My dear Soul," he said, "fly to Jesus; oh! go to Jesus—He only can help, He can save you. Oh! apply to Him this moment; He will pardon you," &c.

'I was inexpressibly arrested and struck. I thought no one in Limerick knew the name of Jesus but Mr. Hoare and me, and I was lost in wonder who and what this man could be, and at his manner of speaking. He went in with us when Mr. Hoare came, and we all received the Sacrament. But the Sacrament, and the dying man, and all, were hid from me; I saw nothing but the demeanour of this stranger.

'There was a something about him which brought back to me that memorable day of feeling, and I longed more than I can express to know more of him. I did not doubt but that Mr. Hoare was as much struck as myself, and expected he would speak. After some interval of silence [having left the prison], I said:—

"Are you not in astonishment?"

"At what?"

"Why, at the devotion of that man."

"Oh," he said, "he is a Methodist; they are not sound in the faith."

'My hopes fell to the ground. I was totally flattened, and said no more. I saw the man several times afterwards,

and always bowed to him, but dared not attempt any closer communication with one who was "not sound in the faith." From this we went to Fermoy; there the Methodists were much more inconsiderable and despised even than they were at Wexford, so that, though I had still some lurking inclination to know at least their system, the way was much more difficult, and I do not know that I even thought of attending their meetings.

'One day the Corporal requested to see me, and with great hesitation said he had a favour to ask.

"There is a preacher to-night at Mr. Seymour's, if your Honour would come and hear him."

"A Preacher? what preacher?"

"One of Mr. Wesley's preachers, Sir."

"Oh! And what do we want with them? Haven't we Clergymen enough?"

"It wouldn't do your honour any harm to come and hear him."

"Well, I'll think about it."

'On mentioning it to my wife and mother-in-law, the former said:—

"And I hope you won't think of such a thing."

"Why shouldn't I?"

'Her opposition increased my wish and curiosity to go. . . . Well, we compromised it—that she should go with me, and that I should be sure to sit next her. In the evening I muffled up my regimentals in a great coat, and off we went to Mr. Seymour's, who proved to be a tinker, and the place of meeting a sort of loft over his shop, to which the ascent was by a kind of ladder. I went up first, saw a few persons sitting round the room, a small table at one end with candles, a bible and hymnbook, and a modest, serious young man seated at it. I was instantly impressed, and going across the room to a corner, knelt down under great feeling. When I arose I saw Mrs. Hawtreys and her mother, who had seated themselves close to the entrance. She cast a glance of despair and reproach at me, but I thought: "Oh, my dear! there's nothing here to hurt you; you're amongst

Angels. I am not the least uneasy," and looked at her with all imaginable complacency and satisfaction. Soon the hymn was given out which had been chosen by the Soldiers *to convert me*. I do not remember that I was particularly struck with it, but was most deeply so with the text, the first text heard from the lips of a Methodist—"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of Salvation." The Sermon altogether interested me extremely; I felt from my heart: "This is the people of God, this is the gate of Heaven."

'When the Service was over I went up to the Minister, cordially shook hands with him, and prayed God to bless him. I then went round to every person in the room, shaking hands with all. When I came to the tinker's maidservant, who was as black as a coal, she started back in utter astonishment at a young dashing dandy officer offering to shake hands with her!

'In the shop below, the tinker said:—

"Captain, I shall be very happy to see you at breakfast to-morrow to meet the preacher."

'Oh! if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet I could not have been more astonished! In one moment the whole vista was before me.

"If I do, I forfeit my rank and character in the army. I am done for! But if I don't, oh! I am ashamed of Christ!"

'These feelings rushed upon me all at once. I was perfectly confounded. The tinker, seeing my hesitation, thought it proceeded from a doubt whether he could furnish the entertainment. He added:—

"We shall have very good tea, bread and butter, and eggs."

'This did not assist me, and perfectly overwhelmed with the conflict of my own feelings, viewing this as a turning point, I walked out of the shop without uttering a word. Instantly a voice said to me: "You have denied the Lord. You have denied the Lord. You are ashamed of His people!" I went home a miserable man. I thought it was all up with me. I could not pray. I could not hope. I was almost in despair. Well, the morning came, and my misery increased.

‘ “Don’t pray ; go and breakfast with the tinker.”

‘ When the Preacher called upon me I was quite surprised at such an act of condescension, and hailed his company. He stayed with me two or three hours, and we had a most interesting and important conversation. Among other things, he said to me :—

‘ “I was very glad you did not accept friend Seymour’s invitation to breakfast. You were quite right.”

‘ “Oh !” I said, “I thought I had committed a great sin !”

‘ “No ; he committed one in asking you. He is a good man, but he forgets the proper order of society. You are much higher in rank than we are, and it is very injudicious and assuming in him.”

‘ Oh ! what a load was taken from my shoulders.

‘ I told him my history. He viewed my feelings very differently to my Church friends, and said :—

‘ “That day God converted you.”

‘ He asked me what I had read. I showed him the books they had given me.

‘ “Oh !” he said, “these will do you no good.”

‘ He was very likely wrong there. However, it was partly true in my case. He said :—

‘ “Did you ever hear of Mr. Fletcher ?”

‘ “No ; who was he ?”

‘ “A most excellent English clergyman of Madeley in Shropshire. Procure his works, and they will throw light on all these important subjects. I will bring them to you.”

‘ I promised to read them when I got them, and they indeed instructed me. There was light on every page, on every line.

‘ From Fermoy we went to Donnerail. There were no Methodists there, but there was a meeting at Mallow, about five miles off. I attended it frequently, but by stealth. My mind revolted against the open profession of Methodism, and I would have done anything in the world to have escaped this intolerable humiliation and sacrifice.

‘ I used at this time to go through every sort of mortification in the hope that it might do instead. I got up at 4, and

often spent three hours on my knees with my Bible in front of me. Every time I came from the Barracks I used to go on my knees. Two days a week I kept a rigid fast, and was always reading my Bible. Still I was thoroughly unhappy. *This was not the demanded sacrifice.*

‘My wife, not yet 20, became miserable. Oh ! how she used to weep in those days. I was in the habit of going at 6 o’clock on Sunday morning to meet in class, for I had joined myself to them, and frequently at other times, but always in plain clothes and by stealth. Often I did not tell my wife, lest she should wish to accompany me, and add to my difficulties. One day she ran after me, half distracted, I should think two miles on the road, and I believe without her bonnet. As it happened, however, I had gone another way on horse-back, so we did not meet. But when I returned at night I found a letter on the table saying she could endure it no longer, and that we must separate, and she would go back to her Mother.

‘The next day I endeavoured to soothe her. We went out walking together in Lord Donnerail’s beautiful Park, but she was not much soothed when I at last told her that I actually was a Methodist. I was terrified when the word had passed my lips, but it could not be recalled.

‘She was in convulsions. In that instant, as she afterwards told me, she foresaw me a class-leader, a local preacher, an itinerant preacher—my picture in the Methodist Magazines (which were then, in Ireland, horrid things !), and a Member of Conference !! Her horror passed all bounds. I went out again by myself. For two hours, I think, I paced up and down one of those beautiful fields at Donnerail, passing through an indescribable conflict.

“‘Lord, what am I doing? What shall I do? What can I do?’”

‘I at length came to the most solemn conclusion that I must sacrifice all for Christ, even my wife. I did resolve to offer up her as a sacrifice, and thought I should hold back nothing. On my return I found her weeping, with her hair dishevelled, over her Bible. She told me afterwards that she

had been all that time looking for texts to confute me, but that she could not find one. My course proceeded. I went pretty openly to meeting, and got some opprobrium for it. The Major, who knew I walked to Mallow every Sunday morning, determined I should have enough of it, and forced me always to attend Church Parade at 10 o'Clock. At length I determined to profess to the full extent. I had always hitherto gone in plain clothes, but my conscience began to whisper: "This won't do. This is not confessing Christ. This is not your real self. What right have you to those plain clothes on Sunday morning?"

'I made my resolution, and the next Sunday put on my best red coat, which was very fine with embroidery, and off I went.

'A Regiment had arrived, and Mallow was full of troops. When I rode in I saw two or three of my despised class-fellows, very shabbily dressed, standing in the street. I in a moment jumped off, gave my horse to some one, and joined my friends, took one under each arm, and, with my face as scarlet as my coat, walked the whole length of the town with them. Officers were at every window, and I was glad enough to turn in and take shelter in the little alley which led to our Chapel.

'Your honoured Father' (said Mr. Hawtrey, addressing himself to me—P. B.), 'who has confessed the Methodists in public, in Parliament, and on all occasions, could not conceive my sufferings; but to me I can only say it was *crucifixion*. I was a very vain man—proud and a dandy. My nickname in the regiment was "My lord duke," and these things seemed worse than death to me. The leaven, however, within me ceased not to work, and I was carried on, though as yet little prepared for the after-part of my course. . . . I remember one day I was on my knees over one of Mr. Wesley's Hymns, praying it line by line. I came upon the words: "And may I live to preach Thy Word." I started up, horror-struck. "No, that I never will! pray, or do either."

'About this time we were ordered to the West Indies. I received a private letter from the Under-Secretary of State, who was my Cousin, to say that I had been appointed Military Secretary to Marshal Beresford, who was going on

Secret Service to the Peninsula. I was desired not to mention this until the General had confirmed the appointment. I waited, and wondered to hear nothing of it; but the Marshal sailed, and I found afterwards that when he had mentioned the appointment to my Colonel, he said: "Oh, Hawtreys's a Methodist."

"Then he won't do for me."

'Here was another providential turn. Had I gone, in all probability my bones would now have been whitening on the mountains of Spain, and many things would have come to pass very differently.

'I accordingly left my wife and two little children with her mother, and sailed with the Regiment for Madeira. Our parting was a very sad one; we were tenderly attached to one another, and the service I went upon was sharp. On the voyage I thought much: "This is to be shot and shell work. How do I stand prepared?" Still my stumbling-block was not having made a more full profession of religion, and of the Methodists.

'Our landing at Madeira was expected to be most perilous, both from the surf and from the expected resistance. I vowed that if God would spare me, I would indeed no longer be ashamed of His people.*¹ We landed in safety, but the surf proved so fearful that I believe, had there been any opposition, we must have perished.

'The delight I felt in landing on that lovely Island * . . . alarmed me, lest I had failed in my vow.

'We proceeded to the West Indies, and were quartered at St. Kitts. I got in there with the Methodists, but was miserably fettered by the fear of man, and so alive to scorn that the very mention of the people, "A Methodist slave," &c., would make me flinch. One day I remember I was standing talking to the Methodist minister, at his own door, when three officers rode by.

"Oh!" I cried, "what shall I do? It's all over with me; I am a lost man!"

¹ Where I have placed an asterisk there is some obscurity in the manuscript.

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“They’ve seen me with you!”

‘The man encouraged me to faithfulness. I said: “The Lord would strengthen me.” I returned in fear to the Barracks, but, as it turned out, they were three of my best friends and nothing was said against me.

‘I became, however, so unhappy at the perpetual obstructions in my path, and also at my separation from my family, that I resolved to leave the army. Gladly I returned to Ireland, and thought now everything would be easy. I soon, however, found that difficulties in private life were little less than in the Army. I, however, constantly attended chapel, and even prayed aloud; but I had much within and without to contend with, and my course was far from being as easy as I had anticipated. One day, however, before Family prayer, I was reading to myself a paper in the Methodist magazine on the right use of knowledge. The writer of that article seemed especially gifted to describe *exactly* my case. It spoke to my heart, and I then made a vow—a vow which, I thank God, I have never since departed from for an hour—to confess Christ absolutely before men. In this spirit I prayed, and in pursuance of it I had a great mind to send round cards next day with “Mr. Hawtrey’s compliments, and he has turned Methodist.” I did everything but that, in fact. I began to preach in the Methodist meeting house; I told every one, and did all I could to profess my principles. The report soon spread: “Captain Hawtrey has turned twadler.” My meeting house was crowded; all my gay acquaintance came, out of curiosity, to hear me; and in short, as I thought, the effort was entirely made.

‘A still further one was, however, required. The Band used to play on Sunday evening at Wexford on the parade, and my congregation was thinned by it. This, I thought, must not be. I heard a Voice I well knew saying: “Thou must preach on the parade next Sunday evening.”

“Yea, Lord.”

‘At that moment I saw the spot on which to stand, and the thing was decided. I said not a word; I knew if I

conferred with flesh and blood it would be all over with me, so I kept my own counsel and spent the week in prayer for strength to carry me through the Sabbath's work. After morning service at the chapel I said in a loud voice :—

“There will be no evening service here, for I intend to preach on the parade at 6 o'clock.”

‘My poor wife blushed in the gallery!! Her foresight had been more than fulfilled.

‘I knew that my chance would be bad if the band were playing, so I wrote a note to Colonel Featherston, Commandant of the Troops, requesting as a favour that the soldiers might be dismissed on the parade. I got no answer for some time, and was preparing to go, when there was a rap at the door, and a very smart young Adjutant made his appearance, who, in a most pompous manner, said :—

“Sir, I am desired by Col. Featherston to tell you that he has received your note requesting that the band may not play, and that the soldiers may be marched to hear you preach.

“Sir, Colonel Featherston sent your application to the General, who referred it again to the Colonel.

“Sir, the Colonel says that the band will not play, but he shall not march the soldiers to hear you preach. Good-afternoon, Sir!”

‘This was all well. To the parade I went with my little band. My wife and mother-in-law took their stand one on each side of me, and Colonel Featherston and another officer came and stood near me, and took their hats off. This was enough; all the quality of the place crowded round, and I had the *élite* of Wexford and the Regiment. If ever I preached with power, I did that evening.

‘At that time, too, I one day, after hearing a most dead sermon at the Church, took my stand opposite the door, and began preaching to the congregation who were going out, exclaiming in a loud voice :—

“Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.”

‘I should say that the leaven had spread marvellously in Mrs. Hawtreys Family. Her two brothers, both in the

army, were converted. One died triumphantly at Gibraltar; the other, a fine youth of 17, as he was coming to us, met in London a friend of mine, who said to him:—

“I have got such a letter from your brother-in-law as no one but himself, out of Bedlam, could have written, and he'll be at you.”

“Oh, but he'll not have me.”

‘The end of it was that this young man became, before he was 18, a preacher among the Methodists, went to Spain, converted several soldiers and one officer, met with some persecution, and finally, from his mother's wish, left the army, and is now to this day a devout and useful Methodist minister.

‘My own dear brother came to see us, and was incensed at my conduct. He, however, was changed by what he saw and heard, and has been ever since a laborious evangelical clergyman.

‘I must go back for a moment to my first and greatest enemy—Nugent, at Gibraltar. The plague came there, and they were suddenly awakened to the fact that there were 30 deaths a day. This soon became 300, and the panic intense. Nugent continued to brave it out. He gave the most costly entertainments, and when at length no one would accept his invitations, he rode about the town like a madman to drown thought. When the carts of dead bodies passed to be buried in the neutral ground, he used to say: “There goes the land-port stage!” At length, however, he was seized. For three days he was dying. Oh! the horrors, the agonies, the terrors he suffered!!

‘Thus is “one taken and the other left.”

‘To return to myself. I went on preaching, and in time was admitted a regular conference preacher, not, however, without some difficulty and jealousy. They said they did not want gentlemen. They had borne the burden and heat of the day, and did not now wish for others. By a majority of seven only I was admitted, and have preached in many different circuits.

‘I now come to the last turn in my history, which I

believe to be as providential as any of the rest. Being led to Ryde (in the Isle of Wight) by the illness and death of my ever beloved Edward, the loveliest youth that ever stepped, I was thrown with my old schoolfellow, Mr. Sargent, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Wilberforce.¹ I should say that, previous to this, some difficulty had arisen, owing to my family belonging to the Church of England' (that is, sons and daughters, grown or growing up). 'This excited some discontent among the Methodists, and it was also thought by many of the Brethren (Methodists) that my right place would be, much more as my family was growing up, in the establishment.

'This view was also taken very strongly by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilberforce, and others. For myself, I did not feel very much about it any way. My sacrifice had been fully made, and I was ready to do whatever was most expedient. Mr. Sargent wrote to several Bishops, to know whether they would ordain a dissenting minister. They all refused, except the Bishop of Norwich, who said that, on Mr. Wilberforce's recommendation, he would. At the same time, my dearly beloved friend, Mr. Francis Cunningham' (Vicar of Lowestoft and Rector of Pakefield), 'wrote to Mr. Sargent to enquire for a curate for Pakefield. Mr. Sargent was pleased to say we should suit one another perfectly. Accordingly I went down to Norwich to be ordained, but found I had not the requisite papers. "The man spake roughly unto me." I knew nothing of papers; how should I? I came back disappointed, and thought: "Well, it may be the will of Providence that I should remain a preacher in Conference."

'The Bishop promised to ordain me in October, but then his life was very doubtful, and if I resigned my situation at the Conference in August, and then did not get ordained, I should be *un-churched*, so that I was quite at a loss. However, by a providential opening, Mr. Sargent obtained letters dimissory from the Bishop of Norwich to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, so that I was ordained in August, and

¹ Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop, first of Oxford, and then of Winchester.

silent but *one* Sunday. I had a private Ordination. The examiner was Archdeacon Hodgson, and nothing was wanting but a cordial parting with Conference. This also I had. No one could wish for a handsomer or more affectionate letter. The purport of it was that they would have been glad had I felt it my pleasure and my privilege to continue to labour in their ranks, but that, as things were, they could only express a hope that I might have the same and an increased blessing in my labours in another part of the Vineyard, and to assure me of my interest in their affection. It was signed by the President and Secretary, which is rarely done on any occasion.

‘It may be worth mentioning here that when I was a young man under religious impressions, I wrote by Mr. Hoare’s advice to Mr. Wilberforce,* though a perfect stranger to him, to ask his assistance in obtaining ordination. He wrote me in return of post a long double letter, discouraging my scheme, and saying that text was applicable to me: “Remain in that state wherein thou art called.” He mentioned to me Colonel Gardiner and others.

‘Everything being now settled, I came to Pakefield, where I am now so happily situated. The lesson I think to be learnt is this: I am far from thinking that one person’s experience is a rule for another, but this I most fully believe—that for every one there is a Rubicon to be passed; there must be decision in religion. Where the heart is entirely decided all is well. Satan is then prostrate before you, but there must be, as David Wheeler says, a Surrender. I am sure there is a Rubicon to be passed for all, but once passed there is peace. There may be trials and temptations, but there is peace, tranquility, and satisfaction. As to myself:—

““ Oh, to Grace how great a debtor
Daily I’m constrained to be! ””

“We sang that beautiful Hymn, and Mr. Hawtrey,” writes Miss Buxton, “concluded our evening with a beautiful and affecting prayer in reference to it, and for all of us,

especially my Father. His mention, too, of 'the dear little lads' was very sweet."

"*N.B.*—The above in manuscript was given me by Miss Clowes at Ipswich in 1878.

"The original I have. On the outside is written:—

"'Priscilla Buxton, 18th of January 1833.'

"So I conclude that it was compiled by her, and is in her writing. (Signed) H. P. SANDILANDS."

"On our coming to Lausanne, Sept. 21, 1887, for six months' change and to recover health, we became acquainted with several English Families — one, General and Mrs. Sandilands, who told my Emmie (who went there for afternoon tea) that he had this MS. and 'wondered if the Mr. Hawtreys was related to me.' My Pater!

"H. C. HAWTREY, *Janry.* 14, 1888."

Pakefield is a village on the east coast of Suffolk, about a mile south of Lowestoft. It seems to have had in the last century the reputation of being in a somewhat wild and neglected condition, if we may judge by the rhyme which tells us:—

"The roaring boys of Pakefield, they did so well contrive,
They had but one Parson, and him they buried alive."

The tradition is that the interment—we will hope only a partial one—took place on the sands between Pakefield and Lowestoft.

To this place Mr. Francis Cunningham was sent as its Rector about the end of the 18th century. He and his brother, John Cunningham of Harrow, were remarkable men and devoted clergymen. Mr. Francis Cunningham was the husband also of a woman of clear intelligence and of strong, cheerful, and devoted piety, simplicity and largeness of heart. Mrs. Francis Cunningham had been Richenda Gurney, sister to Mrs. Fry, to Mr. Daniel Gurney, to Lady Buxton, and other brothers and sisters. They were all in early life

"Friends," and such Mrs. Fry and Mr. John Joseph Gurney continued to be throughout their lives.

Although belonging to the sober sect, wonderful stories were told of the fun and high spirit of the young Gurneys in their early days; how, for instance, the sisters would stand holding hands across the high road, and force the mail coach to stop.

All this high spirit in later days turned into another channel, and became utilised in works of charity and piety, carried forward with courage, perseverance, and joyfulness.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were childless, but all young people who came in their way were, more or less, their children. And when my father was appointed curate to Mr. Cunningham, he and his wife took especially to my three sisters, the youngest of whom was about fifteen, and who were all of an age and disposition to enter keenly into the interests of a new home—of intercourse with good and cultured persons like Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham and the society they gathered round them; and perhaps were especially alive to the deep interest of making acquaintance with the simple, responsive, kindly-natured women, and the hardy, courageous, shy sailor lads and men who were now my father's parishioners.

His cure consisted of two parishes, Pakefield and Kirkley, the latter, with its church, being a small village between Pakefield and Lowestoft, standing somewhat back from the sea, but the parish of Kirkley also extended down one side of the Pakefield village street. The rector, like Mr. Cunningham—who held Pakefield along with the more important vicarage of Lowestoft, where he lived—was a non-resident, and so my father, who was curate to both rectors, practically had the sole charge of both Pakefield and Kirkley.

I feel almost as if I ought to apologise to all the wise, good, upright men who have adorned the profession of the law for introducing the following letter from my father to his eldest son. But he would have been the first to admit and venerate their excellence; while he looked upon direct devotion as a clergyman, to the service of God, as a haven of refuge from the snares of the world.

“PAKEFIELD, *July 22nd* '33.

“MY DEAR MONTAGUE,—Yesterday brought us your letter. . . . I cannot say how exceedingly happy and thankful I am at your present situation, which, but for my own pride, vanity, and ambition, you might have entered upon sooner ; but I trust all is wisely and graciously over-ruled for good. The exceeding absurdity of my having urged you to devote your whole life to the Study of Law, I am, I trust, sufficiently sensible of now—a Profession which would have so fearfully militated against your best interests, and the more you had succeeded in it, the more you must necessarily have plunged into the world and its many sad and vexatious cares ; and Heaven, and God, and everything that bears upon Glory, Honour, and Immortality, would have been the more in consequence remote. I have been the more forcibly led to this contemplation lately from having had our ever dear and lamented Edward brought in the most immediate and present manner to my remembrance. In removing some Volumes, the Greek Testament I gave him, with the few lines I wrote in the first page, came before my view ; and immediately I saw my dearest, dearest boy, as he was seated on the sofa the day I gave it him, and then all the circumstances of his illness and premature death. O ! what were not my feelings ! The wounds which were healed up broke out afresh, and I wept and mourned with your dear mother as if it had been only the day before that our sorrow was on his account. This followed us in the most forcible manner for two days, and with it came the vanity of Earth, the shadowy emptiness of everything here below, and the value and sterling worth of the unseen realities of Heaven, and these I trust you will endeavour more intimately to realise every day. Let me entreat you to enter with all your heart into the important, the all-important duties of your calling. You put off the Pupil for ever last Sunday week ; now be the man. Remember the station you fill. You are to feed the flock which Christ hath purchased with His own blood. Hence you must experience in your own heart the power and efficacy of His blood to cleanse you from the guilt and moral defilement

of sin, to be able to recommend Him, whose blood was shed for you, to others. This must of necessity lead you much and often to your Bible and to your knees; and the more you live on your knees, the greater your profiting in the ministry will appear. All your help must come from above, from whence every good and perfect gift cometh.

"I need scarcely urge you to give your most serious attention to a most diligent and systematic course of reading. You have prodigious advantages in the education you have had—Master of Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics, and much in civil jurisprudence; you have an easy path comparatively before you. Now, then, work indefatigably at Divinity; recover your Hebrew—work at it until you can read the Hebrew Bible well and understand it all critically; make yourself perfect Master of Biblical History, including Shuckford, Prideaux, and Church History, everything connected with the Reformation, and whatever subject bears directly or indirectly on the Bible. You will find this will open to you such new roads to Information, Literature, and Science, as you have very little idea of at present, and will be the means, in due time, of wonderfully enriching your preaching—in fact, be now *totus in illis*, and I trust that God will make your profiting abundantly to appear."

My mother adds:—

"MY DEAREST MONTAGUE,—We yesterday thought much of you. I trust you will not send us a stinted account of your first Sunday, but enter fully into what you know would interest us."

As I have spoken of my grandmother, Mrs. Stephen Hawtrey, as one rather feared than loved by my elder brothers and sisters in their childhood, I give a letter from Stephen to her, which alludes to pleasant intercourse later.

"Dec. 3, 1833.

"MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—I have been for a long time wishing to write to you, to ask you, first, whether you

find Pakefield agree with you; whether you like it, with all its accompaniments; and, thirdly, whether you remember with as much pleasure as I do, the short but very sweet passing interview we had at Salthill? as well as our adventures in Surrey Street? I think of that time very often, I assure you. . . .

"I am truly glad to hear that you have found one of your own ministers" (for my grandmother liked to have a dissenter as her spiritual guide, even after my father had become an English Churchman). "How do you like the little carriage now? The boys will have great pleasure in driving you about this winter, as I should also, was it my happy lot to go home. . . ." After speaking of the journeys (prospective) of his young brothers, John and Henry, to Pakefield, he adds: "After we have seen Henry off, Balfour and myself go to the mail office of the Edinbro' mail, and shall be quite in time.

"Balfour has just asked me who I am writing to, and bids me to give his love to all and particularly to you. It gives me great pleasure to hear anything about yourself that is said in any of the letters from home, and it gives me, I assure you, the most pleasant occupation to write to you, and to tell you that I am your ever affectionate Grandson,

"STEPHEN."

I shall now introduce a letter from the eldest of my three sisters to the youngest, who was apparently on a visit at the house of Sir Fowel Buxton, the year after my father had given in that same house the above history of his early life:—

"PAKEFIELD, *Wednesday, January 28, 1834.*

"MY DEAREST HARRIET,—We have just received your note to Mamma, and are delighted that you are so happy in the midst of such kind friends. Pray tell them how much we feel their kindness to 'you, especially dear Miss Buxton (Priscilla); I knew how you would like her.

"Well, last night we had the Bible Class — 16 men

exceedingly attentive, and I felt much more pleasure in explaining to them than the last time. Papa came in on his return from Kirkley, spoke a few words very nicely to them, and prayed with them; but to our no small surprise—for there seemed no particular call for it—prayed most earnestly for seamen who might that night be exposed to danger, that if any were lost, their souls might be saved.

“When the men were gone, we asked him if he had found it stormy on his return from Kirkley. He said not, and seemed scarcely himself to know why he had prayed so earnestly. However, while we were yet speaking, a sudden and violent storm of wind and hail came on, and increased to a frightful gale, and we did indeed tremble for those who might be exposed to its fury. For an hour it was terrible—the house shook; but then it a little abated, and we went to our rooms. Just as I began to undress I heard a fearful shout, and it was repeated again and again. I heard Papa run out and ask what it was, and the answer, ‘A ship on shore.’ Papa ran in for his cloak; and you may be sure I was sorry enough for having undressed, as I should have prayed him to let me go with him. However, as it was, I came down and sat with Mamma for a long, long time; it seemed hours, but I suppose was not more than one. At last we determined to go ourselves and see what was the matter, and just as we set off Papa came back.

“Well, I have had another proof of the prowess of our astonishing men. What noble fellows they are!

“I need not say that we were on the *qui vive*. However, we waited patiently till Papa had taken off his wet things (he certainly did look as if he had been in the wars) and made himself comfortable; then we all sat round the fire, and he began by saying it certainly was the most fearful-looking thing he had ever seen here. In the first place, from the direction of the wind the tide was so high that in most places the waves beat against the Cliff, great pieces of which were constantly falling. He soon found the vessel had come ashore about half-way to the ‘submarine forest.’ So he went on the Cliff in that direction, but found it uncommonly

difficult to keep his ground; he was passed by numbers of our men, and at length got to the place. It was light enough for him to see a fine brig in the midst of tremendous breakers dashing over it, and a boat coming from it, in which our men had gone for the crew. The boat landed safely, though it seemed in more danger than the last that we saw, and our men as usual, Tom, George, Nath., Harry Colby, &c., had stayed in the vessel, while about 90 men on shore were holding her by a cable. Just then a frightful crash, and the main-mast came down—our men had cut it down—and soon after the other mast.

“While Papa was helping to haul up the boat he heard one universal shout from 100 men. He looked up; the vessel had swung round, and it seemed to him that it was coming stern foremost to crush them all; but what the men feared was that the cable should break, and let her drift off to sea with our men. However, through infinite mercy, they were able to hold her till they got anchors, to which they fastened her at the top of the Cliff.

“Seeing the lives were all safe, Papa came home, but had no small difficulty, for he could not get on the top of the Cliff, and as the waves touched the bottom he had to scramble along on the almost perpendicular part; and once it gave way, and with the waves and his great cloak he would not easily have been able to swim, but our gracious God protected him.¹

“Well, we all went to bed and had a sound night’s rest. Not so our poor men. You may be sure we were anxious enough the next morning to know all, so as soon as we had

¹ Some five and thirty years ago people living at Pakefield could tell us, either from their own recollection or through hearsay from older inhabitants, that formerly the village had extended out into what was now sea. The main street abuts upon the cliff in a way that suggests this, and has to be fenced with palings, which guard the way where once the mail-coach used to run, and where now only a footpath exists. I believe the encroachment of the sea has been checked, but for many years the cliff, especially south of Pakefield, used constantly to give way.

The “submarine forest” mentioned above was part of the face of the cliff, about a mile or more south of the village, where my brothers had discovered a curious appearance, as if trees had been engulfed in a land-slip, and the woody fibre seemed visible in the clay.

breakfasted we all sallied forth to the top of the cliff, and there, indeed, we saw a wreck, the hull of a fine brig, not an inch of mast standing, tossed about at the pleasure of the waves, except so far as she was held by the cable to the shore. I never saw a finer sight as we walked towards her on the cliff, the sun, clouds, and sky most varied, and the reflections on the sea most curious. Sometimes it was hailing, and part of the sky quite black, and then the sun would burst out. At one time it was splendid beyond description. You must remember all this time the waves were dashing against the cliff, and a cloud of spray was thrown back from the cliff to the very top of it, and also, as the wind was off shore, every wave that dashed forward was met by the wind, which carried back a most elegant 'feathery foam.' The surf and foam where the waves beat against the wreck were excessive, as you may suppose.

"Well, imagine the effect, after a period of darkness, of the sun bursting forth in splendour and causing the most brilliant and dazzling illumination of every particle of spray. Oh, it was splendid! We wished so much for you to see it. At length we got to the spot, and were rewarded for braving the hail and sleet, and a muddy plowed field, for the path was all fallen with the edge of the cliff. We had the most complete view of the wreck without any life being risked. Numbers of our men were watching her. Scarcely any one in the village had been in bed that night. We heard that after Papa had left, our men staid on board so long that they could not put off a boat, and, as she was expected to go to pieces every minute, they were really alarmed for the men. At last they, with the captain and mate of the Brig, with considerable risk, slung themselves on shore by a rope. I have told you nothing as yet of the crew of the wreck. As we came home, we met an interesting-looking, crestfallen young man, who we knew must belong to the wreck, so we told him to tell us all about it. With much intelligence he began. It was about nine o'clock, just as his watch was ending (the very time when Papa was at prayer), that he saw a vessel coming down on them. Before he could call up the men she had come athwart

their bows, carried away their bowsprit, and broke their cable, so that they were adrift off Corton in the North Roads. Almost immediately the terrible gale sprang up, so that they could not manage the vessel. They ran against the broadside of a Collier, and almost immediately she went down, though not, through mercy, till all the crew had got on board of them. They then ran against another, and all their crew but the captain, mate, and boy got on board of her, and they very much fear that she went down soon after, and that these three were lost, but that is not yet known for certain. Then they ran against two or three other vessels, but the gale, the darkness, and the number of ships in the North Roads caused such a confusion that they did not know what they did. The other crews, too, were so frightened that they all agreed it was better to run her ashore.

“William Thompson had gone out to pull up his boat on account of the high tide, and Tom Lewis (after reading to his wife Happy¹ the chapter they had read at the class, and explaining it to her) went to take a look out before he went to bed, and they both observed a vessel that seemed to follow a curious course, so after looking a minute or two (as Thompson told me) Tom Lewis sung out:—

“‘Let us go off in the gig!’

“‘But no,’ said Thompson. ‘I would never give my voice to any one going off in the gig on such a night; so we walked on to the Aldred Score, and there we found Will Lewis and his brother John trying to get down a boat, and we helped them, and rowed off to the vessel, which by this time was very near the shore.’

“The rest, as Papa saw it, you know.

“But to return to the shipwrecked young man. We asked him whence he came and whither bound. They came from Norway with Memel Timber, and were bound to Plymouth. They had been for thirteen weeks tossing about in the North Sea. They had once to return 300 miles for provisions, and landed at a place where they could get nothing, and for a week lived on ‘what the Master shot with his gun

¹ Really called so, her name being Kerenhappuch.

on the Norway Mountains.' At length they got provisions, and set off home again. And this was the way they were received on the English shores after their perilous voyage. We then asked him where he lived. His parents lived in the North of Ireland. He himself had lived for the last six years on board that vessel, as he had been an apprentice, and on their arrival at Plymouth he was to have gone for the first time to see his Parents.

" 'But, Sir, I once lived for ten years at Pakefield, and used to go to Mr. Cunningham's School. He used to live here then, Sir, but now I find he's gone to Lowestoft.'

" 'I need not tell you of the thrill of interest we felt before he had said this much. I quickly asked him his name.

" 'Thomas.'

" 'That's not a Pakefield name.'

" 'No, Ma'am. My Father was not of Pakefield, but he lived here for ten years as chief boatman. My Mother was a French woman, and a French lady that lived at Mr. Cunningham's used often to come and talk French with her.'

" 'You may be sure this interested us exceedingly, especially as he seemed quite alive to those feelings one imagines a person should have in returning to the scenes of his childhood. He, with all the rest of the men, were comfortably lodged at the 'Ship.' We told him we should see him again before he went and give him some books.

" 'The village was much interested by seeing an old friend. The first thing he did in the midst of the storm when they " (*i.e.* the Pakefield rescue party) " went on board was to ask after Mr. Cunningham's school, without saying who he was, and Barzillai Thompson directly guessed his name.

" 'We went again this afternoon to see the wreck ; it was low water, and she quite on dry land, and there they expect she will stay till she is taken to pieces and sold by auction.

" 'But I have not yet told you of the greatest danger our men were in. About one o'clock in the night hearing from the crew that much mischief had been done in the North Roads, they determined to go off in the yawl, and see if there was anything to be done there.

“They set off (Tom, George, Nath, John Barber, &c., first as usual), and were completely lost sight of for some hours, so that the men on shore were really alarmed, and old Lewis and some others set off for Lowestoft to hear tidings of them, but just then the yawl appeared in sight. She came to show herself, and then returned to a vessel they were taking to Harwich. Whether this was a vessel deserted by its crew or not is not known. All they know is from some Lowestoft boats that were off, but could not venture round the ‘ness,’ and tried to dissuade our men from doing so, as it was very dangerous. However, ‘they went right through the midst of it,’ and were then lost sight of in the breakers and clouds of spray, until as the morning dawned they appeared off Pakefield again. I was pleased to hear Thompson say that one reason why the Lowestoft men could not venture was because their boats were not so good as the new yawl.

“While fears were entertained for them ashore the people were saying,

‘Oh, it’s all Tom Lewis and Nath Colby’s fault. No one would have thought of going off but for them.’

“I am always so glad when there is this kind of testimony that religion does not make poor-spirited cowards. Some of them are expected back from Harwich to-day.

“*Thursday*.—I have thus given you a full account of the wreck, the more willingly as I think it may interest your young friends Fowel and Charlie, and I think they deserve it for being so interested in Pakefield. I hope, if it pleases God to spare us till summer, they may come and pay us a visit, and become acquainted with all the people. . . .

“Another reason for my writing so fully is that I think it may interest Montague, to whom I beg you will *without fail* send it on. I expect the waves have again exposed the treasures of the sub-marine forest, and we long to go there again. . . .

“The Lecture was put off till Friday, as the men were still engaged last night at the wreck, and the women were tired, having been up all the night before. There was a nice roomful on Monday at the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress;’ poor Happy

Lewis was so delighted with the account of Help taking Christian out of the Slough of Despond. It was exactly what she had felt the week before. She had been so low and unhappy . . . and she thought God had quite forgotten her, and that she must have committed some dreadful sin, but on Saturday she felt much more comfortable, and on Sunday morning when the people were at Church she was reading the Bible and praying by herself; and she felt so happy, she was sure it was Jesus himself who had helped her out of the Slough, for she had not told any one of what she had been going through.¹

"I had a conversation with William Thompson yesterday; he seems very feeling, but says he does not feel near so much as he wishes, but he says 'he lives in hopes.' This he said with great seriousness, and as he is so constant in every means of grace, I doubt not but his hopes will be realised.

"Did I tell you that Mr. Miller, who lives in the brick house, had sent Papa some game, with a very nice note saying what a privilege he and his wife felt it to be his parishioners, how much they valued his sermons, &c. Papa came from Mrs. Stannard's very happy on Tuesday; he said he thought the Lord gave him the best sermons he preached, in that little cottage.

"We have had a letter to-day from Eton, they are all well and happy. Grandmamma is just as usual. The crocuses in the garden felt the frost last night, but the hyacinths in the house are getting on beautifully. We shall be delighted to see you at home again.

"Since I've been out I have had a nice conversation with Margaret Lewis. Among other things, she said—

"'I do think, ma'am, that Robert is getting on, he is so eager after all the means of grace. When he came in last night he asked me if there was a Lecture. I said not, but that surely if there was he could not go. "Yes, I should," said he. At this very time,' she said, 'he could scarcely keep his eyes open, for he had not been in bed the night before,

¹ When she lay on her deathbed many years after, she, in answer to some question, described her peace of mind as being "like a river."

and working hard the whole day too.' I can't tell you the pleasure this gave me, for I have never thought much of poor Robert's religious feelings.

"Young Thomas has just been here. We asked him many questions, to which he gave interesting answers. He seemed to recollect Mr. Cunningham with much gratitude, said he meant to go to Lowestoft to-morrow to see them, and was much disappointed to find he could not. He said before he left home six years ago, his mother had told him if ever he should be near Pakefield to be sure to go and see Mrs. Eldrefine, and he expected to find her here.

"'Have you a Bible?'

"'Oh yes, but I'm afraid it's a good deal spoiled, for just as I was getting out of the vessel, everybody else was gone, and I remembered my Bible and ran down into the cabin up to my waist in water, and got my Bible, but it was quite wet. But I've had it at the fire a good while, and it's most dry now.'

"He spoke with a good deal of feeling of the dreadful row and swearing that was generally in a vessel when they were in the greatest danger, and did not know but that in a minute they might be lost; but his master never swore, he was a good man, and had been quite a father to him for six years. He made him and the other boys come into his cabin every Sunday and read three chapters in the Bible and three Psalms, and whenever they were in port he made them go with him to a place of worship, if there was one. He said:—

"'At Memel there was a carpenter called Mr. Haque, who went from Scarborough to live there; and he made a great many forms and put them in a room as big as this' (our parlour), 'and every Sunday he used to have a flag flying called a Bethel Flag, and they could see it from all the Ships, and the Crews used all to come there; and a young man from Scotland—a Missionary, I believe, Ma'am, who had not finished serving his time at the College, used to preach there. He was just coming home for the winter as we left; for no Ships can go there in the Winter, so he only stays for the Summer.'

"He told us of some wonderful escapes they had had. . . .

"Another vessel went down this morning on our sands. It was heavily laden with coals and quite rotten, so that it went to pieces almost as soon as it struck, and sank like a stone; but there was time to save the Crew. . . . In alluding to this, Thomas, who seems quite to love his ship, said: 'The vessel that went down this morning was not half so old as ours, and yet she went to pieces directly; and there has ours been beat and thumped about these two days, and not one of her timbers has stirred.'

"He brightened up and looked so happy whenever he spoke of anything that had occurred at Pakefield, especially about Mrs. Eldrefine, as he called her. He said, 'Once, when they lived at Kessingland, Mrs. E. and the young ladies' (Mary Anne and Louisa Cunningham, I suppose) 'came over to drink tea with his mother, and the young ladies made some cakes themselves and were so happy . . . and Mrs. Eldrefine was so fond of one of his little sisters, and she taught them all to knit.'

"He says every one here seems to remember him, but he does not recollect any one, as he was very young when they went away; but he remembers this house, and the Boys' School-room, and the house where they used to live.

"We told him to be sure to come to-morrow, and to tell all the others to come to the Lecture.

"'What! at the Boys' School-room, Ma'am? Oh yes, I'll come.'

"The men have all come safe home from Harwich, except Nath and Goodwins, who stay for the money, which I fear will not be much, for the crew had not left her, and she was an old crazy vessel laden with coals. They will not get much for this brig either, tho' they have had a great deal of trouble, but no one complains.

"Margaret Lewis said she wished I could have heard a conversation that (her Brothers) Tom and George had the other day. . . . I asked her what was the Subject of it. She said, about Jesus Christ dying for Sinners. She said she

thought George had the clearest understanding of the Bible, but he said very little; he used to sit and listen as if he was in a deep study while conversation was going on, and not speak unless anything was said that he did not agree to, and then he would explain how he understood it. She says he has got such right understanding in all things.—Ever your most affect.

ANNA."

In the above letter (of which I have copied more, I am afraid, than may be interesting, unless any one who ever reads it may know the names or places mentioned) my sister mentions William, Tom, George, and Robert Lewis; and "Old Lewis." He was the father of a remarkably fine family of sons and one daughter, Margaret. They were of Scotch extraction, for old Lewis's father had been shipwrecked on the Pakefield coast from Lindisfarn or Holy Isle, and married and settled there. Margaret died early—the wife of William White. She was a refined, intellectual person. Her description of her brother George is borne out to the present day, for he still maintains the remarkably quiet, understanding, thoughtful character she ascribes to him. William is still a fine specimen of a dignified patriarchal fisherman. As far as I know, they and their brother Robert still live.¹ He, in his youth, carried succour to a vessel in distress by swimming out to her with a rope tied round his waist, through breakers and surf into which the boats could not venture.

Nath Colby was captain of a lifeboat which, subsequent to the days my sister writes of, was provided for Pakefield. He and his brother-in-law, Tom Lewis, and William Thompson (whose hopes were realised), have all passed away; as have, naturally, almost all those mentioned in the above letter—seeing that it was written more than fifty years ago.

Part of a letter from my mother to my father, not dated, but apparently written at a time when doubts were presented to his mind as to whether it had been well to leave the Wesleyan body. She writes:—

¹ 1889.

“Will my Dear love kindly condescend to read these few thoughts. I think and pray that they may tend to prevent a difference of opinion that I see gives pain to my Beloved and to myself, on the subject of our past and present life.

“We must set out with the determination to follow the dictates of religion and reason. We must both agree that the change in your sphere of labour could not have taken place without the permission of God. . . . It was accomplished in an unexpected and singular manner; your mind was led to be willing to accept it; you prayed earnestly and *sincerely* for direction; no letter went without prayer; no letter was received or opened without prayer. All this I fully remember, for it was the safeguard to which I trusted, and it [would be] . . . unfaithfulness to doubt that some good purpose will be the result. God may have much for you to do in a Church where the leaven of His Holy Spirit is evidently at work, where a true reformation is again taking place.

“On the score of reason, also, there is much to teach the inutility of looking back to an imaginary state of good and freedom from trial, which in reality did not exist. So let both religion and wisdom join hand in hand to banish from your mind that which can now only produce painful fruit. You were enabled with confidence and holy feeling to go through the solemn dedication of yourself at your Ordination, at which service you took the Sacrament as a witness that your motives were pure. . . . Do not let the Enemy of your peace suggest the thought *now* that you *then* acted from impure motives; that the gratification of family pride, or vanity, or prejudice, or your own ease, could have been a moving cause. No, no, my Beloved, it is impossible. I wish you to look at things as they really were—to my mind it is unfaithfulness to doubt that some good purpose will be the result.”

FROM MY FATHER TO MY MOTHER

“LONDON, *April 22, '33.*

“MY BELOVED ANN,—In the expectation that I shall get a frank, I commence a letter to you. I am proceeding

this day to Eton with Stas and Jamie Balfour¹; sweeter boy was never seen. I believe I wrote on Saturday. We had a very large party that day here; in the forenoon I rode with Mr. Buxton to the Zoological Gardens, and saw all the wonders of that famous place; it really was very amusing. I rode twice round the place with my dear and beloved Host. O what a truly blessed and noble-minded man he is, truly a peerless man; his fellow is to be but rarely met with. We had at dinner the *élite* of the Deputation, among the rest, Valentine Ward, the Methodist Preacher. I was the only Clergyman, and in consequence was put in the most honorable and conspicuous place. . . . Lady Osborne . . . dined that day with Mr. Buxton, so that we saw a good deal of each other. Yesterday Mrs. Cole came for me and took me to Kilburn, where I met my dear Hancock, and preached for him . . . to a very *élite* congregation. Platt, Fellow of Trinity, and Major Close were there. I was most richly caparisoned in a most splendid silk gown. Hancock dressed me. I was quite at ease, rode home afterwards to Mrs. Cole's.

"I have not spoken to you of the sad disorder that is prevalent in London, the Influenza, whatever that term means, but the numbers who have been attacked are prodigious; it is no trifle, believe me, though not fatal. Persons are attacked in the streets, 23 Soldiers of the Guards taken off the Parade ill. I was very apprehensive I was going to have it yesterday . . . and Stas was affected the same way, but thro' Divine mercy it passed off. On our return from Hampstead, drove to Lady Osborne's by appointment, and went with her to hear Mr. Dillon preach, but were disappointed. . . . After dinner we went to Clerkenwell, and did at length hear Dillon. I was very glad of the opportunity, as it showed me what first-rate preaching in London is . . . I have been in vain looking for our members, but I have not been able to find them either *in* the House of Commons or *out* of the House of Commons. Shaw, however, has been seen . . . has given every assurance that we could desire. Lord Henniker is

¹ Father to our present Prime Minister: 1902.

obstinate. I am going again to him to-day, but you might as soon turn a mule as him.

"Tell my dear Mrs. Cunningham that my love for her and her blessed family is unbounded. When I look at her and at her angel sister, Mrs. Buxton, I see two such as are rarely to be seen. As to their beloved and lovely Edward, you would weep to see him; he is the very ditto of our darling. I never saw such a resemblance in one not of the family, and O! I much fear from his dear face that he is not long for this world . . . I do feel for him more than I can express, and so gentle, amiable, and pious . . . May God spare him to his dear Parents.

"Well, my dearest, I commend you all to the mercies of God . . . Let Bucephalus and Catermole's gig be at Beccles in time, and may God grant us a happy meeting. Amen and Amen, in kind love to all. Ever yours, J. H."

A name mentioned in the preceding letter reminds me of a story I heard my father allude to long ago. He was in early days travelling by coach, and the passengers all met in an inn parlour for dinner, before which my father stood up to say grace, when one gentleman threw himself back in his chair, laughing at the idea of such a thing, and in derision of it. He became a very altered person, and perhaps from that very day. I remember a letter from him years afterwards to my father, in which, apparently in allusion to their first meeting, he applied to himself some words of the 73rd Psalm. "So foolish was I, and ignorant—even as it were a beast before thee." He may have been the "dear Hancock" of the preceding letter, as that name recalls his to my memory.

FROM ANNA HAWTREY TO HER BROTHER STEPHEN

PAKEFIELD, *July 1st*, 1833.

"MY DEAREST STEPHEN,—I am going to have a nice long chat with you. First of all I must tell you how much I loved you when I heard Papa read out your letter. . . . You did so entirely all, and much more than I advised. I

think it would have repaid you a little to know exactly how grateful I felt to you!

"The other day I went into Mrs. Thompson's, and there found her husband just come home for an hour for the first time since you first mentioned the cutter. He said that he had made several and they were very beautiful, and no man in Pakefield could make them like him, and he would be able to get one finished by the last week in July. I am sure he will make such a boat as Jamie will be delighted with.

"The men begin slowly to return after a most hapless voyage, as far as fishing goes. Many will return without one halfpenny, as they pay for their provisions to the owner of the boat before they receive any wages. . . . They seem to look at it as a punishment from God, for their having forgotten to seek first His Kingdom and righteousness. . . .

"Papa has begun a little lecture in Mr. Jermyn's Parish. It was crowded. A young Baptist came to him when it was over, and said very rudely, 'I'll never come again to hear such doctrine.' I read in the Bible, 'It is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.'

"Of course, Papa did not notice or mind this, but the poor people were so afraid of his being hurt at it and ceasing to go there that they wrote him a very nice letter, entreating him not to mind the insult of the young Baptist boy, saying how delighted they all were, how they prayed him to continue to come and feed their hungry Souls; that this young man and a few others thought they had grace enough to purchase all Heaven for themselves, but he (the writer) was of a different mind, as he read in the Bible—'In my Father's House are many Mansions.'

"It was a capital letter written by a labouring man, and signed by all of the little congregation who could write, and others made a cross for their mark. It was altogether very interesting, and put me in mind of the petitions the poor people in the Isle of Wight used to send.

"We shall be much interested when the men return, to see if their religious impressions still continue. Nath Colby

we have seen once or twice. He told his wife when last at home that though this was the worst voyage he had ever made it was the happiest.

"Lowestoft is beginning to be quite full of visitors, among others a Mr. Venning and his wife from Russia. We have seen a good deal of them, very interesting people. He was a Russian merchant, a wealthy man. He was converted as well as his wife through the Missionaries. He has been living 36 years in Russia, extremely interested in all the religious and charitable institutions. He had the full confidence of Alexander, who used to visit him on the most familiar terms. He made him Governor of all the prisons and lunatic asylums, and you may suppose the scenes he has witnessed in the secret prisons of a despotic Government are highly interesting. Every individual who went to exile to Siberia passed through his hands, and he was permitted to supply them all with Bibles. Some of the stories he tells are quite romantic. . . .

"The Garden is now beauteous. I can see round my window eleven moss roses and rosebuds, the Sea, the Cliff! You can fancy how charming!

"Thompson fully entered into the spirit of our going to meet you in the yawl, but I fear you will pass on Sunday, which would put a stop to it all. How I wish I had you here, just to take a walk round the garden and on the cliff. . . .—Your most affecte. Sister,
ANNA."

Writing to her eldest son, Montague, about this time, my mother says:—

"Stephen is to pass on Thursday. We propose, should it be fine, going off to meet them, and going as far as Yarmouth with them in the steamer. . . .

"Your Uncle Edward has sent George to College, which, I hope, will cure him of his radicalism. I am afraid you are surrounded by it at Chorley. I hope you will get a step farther from that side than ever, even from what assumes the plausible name of Liberality; it is all sapping the foundations of religion and order. You will now have to occupy

your mind, and perhaps your pen, on subjects of high interest to your fellow creatures; the times are eventful and a great stand must be made by all who value true liberty, religion, and peace."

It will be remembered that my dear mother had lived through the Irish Rebellion which cost her father his life; and perhaps she need hardly have added—only that she was so modest a person:—

"I suppose you will laugh at me for all this. The girls are perhaps more wisely occupied in making sails and union jacks for Jamie Balfour's cutter which is making for him in high style. . . ."

My father adds:—

"Your Mother has ended abruptly, and your sisters are too busy to write; this cutter is employing all hands, and it will certainly be a very pretty thing. Stephen and Balfour are to pass by on Thursday, and we are to be out in the yawl to hail them."

In the next letter from Pakefield, written on the 27th of the same month of July, my father, adverting to a letter from Montague in which he mentioned persons living near Chorley, says—"Sir H. and Lady Hoghton I well remember at Astley Hall, and have dined with them again and again when I was a Lieut. in the 4th Dragoons, recruiting at Preston in '93, &c. At their House I first met Mrs. Cross of Shaw Hall, and became immediately, according to my invariable custom, enamoured of her, not knowing she was then a married lady, which, when discovered, threw me into a sad plight, and I remember pouring out my complaint to Lady Hoghton in the words 'pity me—oh, pity me, Lady Hoghton,' which *penseroso* expression became a little pleasantry and catch phrase between us, so that Lady H. more than once used to joke me upon it, using those very words. . . . Mrs. Cross was to me the loveliest woman I almost ever beheld . . . and now. . . . I shall resign my pen . . . again commending you most earnestly to God, assuring you that we pray for you three times every day, and hoping you will not

forget that, however lax the discipline and the piety of those around you may be, your own responsibility is very very great, as you are now a minister of Christ, and must remember that God has set you a watchman over souls not a few. Be instant then in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. The Lord give you His Blessing.—Your aff. Father, J. H.”

The letter is continued in a very pretty handwriting by my sister Harriet, at this time seventeen years old :—

“MY DEAREST MONTAGUE,— . . . Papa said very truly when he told you that we liked your letter; it was abundantly interesting and satisfactory, and—satirical, and it is fair you should receive the same, barring the satire, so I will try and interest you. . . .

“Thursday the 25th of July 1833, was a very beautiful day, and it seemed still more so from the two previous ones having been wet and cold. The little revenue cutter for Jamie Balfour had been finished on Wednesday evening; the beautiful Union Jack, and ensign, and pennant were hoisted up, and the cold beef pies, and fruit pies, and cheeses, and barrel of beer, &c., &c., were ready. Do you recollect one Sunday Evening before you went away, that you and I your loving Sister, and Florence, set off to take a walk upon the beach, and I told you about the proposed plan of meeting Stephen off Pakefield in the new yawl; it was then a visionary idea, and we scarcely thought of it, except as one of those remarkably pleasant things that never do come to pass. You made but few observations upon it, and so I daresay have forgotten all about it, as I had; but when a week or two ago we received a letter from Stephen mentioning the very day he would be looking out for us, and we were to be looking out for him, the rainbow vision of the steam packet like a sea monster tearing through the waves, and our new yawl looking so beautiful, and with all her sails set, making up to her side, began to wear the agreeable appearance of reality,

and we hastened to make our arrangements for the descent of the great yawl from her elevated situation on the cliff to the beach and the sea—but suddenly our lofty views were dashed to the ground. The master of the boat *would* let us have her, but it must be for six pounds. Now, you know, we could not give that, and very humbly determined to have the old yawl, a decrepit ugly boat, and having made up our minds to the disappointment, we worked diligently at the sails and flags, which were finished on Wednesday, and then we took them to Thompson, who was making the cutter for Jamie. In the mean time all the rest of the village. . . .” [Some words here are lost through the paper being worn out; it seems the difficulty was overruled, and] “on Thursday at 10 o’clock the new yawl, manned by fifteen of the men, was lying at anchor waiting for us. I suppose you know she belongs to every one of the men, this was the reason for their wrath, and their displeasure was vented in the following words:—

“John Fuller, indeed! Six pounds indeed! It is not more his boat than it is ours! What business had he to ask six pounds? He deserves to have his head cut off! And Mr. Hawtreys and the young ladies so kind! Six pounds! How could he go for to ask so much!”

“Well, we were glad enough to hear it had been taken up by the Village; and so we prepared a great dinner, and the school children brought flowers and nosegays without end for ‘Master Stephen,’ and the women, at Mamma’s wish, brought their husbands’ knives, and forks, and plates.

“About ten o’clock, three of the men, very clean and neat, came to take the hampers of provisions down to the Boat, and we were making up parcels of letters for darling Stass, when Papa, who had been on the Cliff, rushed back, exclaiming: ‘The steamer’s in sight!’

“Well, away we flew to the cliff, and truly *there* was a most beautiful scene. The cliff and beach were covered with the village women and children; a boat was on the strand, just ready to be pushed into the sea, and a number of men were on the beach to push us off. Beyond was the new yawl, a very grand and noble Boat, with a number of

men in her, and the Steamer was said to be in sight, but our eyes could not discern her. As ever on these occasions there is some tedious delay, and water was wanting, and while it was gone for the steamer made her appearance, and rapidly approached. We waited no more for water, but hastened to the Boat which was to take us to the Yawl. Oh, most tantalizing! Papa was not there. The Admiral of the red was gone away. Message after message was sent, and at last he made his appearance at the top of the Cliff.

"When once assembled, we were not long out of the New Yawl. Then approached the great Steamer, rattling, rushing on. Every man on Board (and we had a splendid crew) said they saw Master Stephen, and he was standing on the wheels waving his hat. But when our more experienced eyes looked, we plainly saw that instead of Stephen it was a great Captain, with brown trousers, blue jacket, and white hat. But before we had fully made these observations and communicated them to the men, another cry was raised from our party, headed by Papa: 'No; but there, there *is* Master Stephen,' and sure enough it was, darling fellow, and little Jamie by his side. I will pass over the mortification of the next few minutes by merely telling you that, the rope—the tow rope—having broke, we were thrown at a great distance from the Steamer, and when we at length saw our darling Brother and little Jamie on board the Yawl, he was so agitated, and we were all so hurried, that it seems like a silly dream that we ever saw him at all.¹ I suppose he perceived that we were in danger, as I really think we were, when we were near the packet, for the waves from the paddles were immense, and we were in the middle of them. He staid with us for about five minutes, and then returned to the Steamer; having had time to take out his purse and give a small packet to Papa, saying: 'Here is five pounds; will you settle with the men?' The moment he was gone, Papa gave orders to hoist every stitch of canvas and chase the Steamer. The Captain smiled from the Steamer, and quietly

¹ The toy cutter was, however, given. I think it was on this occasion that I remember breaking a little bottle of wine against her bows, and saying as I had been taught, "Success to the *Water Witch*!"

walked away, and up went the Mainsail and down went one side of the Yawl, and the water was nearly coming in. At last it was evident that, with whatever speed we followed the *Soho*, London, the *Soho*, London, would beat, and as wind and tide were against us, the moment the *Soho* had rounded the Lowestoft point of Land, we all listened with patience to our Captain, William Lewis, who proposed that we should just turn round and sail away to Cove Hythe, with the wind and tide favouring us."

What followed is told by another of my sisters—Emily—and my mother. I will give the little picture of Pakefield life of long ago, and which preserves the names of some who are still remembered, or still actually lingering on there.

"When we got to Cove Hythe, which we did in about one hour, we landed, and left Mary and Jane and the men to lay out the dinner, and we went to see the ruins of a very splendid Church. The ruins were very beautiful. We had not been there long before all the fishermen came to admire them too. So, after staying there some time, we came back to the shore, where we found the two tablecloths, one above, the other 'below the salt,' nicely laid out. The men sat down under a hedge. They looked quite splendid. When we were all ready to begin dinner, Papa, Mamma, and we four came down from the place where our cloth was laid, which was a little rising ground above. The moment they saw us approach, with one mind all rose and took off their hats, while Papa said grace. Then we returned to where our cloth was spread, and the men, with Mary, Jane, Amy, and Emily Ward, had their dinner, which they liked very much. It was four o'clock when we had all finished, and we could not leave till six because of the tide, so we left the men to amuse themselves as they liked, and we went and took a walk. As we were walking, we came to a nice piece of grass. We sat down, and Papa read out to us a pretty story. When we were in the middle of it, Papa left off and began to tell us an anecdote about Captain Dundas. Papa was just telling a part of the story in which Captain Dundas was saying (from his ship) to some one in a boat, 'You will bring to under our lee,'

when it happened that half-a-dozen of the honest men, who were passing by at the time, in the most simple manner came and sat down, supposing the words were addressed to them, and heard the rest of the story, which they enjoyed excessively."

Emily had to leave off, and the last few words are in my mother's writing. She adds a few maternal, loving words to her eldest son, to whom she is sending a present that is to be kept a secret :—

"I thank you for your very interesting letter. I have little room left for all I have to say to you. I send you a ten-pound note. Put a mark of some kind in your answer to say you got it safe—an 'All is well,' or something of that kind. Tell us all about your feelings and prospects of usefulness and happiness. May every Blessing be with you. May I express the gratitude I feel to Mr. and Mrs. M. and dear little Fanny for being so kind to you?—Your ever most affecte.,

"A. H."

My father left Eton at seventeen to enter the army, and the Eton education of that day *might* be but a slight one. Indeed, I think I remember to have heard him say that for weeks he had himself avoided saying a lesson by looking up frankly and fearlessly at the master in desk, who would then pass him by (concluding that he knew it) to put the next boy on, whose downcast head showed that he was ill prepared.

Notwithstanding this, he always had a keen appreciation of scholarship, and in his old age could still make quotations from the classic authors.

Here is part of a letter that he wrote in 1834 to the boy for whom the cutter had been made, James Balfour, who had just been "sent up for good" at Eton, and who was pupil to his own son Stephen.

The letter has become so torn that I have had to leave out words or to suggest them. Where I have done this I have put the blanks or the suggested words between brackets.

The latter part of the letter about the Yarmouth coach "The Telegraph" I have left, as it alludes to the now almost

forgotten mode of making the night journey between London and the eastern counties.

“PAKEFIELD, *December* 1834.

“Hail, Hail, Happy Jemmie!

“Palnam qui meruit ferat, Sapere audi!

“*Perge modo, Perge modo!*

“O Jemmie, Jemmie! when I opened the letter and read ‘Sent up for good,’ and thought for a moment it was Jackye or Jovy” (his own two sons), “I was ready to *faint*, but I was not a bit the less glad on that account that it was *you*. Well, my *learned Friend*, you have begun to cull the classic flowers, and to wear the wreath entwined round thy brow. My earnest recommendation to you now is to go on, and never stand still [] in the Honorable [path of] useful study. Unite the [Reading of] God’s Holy Word with the study of Literature, and you will be [a bless]ing to your Parents, an Honor [to your] name, an ornament of [your co]untry, and a comfort to your [Tutor?], *felix faustumque*. Charlie begins to fear now whether he can ever come up to you. You are at such a distance before him, he thinks he has little or no chance, and this *entre nous* is, for the present at least, precisely my own opinion, tho’ my little man [has] parts, and has made way this []. Give my love to your Tutor, Jackye, and Jovy, and tell them their [places] are taken for Friday Evening, Dec. [], from the White Horse, Fetter Lane, in the Yarmouth *Τελεγραφή*, and to be sure to be there by [], for, as it arrives here earlier by half an hour than it used to do, I think it is likely it may leave London earlier. Farewell, Jemmie. Charlie is in extasy at the thought of meeting you. —Ever your aff.

J. HAWTREY.

“I am truly glad [Jovy?] intends to be sent up for good next Half, and wish Jackye would!!! I should be *too* Happy.”

The above was addressed to Mr. James Balfour, then an Eton boy. His son is now our Prime Minister.

FROM STEPHEN (AT ETON) TO HIS SISTERS

“ May 5th 1834.

MY DEAR ANNA AND HARRIET,—I am greatly your debtor for nice letters. Now I have no notion (it is more ‘nor a year’ since I saw Montague, and when we may meet again I know not) of not spending one evening with you in town. I shall therefore go on Tuesday, and in order that we may meet before the Meeting I shall go immediately on my arrival to Mill’s, Bolt Court, and enquire for you. I hope there I shall find a note and intelligence and a ticket. If I hear nothing of you, I find my way to Mrs. Webb, with whom you will find me at or after the Meeting; then I am yours. Make very nice and interesting arrangements, that our little meeting in Town may be a time not to be forgotten. We are intending that you shall have a nice visit here, so you will manage to give two days *inclusive* at least here, but of that when we meet. I look forward to this visit with I don’t know what feelings. . . . Lady Eleanor says, if you are not afraid of an infected house, she will be happy to be introduced to you. You must manage to arrange a time, though I fear it would be rather inconvenient, but it would gratify me. The Pakefield news is heart-cheering beyond anything I could have imagined. Mamma writes still more interestingly of it since your departure. . . . What she says of the way in which they came” (this no doubt refers to the Pakefield fishermen) “with tears trickling down their cheeks, knowing the character of the men, is very interesting.

“The boys are longing for your arrival. One day is to be to Virginia Water, another for the Castle and for a family picnic down the river in our boat, still the *Water Witch*. Don’t forget if possible to let me hear of you at Mill’s, but don’t make a life and death matter of it, if it is too late for the 3d post. By the way, I have a tradesman, Weisse, cutler, 62 Strand, where I shall call before I go in. If by chance you are in time and would go there, we could meet, as it would be *most* pleasant to sit together, but all this I leave.

After the meeting, if by any chance we should be invisible there to each other, Montague will find me out at Mrs. Webb's."

This letter is directed to Miss Hawtreay at the house of some kind friends of that day, Mr. and Mrs. Cole of Frog-nall, Hampstead. I give the letter because it testifies to the warm family affection of the dear brother at Eton, a strong part of his large-hearted character.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

LONDON

MY father was for three years at Pakefield, and then removed to London, where he became the incumbent of a small church called St. John's Episcopal Chapel in the London Road in Southwark. He took a house not very far from St. John's, in Trinity Square, Newington, and to this place he preceded the rest of the family.

While Pakefield was still our home, the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Sumner, with their daughters, had on one occasion stayed at the vicarage at Lowestoft when Bishop Sumner was holding a confirmation for the aged Bishop of Norwich. There had been an Eton acquaintance between the families in a generation previous to that of the Bishop and my father, and now a friendship to last for many years began between members of the two families. Besides this acquaintance, another had been formed at Pakefield with the family of Baron Alderson during a summer holiday spent by them at Lowestoft. And no doubt the removal from the sweet fresh air and interesting associations of Pakefield to the heart of London, to be planted down among the strangers who formed my father's congregation there, was softened by the fact of its bringing us within reach of two families in whom was to be found so much of goodness, talent, refinement, and kindness. In the letters of that period there are naturally constant

allusions to meetings with them in London and to visits at Farnham; also the friends at Lowestoft and the villagers at Pakefield were not forgotten. Another very kind friend of those days was Mrs. Elwin, sister-in-law to Mr. Henry Coxe, Librarian first in the British Museum and afterwards at the Bodleian at Oxford. It was early in the year 1835 that my father left Pakefield for London.

I think this move was brought about through a temporary sojourn at Pakefield or Lowestoft of a family from London who heard my father preach, and probably considered that he was qualified for more than a country parish.

I believe there was a church of some importance in Southwark to which they thought he might, if on the spot and known there, be appointed.

At Whitsuntide in that same year, my father and mother, my eldest sister Anna, and I, who was then a child, with our friend, Mrs. Elwin, were present at the Eton Montem, when my brother John was a "runner." Stephen also was at Eton with his pupil, Mr. Balfour's eldest son, and others. Of course the circumstances of the time would be likely enough to impress a child's mind—from the date 1835, which my sister told me to observe as she worked it in gold beads on John's "runner's" bag, to the various events of the great day itself and the day following.

Stephen writes in anticipation:—

"Now for Montem. . . . Something of this kind is the plan I would chalk out for you for the three days. Say you leave London Monday morning—if by coach, leave your Luggage at Slough. At Maidenhead say you are at twelve, and the Gurneys in their carriage and four; there you will find us all with a barge manned by ourselves, ready to row you up to Cliveden, a mile and a half thro' beautiful banks. You land, walk all about the grounds, and you know how magnificent it is. Go all over the gardens, house, &c., and then in the evening we have a lovely row down the stream, and you all arrive about half-past eight or nine, to a pleasant tea in my rooms. The next day is Montem, and the day after I propose your going back by Virginia Water, going

through, and sending the carriages to the other gate nearer London. This is the outline of my plan; write me word what you propose here—upon that I may make suitable arrangements. . . . I have such a contempt and want of sympathy for the glitter and show of a Montem . . . that it is you, and you only, that I think of seeing, but . . . you will have two sons in it, and will likely enough feel differently about it. How much we shall have to talk about when we meet—all your movements, all that has happened to you! Would Mrs. Elwyn come with you, under Mamma and Papa's care? It would be such an addition to our pleasure."

In a later letter he adds:—

"On second thoughts, perhaps it would be more prudent for you to go to Clieveden on Wednesday, and to come here (to Eton) Monday evening. Land at my rooms at 8; tea is ready, and then we all retire to our rooms and meet refreshed the next morning. Spend the day as gaily as you please, then the next morning, Wednesday, we are off to Clieveden, &c. If the Gurneys come" (Mr. and Mrs. Gurney of Upton), "I should advise their coming on Tuesday morning, but they must in that case engage horses at Hounslow the day before."

(In large printed letters.) "NO ONE WOULD BE WELCOME WITHOUT MAMMA. . . . I am truly glad you are beginning to feel a little better in the house; it certainly is very small, but by degrees the feeling wears off. You have not sent me news from the sweet stay-behinds" (his sisters Emily and Harriet); "do send me their letters. I look forward to your visit with heartfelt delight.—Ever yours,

S. HAWTREY."

We drove down from London in Mrs. Elwin's carriage, and were put up at Miss Ward's house in Weston's Yard (the Dame of my brothers).

Thither, the next morning, came my dear brother John from college, very early, to be inspected in his beautiful dress of a Spanish cavalier, and with the bag on which Anna had

embroidered the Eton lilies and coat of arms, with the never-to-be-forgotten date. After this early visit he went to his post on one of the roads leading into Eton, where he, like the other "runners" (who all were senior collegers), had authority to stop all carriages, and to present his bag for the contributions of incoming visitors, to whom he then gave a small, square yellow ticket on which was printed "Mos pro Lege" (Custom for Law), and this freed the donor from having to give to any other "runner" during the day. I believe we in Mrs. Elwin's carriage had the privilege of being stopped by another of the "runners," and of dropping something into his bag. Another picture left on my mind is a visit to the drawing-room of my father's cousin, the headmaster of Eton, and his sister, where we saw one of the "salt bearers." These were boys in a higher part of the school than the "runners." I think there were only two, and perhaps twelve or more "runners," and all in gorgeous fancy dresses. Again, we were in the Quadrangle watching King William and Queen Adelaide as they passed under the Cloisters, and I think also the Princess Victoria was there. Then the captain of the school on "Salt Hill" stood and waved the standard, the Oppidans were let loose into "Botham's Garden," and the day drew to a close. Many visits to Eton from our family in London followed this first one.

The day after the Montem day some of our party had a terrible fright. Stephen, with his wonted kindness, organised a picnic at Cliefden. We drove to Maidenhead, and were there to meet the rest, who were coming by boat. On our arrival inquiry was made about the boating party, and there seemed to be some mystery. At last the landlord of the hotel, where we were waiting for the others, said: "I am sorry to tell you that one of the gentlemen is drowned."

My dear mother was terribly shocked, as she well might be; and Montague, who I remember was with us, was greatly angered against the man for his unguarded manner of making such an appalling announcement. After all, it was true, but not of our boat. And the terror which glanced across the mind of some one of our party, that it was the beloved boy

who had looked so beautiful in his Montem dress only the day before, was soon allayed ; but the shock and the sad event, though it did not touch us nearly, no doubt had a most sobering effect on all the party. The next day, I suppose, we all returned to London.

A LETTER FROM BARON ALDERSON TO MY FATHER

The postmark is "May 16th 1837." It was written soon after the recovery of my brother John, the Captain of Eton, from a dangerous illness.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have answered your note before I left town, but the bustle of moving off bag and baggage to this place at 6 A.M. must be my excuse. We came here with all our children to meet my Brother and all his.

"Here they are, fifteen in number, a very happy, merry, and noisy party in a Country house.

"I shall accept your return of my money, though I think you are very scrupulous, in part. You must allow me for your reduced plan to send you £20. The rest will go into another direction. It has not belonged to me for some time, long before I sent it to you.

"I have long found it the best way to keep a separate fund for such purposes.

"I was very glad to hear of your dear son's recovery from so dangerous an attack of illness. The life God has lent him again must be used by him as God's special trust for the future, and I trust that it will be so. At his age, one wants some such proof of our entire practical dependence for our daily breath and life, for youth is apt to think itself immortal almost.

"Pray tell Mrs. Hawtreys how much we all sympathised with your Family during the time of doubt as to the result. My dear Children did not forget their young friend, I

believe, in their little prayers.—Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully
yours,

E. H. ALDERSON.

“KINGHAM HALL,
BURY ST. EDMONDS,
May 14th.”

When the family removed from Pakefield to London there was for some reason a division made. Some were to go at once and join my father, who was already there, and two of my sisters were for the present to remain behind. I remember our taking tea together, and then, the mail coach being come, my mother, Anna, and I started and travelled through the night to London.

The following letters were written by the sisters who remained behind:—

FROM HARRIET

“MY DEAREST MAMMA,—‘We did not know how we fared’ [a Pakefield expression] when we went into the old house and thought that the dreaded moment so often spoken of and thought of and pictured was at length really and truly come!

“It was very melancholy. However, the Cunninghams and we walked about the Garden, followed by a train of Girdlestones, &c., until the phaeton appeared and took Mr. Cunningham away. The noisy playing little Gs. and the sweet sympathising little Woodhouses went next; the crowd at the door had dispersed, and we soon found ourselves alone in the drawing-room with Mrs. C. and Mrs. J., with a tray of wine on the table. Emily took some with our guests, and then we went alone as we wished, to walk on the Cliff while they sat together. Emily soon regained her evenness of feeling, though, as you may suppose, the *tone* of her’s and mine was not very high. Well, as she said, it was not an evening or a walk to excite painful and mournful thoughts; it was a very quieting, sober evening. The sea

looked quiet, so did the ships and the shore, and we got quiet too. When we returned we walked in the Garden, and then Mrs. C. went to see Mrs. Colby, while Emily and I awoke the sympathy of the Village by taking old Mrs. Adams her basket. Poor thing! she tried in her way to soothe us. When we came home we sat talking till Mrs. Girdlestone came to walk with Mrs. C. and us."

FROM EMILY

"MY DEAREST MAMMA,—I sit down to write and tell you how things have gone since the sorrowful moment when the horses galloped off from the door. . . .

"Mr. Cunningham soon left us, but with the assurance that he would be out here on Sunday. Mrs. C. told us to do what we liked for half an hour, and then we would walk some of the way with her to Lowestoft. So we went to the Cliff and talked of past happy days, and then, my dearest Mamma, I did feel so very happy that I had come away from the Lecture the Evening before, and had that pleasant walk there with you. It was quite a comfort to me. When we came home we found Mrs. C. ready to set off, so we walked as far as ——. It was as pleasant a walk as we could have. Nothing could exceed the tender kindness of dearest Mrs. Cunningham. Before she set off she begged me to have a fire lighted, for fear I should be at all cold when I got home. Mrs. Colby had made the house quite comfortable by the time we came back, so we sat down by a bright fire and enriched Pakefield Records with an account of the sorrowful event of the day. We slept very comfortably. After breakfast, we began to settle all our affairs, pack, &c. My darling Florence, this morning before breakfast, when the Sun was just beginning to burst thro' the thin misty clouds, I went into the garden, and as I was walking along I saw your little hoop lying on the grass all lonely by itself. The first instant I was going to call: 'Florence, come and take your hoop off the grass, darling,' and the next instant I

remembered you were far enough away, so I stooped down and took it up myself and looked at it, and I never loved a hoop so much before in all my life. . . .

“The Schools did very nicely this (Sunday) morning. . . . They behaved very well in Church, and Mr. Cunningham looked quite pleased with them. Give my love to dearest Papa.—Ever your most affecte.
EMILY.”

Her sister Harriet adds :—

“I have little left to say, as I have written the ditto of this and sent it to go with the cream cheeses to you by Mrs. Jermyn, who, I am sorry to say, does not go till Tuesday, so you will not get it till Wednesday. . . . We went to Church Street and found the Ravens at home, who gave me tence for their bible. This made us quite cheerful, for she was just setting out to do her marketing, and had only eighteenpence to get all her groceries for the next week! I felt that she should be no loser, but at the moment I did not like to spoil the good effect of the sacrifice by returning it, or giving her double, as you may guess, my dear Mamma, I felt inclined to do. So I let her go, merely saying when she got her bible it would make up to her what she was giving me.

“We went for a minute or two to see Benjamin Colby. He told us what difficulties stood in his way, but he tried to withstand them in God’s strength.

“The church bell is ringing—how it reminds us of dearest Papa!

“It is such beautiful weather, so cool and nice, and the garden so exquisite!

“Good-bye, my dearest Mamma.—Your affectionate daughter,
HARRIET HAWTREY.

“Emily is very well and very cheerful indeed.

“My love to high and low, to old and young, rich and poor.”

Emily was the delicate one of the four sisters, and of a

very tender, affectionate nature. Harriet was of a very high-spirited, warm-hearted disposition.

The letter is addressed to Mrs. Hawtrey, 61 Cadogan Place, Chelsea, London—the house of Mr. and Mrs. Elwin.

PART OF A LETTER FROM MY UNCLE STEPHEN TO HIS
YOUNGER BROTHER, MY FATHER

“2 SION ROW, CLIFTON,

May 7, 1835.

“I daresay my last did surprise you, but the want of society, and especially the want of a church, rendered Charmouth to me not a pleasant residence. Female Christians abound; they are about 10 to 1. . . . Of course I cannot but wish you to be as comfortable as myself, and therefore am happy to learn there is a prospect of your being settled in the Borough of Southwark, at all events of trying it for 3 months. How very kind of dear Mr. Cunningham to keep his curacy open for you till then.

“. . . What a noble church it must be, to contain 3000” (this may have been the church in Southwark to which it had been thought possible my father might be appointed), “but let me beseech you to remember that clear and distinct enunciation, and always beginning *low* offers more advantages to your hearers, and especially to yourself. We can ascend to our proper tone of voice, but cannot descend. When Brougham defended Queen Caroline in speeches of 5 hours long, he was scarcely audible at first, beginning in a whisper, and these great orators know what they are about.

“You must have enjoyed yourselves this Easter. The dear Boys! May they aim at being rather good men than great men. The former adjective qualifies for Heaven, the latter for earth.

“Montem is a very empty show, and conduces, *I* think, only to mischief to all parties. I ran in straw colour in the year 1796, somewhere about the time at Eton, when I *did not*

speak to you! Oh, my Brother, what are we by nature—most foolish or most wicked? In that very year, *nota bene*, we came from Paragon [Exeter] to Mrs. Dalton's Hotel, Clifton, for the Summer Holidays, and I remember my poor dear Father's actual grief at the enormous expense of my bills. What with the fooleries of a Runner's dress and silk stockings for my uncle, he said I had almost ruined him; but the worst was he most injudiciously asked old Heath, who happened to be spending the Holidays at Clifton, if it was *necessary* for the Collegers to wear silk stockings, to which he answered with indignation, No! and when I said my first *Poetæ Græci* Lesson to him afterwards, in addition to my not being able to say it well, I had the horror of his eyes all the time not being upon the book to prompt me, but upon *my legs*, to see if I had on silk stockings, which, he said in great wrath, I must take care never to let him see.

"And now, I believe, I have answered your letter, and shall therefore . . . give you our adventures.

"We engaged a most pleasant Lodging on the 9th of April for one month, and everything has turned out propitiously. I cannot express how pleased I am with our situation, both temporally and spiritually. I cannot think there is a sweeter spot—the buildings are elegant, but the scenery has the most attraction for me; the rocks girt with wood, and winding river, are really enchanting, and the variety is perhaps as great as you may meet with anywhere. We attend Sundays at 11 and half-past six (no afternoon service), Mr. Hensman, at his new church near the Hotwells, and also on Wednesday evening. So crowded that we are obliged on Sundays to occupy a free sitting.

"Clifton Church has, I am told, one pious minister out of the 3, which is well, as this church is attended by the great and gay!

"We have seen several since our arrival . . . Lady Cholemeley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Penney, and some others. You will be pleased to learn that they" (the writer's mother and sister) "have got a *most pleasant* residence, within 10 minutes' walk—a lovely view, and great thoroughfare, which

my Mother likes. They have an excellent Drawing-room upstairs, in which my Mother sits on a sofa all day. . . . To-day she dines with us at three, and Sarah comes in the evening. All these little things please my Mother.

"Who do you think died suddenly last Saturday evening? Poor dear old Dr. Fox! I had met Mrs. Fox a week before, who told me the Doctor was very feeble, but nothing more, and that he would be delighted to see me and Maryanne. We had arranged to go on this very day, when on my asking his coachman last Monday at what hour we might find him at home, the poor man, an old servant, hardly was able to say: 'Oh, sir, not under a fortnight; you must come to Bridlington House, for my dear Master died suddenly on Saturday evening.' . . . Well, dearest, and soon must my poor mother depart, and soon must you and I. I have the greatest cause for thankfulness. I grow in an increasing sense of my own natural guilt, depravity, and weakness, and demerit, and, I trust, of the mercy, love, will, and power of Christ to save me to the uttermost.

"Eventful times appear to be at hand, but they shall be blessed times for every humble follower of the Lamb, against whom all His adversaries come in vain—17 Revelation, 14. Let us only abide in Him, that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

"Oh! if poor sinners thought as much of Christ's Salvation as they do of worldly gain, how much better would their hours be employed, and how much greater their peace!

"Dear Maryanne unites with my Mother, Sarah, and me in kindest love to you all.—I am, very affectionately yours,
STEPHEN HAWTREY."

CHAPTER XXXIX

MY FATHER'S MISSIONARY VISIT TO THE NORTH

My father went on a missionary tour, to preach and attend and speak at meetings for the Bible Society, in August 1835, the family home being at that time in Trinity Square, Southwark.

He writes as follows on board the

*"Menai, 10 o'clock A.M., Aug. 11, 1835,
nearly off Southwold.*

"MY VERY DEAREST LOVE,—I got to the omnibus in time. It was just starting, and was soon brought to the *Menai*.

"My first impression was most unfavourable; such a concourse of people, so crowded, and so small compared to the Scotch Vessels. Yet, still, she was evidently a capital and a tight sea-boat. I soon saw Mr. John Cunningham, who was exceedingly kind, having no expectation whatever of seeing me on board. Mrs. Cunningham and children were below. Presently we joined them, and she was equally kind and friendly. I had about this time a great fright. The cause was my black portmanteau. I told the omnibus man to put it inside the omnibus. He said it could not go inside. I told him it must, there was money in it, and I would not lose sight of it. The man assured me he would keep his eye upon it and deliver it safe, and so he did. Well, I saw it put with a heap of carpet bags and portmanteaus where I directed it to be put, at the foot of my very commodious Berth. We did not sail for about two hours after I got on board. Meanwhile a prodigious number of persons were coming and going. About an hour after I was on board I thought I would go and look at my berth, and put things in order for the night, when, O, Horror!—

"The portmanteau was gone!! For sure, thought I, the omnibus man followed my steps, saw where I put it, and has

taken it off. I looked everywhere in vain, and nothing else, as far as I could judge, was disturbed, at least nothing belonging to me. I went, much alarmed, through crowds of people to find the captain. He too was invisible. I must see him, said I. He is engaged, you cannot. It matters not, I must. So I prevailed. He was smoking and drinking in the round house, with his select band. I told him my story. 'Ah!' said he, 'tis gone, but you should not have told the man you had money in it. Here, Steward, William, John, where is this gentleman's Portmanteau?' William and Thomas and John could not tell. They said they would go and look. We went and looked everywhere in vain, when a lucky thought occurred to one of them—maybe it's in the hold. The hold was forthwith searched, and, to my great joy, the lost portmanteau found. The man said to make more room he had put some things into the hold, and so my portmanteau was chosen, to make accommodation for the folk at the expense of my tranquility for a little while. But it shall be one while before I tell my secret to an Omnibus Driver again.

"Well, at length we actually were off, and I walked the deck with Mr. [John] Cunningham for a little while. He entered very feelingly into our present circumstances. He said he had spoken and written to Bishop of London about me, and he wished me to get St. Giles' or Cripplegate Church, but that the Bishop, who seemed very much interested about me, said he had very little at his disposal, but seemed to make a memorandum in his mind of it. Mr. C. said he should not have had courage to leave Pd. [Pakefield], and God knoweth how great is *my* searching of heart at the step I have taken. O! . . . when I think of you, shut up in that oven, my heart aches, and my very soul weeps. . . . We are rapidly approaching Pakefield. We fly. The night was very agreeable. One poor gentleman was dreadfully sick, and nothing to cause it, for the sea was quite smooth. This morning when I was dressing, a young man came down the steps, and I asked him how we had got on. 'Mr. Hawtrey,' said he. It was young Dundas going to Durham to be ordained. I have introduced him to Mr. Cunningham. His curacy is near Lowestoft—

Summer Ley. He, poor fellow, does not seem to know much about his responsible and awful obligations. I have spoken a word to him. And now, my dearest Love, let me beg you to be happy. Confide in God your Saviour. If I could with honour and with a safe conscience return to Pakefd. I would, for *your* sake. And rest assured that my present position has much more of the Cross in it to *me* than you are aware of. I dare not tell you my feelings at surveying the well-known objects on this Coast. . . . I wish you could go somewhere. Why not to Pakefield? If you go, delay not. The weather is now most beautiful, the wind fair, and we shall be at Lowestoft at one o'clock, after which I shall begin to study. I am now going to write to F. C. such a letter as you would approve of. I shall say something about leaving Pakefd. open. May God ever direct, and be with, and bless us. Forgive me all I have ever done to grieve you. I pray God . . . we may pass the residue of our days growing in grace, in mutual love to each other, and in increasing love to God.

"Farewell! My dear love to the girls and Jovy. God bless you for ever.

"Amen and Amen.

J. H.

"We are passing Southwold, and Pakefield will soon open. Lord have mercy upon me, and bless them, and *you all*."

This letter, addressed to:—

"Mrs. Hawtrey,
30, Trinity Square, Southwark,
London,"

was posted at Lowestoft—postmark Aug. 13, 1835.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"SUNDERLAND, Aug. 12.

". . . After I put Mr. [John] Cunningham ashore . . . it came on to blow, and we had such a night, and such a day. However, through much mercy, we arrived here in perfect

safety and deadly sick, too late for the Meeting, and I am now at a delightful Vicarage, where I am receiving the utmost kind attention.—Ever most tenderly yours, J. H.”

The following letter from my father shows the loving feeling of his heart to the village which had, under circumstances of such great interest, become his home three years before. Mr. Hogarth, mentioned in the letter, was curate at Lowestoft :—

“SUNDERLAND, *Saturday Night, Aug. 15, /35.*

“MY DEAREST LOVE,—Here I am in perfection: such a family, such a home. . . . Mr. Gray, the Rector, is a man of God, clever, intelligent, and *most* kind; and his wife so truly kind and affectionate. . . . They have seven Children. . . . He is Nephew to the late Bp. of Bristol, whose name was Gray.¹ We took to each other very soon, and then they begged me to make this House my home, and to come back after the meeting. . . . The House is . . . close to the sea, and yesterday I took a delicious dip and swim. . . . They have a private Tutor who was in Stephen’s year and remembers him and loves him—a Johnian—and a governess for the girls; it is *a most perfect family*, and I really do not know when I have been so much at home, when away from you, as here.

“However, to go back a little, after I closed my letter on board, we came, shortly, abreast of poor Pakefield—a boat was out, with Hogarth in it, for the Cunninghams—I leant over the side of the Vessel and looked at Pakefield until my heart was ready to break. Hogarth’s behaviour was noble: he saw my deep distress, and he did comfort me. May God reward him for his great kindness to me that day. . . . Well, at length, the Cunninghams went. I gave them the letter for Francis. . . . I did not see a Pakefield person; the Boat was from Lowestoft, and, as usual, so terrifically afraid of the Steamer, that there was great difficulty in getting her to come near.

“Poor Pakefield. Well, we passed and I strained my

¹ And cousin to Bishop Gray, Capetown.

eyes looking at well-known objects until I could see them no more, and we got abreast of Yarmouth, then urged on our way, and dinner occupied our attention; at the end of which we came off Cromer, and then the wind began to head us with every appearance of a rough sea and a rough night. I felt bed to be my best place, and into it I went and very rough the night was. I was awoke by a wave washing over the deck. In the morning we were off Scarboro'. I ran on deck to take a look, but could not stand it, and turned in again, and suffered in common with my wretched companions. The Captain gave me no hope of landing me at Sunderland; he said no boat could venture out thence, and advised me not to risk it. However, he relented when we drew nearer to the place, and at length we saw a boat which Mr. Gray had sent out for me and which had been on the look-out since 5 o'clock. At length it came aside . . . and all was right.

"The clerk was in attendance to take me to the Rectory, where I found Mrs. Gray alone, the gentlemen not being returned from the meeting. She saw my state and sent me some arrowroot and brandy, which settled me partially; and then I got ready for dinner, where were several Clergymen. They made out that it was better I had not been at the Morning Meeting, as we should have more in the evening. Well, we had a very pleasant dinner; no ladies but Mrs. Gray, and, soon after, went to the Meeting, which was in Mr. Gray's School-room, not over-numerous, and chiefly poor people. The Lord brought me through very comfortably, and then we came home. . . . Well, yesterday I . . . found two letters: one from the Bishop of Chester, inviting me to his hospitality during my stay in Durham, and another from a Clergyman at Barnard Castle, begging me to preach for the Bible Society to-morrow week. Both I accepted, and also Mr. Gray's invitation to preach in his Church to-morrow. In Evg. I went to South Shields, and was struck with amaze at the Popish Chapel, which is to be opened in a month or so, and at the immense iron bridge, 100 feet long, high over the river—one of the most stupendous structures in England. We got to Shields, and there I found the worthy Clergyman,

Mr. Carr, would not go to the Meeting because it was held in a Baptist Chapel. Poor fellow, he feels that the dissenters carry it with a high hand: it was a very poor meeting—only a few people. The Member for the Borough, a relative of Mrs. Gray, was in the chair. Well, I spoke, and we came home at half-past ten, and this day have been preparing my sermon for to-morrow. May God help me, Amen.

“I had a game of cricket with the dear boys and the tutor, very innocent. . . . Dear Mrs. Gray has invited you all to come here. She would be delighted to see you, and you would all be delighted with her. She is very pious and very good.”

“*Sunday*.—I was helped through my Sermon delightfully, and am invited to preach this Evg. Ever, ever yours,

“J. H.

“God ever bless and preserve my darlings all, Amen.”

The letter is directed to:

“Mrs. Hawtre,
No. 30 Trinity Square,
Southwark, London.”

FROM MY FATHER TO MY MOTHER

“HENDON HOUSE, SUNDERLAND, *Aug.* 19, '35.

“MY EVER DEAREST LOVE,—I am still, you perceive, at Mr. Gray's, where I have passed my time very agreeably for a week. Nothing can exceed their kindness. But I must go back to where I finished my last, and then comment on your dear letter.

“I preached with much enlargement on Sunday Evening, and gathered the gleanings, which amounted to £4 3s.

“Next day, having to go to Gateshead, Mrs. Gray thought it better that I should take an early dinner with the children, and to my great delight, I dined in the nursery with the seven and the governess—they are sweet children.

“I had received a letter in the morning from a Quaker, inviting his ‘respected friend’ to his house. I arrived before

four, which gave me opportunity of seeing the place; the smoke over the Town was most black and dense. Gateshead is a dirty disagreeable place on one side of the Tyne. Newcastle is much before it, which is on the north side. I was much and agreeably surprised by the river, which is very broad, and gives a noble appearance to the place. . . . I was shown the school where Lord Eldon, Collingwood, and Ld. Stowell were educated, and in the Guildhall saw the pictures of the three.

"We had our meeting in the Methodist Chapel; the Rector, Mr. Collinson, in the chair.

"I received far too much commendation from the Rector. When I had ended my report, I got into the gig and returned, but previously went to the post and got your dear letter, which I read with deep and poignant feelings. I can only hope that the heart-rending intelligence of the death of these 4 sons is not true. As it is only a newspaper account, there is a bare possibility that it may not be true. Oh! how I shall rejoice if it prove fabulous. If real, the state of the Parents is the most dreadful that can possibly be conceived. How necessary to learn to swim."

My father alludes here to a very sad and fatal accident to a family that, later on, we were acquainted with. The father of the family, Mr. Sidebottom, I think was a barrister. He married twice, and had one son by his first marriage, and three, if I mistake not, by the second. One day these sons went to bathe in the Serpentine—one only could swim, the others clung to him—and all were lost. This terrible news was brought to Mr. Sidebottom. He went to his wife, and said to her: "You have often spoken to me of the blessings of religion, and have wished that I could embrace it as you do. Now an opportunity has come for you to prove to me that it does give the support and comfort you speak of." And he proceeded to tell her of what had happened. I believe she was most patient under the terrible blow, but I think her mind was, for a time, unsettled by it. When we knew them, some years later, they were a very kind and very pleasant family. They had so borne their sorrow that they were not

overborne by it. Without doubt, the religion that was now embraced by all, was their support; and the deep sympathy of all who knew, and many who did not know them, was some mitigation of their woe. When I remember them, their family consisted of two daughters, one of whom was afterwards Lady Rawlinson, and one son. My father continues:—

“Yesterday I bathed again. There is a boat with an awning and steps which takes you out into deep water for sixpence. You undress under the awning, and the steps being let down, you plunge, and swim round and round, and come up by the steps into the boat. It really is delicious.

“We had an early dinner yesterday, and then proceeded to Chester-le-Street, nine miles. The country is the most enchanting and beautiful imaginable, but the most striking thing is, that not a single field of wheat or oats was reaped.¹ They were beginning with one wheat field, which was almost the only sign I saw of harvest during a ride of nine miles. The oats in some parts green, clover in full blossom and so fragrant, the air was delicious and perfumed.

“We were permitted to go thro’ Lord Durham’s Park, and had a fine view of the house, which is magnificence itself. He was left a minor at 12. His collieries brought him in £70,000 and £80,000 a year. But he was a most extravagant man—races, horses, servants, profusion, until he outran this fortune, and was obliged to be off to the Continent. Never went to Church, gave himself up to Politics, and has become a somewhat celebrated person—the greatest radical, and the proudest man in England. He is descended from the Lamptons. His ancestor was the heir of Lampton of whom Montague told us—of the Armour, and the razor blades, and the Serpent enfolding himself round, killed himself.² The family goes back to before the Conquest, his Arms, Mr. Gray says, have as many quarterings in them as the Duke of Northumberland’s. It was a surprise that he took the Earldom of

¹ Written on August 19.

² This may refer to armorial bearings.

Durham, the family being so ancient and renowned. Well, poor man, he is gone Ambassador to Constantinople, and what will be the end of his mortal career time and eternity will show.

“Mr. Gray expounds every morning very prettily. As I am out of an Evening the family worship is over before I return. I am this day going to Durham, and shall bid them farewell. . . .

“Well, we got to Chester-le-Street, which is a rich Living in a very sequestered village town. The Rector far away enjoying the Loaves, and the Curate at home; but he was not at home for he had run away to Newcastle. My mind misgives me to get out of the way of the Bible meeting.

“I found out their leading man, a retired Shopkeeper, who had lived 50 years in the place, and entertained me at tea, and gave me anecdotes of the great Durham family. Two men, one a Dissenting Minister, and the other a Quaker, had come over from Durham to be at the Meeting which was a very humble affair, only about nine women and children to begin with, but it got up to about 30, and these I addressed, collecting 15s. $\frac{1}{2}$ d; and then I had a delightful ride home. This morning I was up early, and took my last dip, and am now preparing for my departure for Durham. . . . My mind is in a calm, serious frame. . . . Give my love to every one of them [his children]. Oh how ardently I pray, my darling children, that you may be blest in this world, and for ever. God bless you all, Amen, and Amen.

“DURHAM, *Wednesday Even.*—I had the fullest intention of sending this to-day, but as no opportunity offered of asking for a frank, I was obliged to defer it. However, I can now give you further particulars of myself. I proceeded, after I enclosed the former part of this letter, to get my matters together, and then went to bid my dear friends good-bye. I had not all this while ever said anything to Gray touching my former situation, but before I went, I asked him if he knew anything of my former life. He said that Brandram had told him I had been among the Methodists. But were you ever, said he, at a Conference? I told him I had been

at several. This appeared to create very earnest desire in him to know more, and he immediately entered into the subject of the Methodists, their discipline, &c., with an acuteness that showed *he* would have taken high place in the Conference. He told me he once proposed to his Uncle, the Bishop of Bristol, to ordain all the Methodist preachers, and to consecrate all their Chapels; that his Uncle was startled at the proposal, but my friend continued to think it was the wisest and most prudent plan that could be adopted, and he said if it was not soon done, by-and-by it would be too late.

"Many things he highly approved of, many he unequivocally condemned. Class Meeting, he said, if under judicious and pious superintendence would be invaluable, but if otherwise, worse than papistical. He considered from what he knew of the Methodists in Sunderland that the tone of morals was very low. Well, I confess I was the more pleased (by what I heard) with him, and this little friendly *éclaircissement* removed a very wee bit of formality that still adhered to me. . . . Well, I then set off and came through a delicious country, and arrived in Durham at 4. A porter brought my things to the Bishop's, where I was very kindly welcomed, but on the way a Quaker came up to me very good-naturedly, and gave me two letters, one from Stas [his son Stephen], from Whittinghame, most earnestly begging me, at the instance of Mr. Balfour and Lady Eleanor, to visit them, and using so many arguments that, I suppose, if you have no objection, I must go. The other letter was from Mr. Riddel at Barnard Castle, telling me that I was published for, for next Sunday. Well, we dined. One of the Miss Sumners was absent. There were one or two gentlemen, nice men. I said to the eldest Miss S. that I missed one of her Sisters. She said yes; *Maria* preferred dining alone. After dinner, however, I saw her when going to the Meeting. She is . . . one with whom you would be *exceedingly* pleased. . . . We then went to the Meeting; the Bishop took my arm. I saw a room full of females. Oh it was cold, miserably cold work. However, I was thanked for my *exposé*, but it was my poorest production, and I was very unhappy afterwards, nor have I been

able to rally since. A Brother of the Duke of Wellington's was on the Platform, Dr. Wellesley, and spoke tolerably. I was the worst. However, the humiliation will do me good. We came home for tea. I shall now go to bed and commend my Soul and all of you to God."

In a part of the foregoing letter, which I have not given, my dear father speaks of the heart-searchings he has suffered lest he had erred in removing his family from Pakefield to London. Here, at the end of his letter, he reverts to the same theme :—

"I am very much dejected at our position when I think of you all, and deeply lament the precipitate manner in which I have consented to relinquish the country for a situation so uncongenial to your feelings and inclination, and if you can get me back again I will with all readiness return. You know the position of the family, and God has given you wisdom, prudence, and discretion. If you approve of the measure for our return it will not be wrong, because you will not take such a step but under the influence of His Directing Spirit, and if you see it best not to take the step, it will be the result of a conviction that we are too much pledged and too far advanced to recede. I meant right, but into what has not my intemperate zeal brought you! Would that Mr. Clarke had been less active, it would have been happier for all of you, my ever beloved and ill-treated darlings. I leave myself, however, in your hands, because I am sure that will be in the Hands of God, and may He not desert us for His name and mercy sake, thro' Jesus Christ. . . . Oh, this broiling weather! How can you stand it? Out of my window the scene is wonderfully striking and beautiful—umbrageous trees and a River far below. . . . These stalls may well be called golden, but he that enjoys it well deserves it. I shall write conditionally to Stas, poor fellow; he is very urgent with me, and says the Balfours are alone, and will be much hurt if I do not go. May God direct me. . . .

"Well, I have no more to say. I pray for you, and I am sure you do not cease to pray for me. God bless you, my ever-beloved darlings, prays your ever affecte. Father and Husband.

"This is a poor letter. Pardon it, and forgive and continue to love the most unworthy of Husbands."

This touching letter is franked by the Bishop of Chester, and addressed to

"Mrs. Hawtrey,
30 Trinity Square,
Southwark, London."

A letter from my mother giving an account of a visit to very kind friends of the family in those days—the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Sumner—to my father :—

"FARNHAM CASTLE, *August 21, 1835.*

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—Here we are in all the delights of country, beauty, peace, and kindness. It is worth travel to reach so delectable an end, and to enjoy the exhilaration of spirits produced on a poor worn-out inhabitant of Trinity Square. On the receipt of Mrs. Sumner's last note, which I enclosed to you, I gave myself up to the guidance of the delighted party. Jacky went to see if the Farnham Coach, which went at four, could take us; it had not a place taken. So far all went right, and he secured the whole inside and two out. We were ready by three, got to the coach in time, had a merry drive of four or five hours, and arrived here at nine o'clock. When we reached the Porter's Lodge, he seemed quite to enter into the matter, and said he was directed to ring very loud. This soon brought out a band of such welcome greeters that it was impossible to feel abashed, which I was rather beginning to do, when I considered what a train I was bringing. Even Mrs. Sumner left her party in the drawing-room, to whom she was giving tea (as they had almost given us up), to meet us. I must, however, cut short my description of their kindness, or I should not have room for anything else, only saying that the Bishop also received us in the very kindest manner, and entered into a little playful joke about a young lady Harriet very much wished to see here, and who was present, but was passed off by the Bishop as a young

lady from France who could not speak a word of English. There was but one drawback to me, and that was feeling very poorly. . . . This remnant of London was gone by the next morning, and I joined the long breakfast table very well. We do exactly what we like from breakfast till luncheon. I sat all the morning in the garden reading and working with Anna. Florence and Henry are perfectly happy.—In tender love, ever yours,
A. H.”

The letter is directed and re-directed to my father at “J. Balfour’s, Esquire, Whittinghame, Preston Kirk, N.B.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“MY DEAREST LOVE,—I am sorry you were cast down about St. John’s. We must pray that it may be over-ruled for good.

“Well, how kindly has the matter been arranged with respect to Stephen by each party of our beloved friends.

“He (the Bishop of Winchester) goes to-morrow to Guernsey, Jersey, &c., and we return to our little dwelling, which we must adorn with the beauties of cheerful kindness, love, harmony, neatness, order—all springing from love to God and love to each other. We shall then be happy, even though we live in a small house and doleful neighbourhood. . . . —Wishing you, my beloved, a safe and speedy return, your most affect.,
A. H.”

FROM MONTAGUE

“LIVERPOOL, MONDAY,

“August 31st, 1835.

“MY DEAREST AND BEST OF MOTHERS, AND YOU ALL MY LOVING BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—Would that I could accompany this letter, and present myself to you with it, but again it is not possible.” [He was suffering from a severe attack of illness.]

“I need not say how much all your letters pleased me,

Peggy's¹ especially, my darling Peggy, would that I could fulfil your wish and fly to meet you on your arrival in London, but you see it is not to be.

"My dear Johnny, your letter was a very good one. Always write naturally, and write the thoughts that come into your heart and you will write well, don't be thinking how a boy in the sixth form ought to write, but write naturally, as you do, and you will write well.

"On Saturday evening I was called upon suddenly to visit a dying man, then at an inn. The scene was altogether very striking and peculiar. He was an American, a man of a remarkable and intelligent countenance, but quite American; the son, too, was as American as he could be, and there was a very respectable servant, and two or three rather stiff half-military looking men about the bed. The man himself was as far gone as possible, body and mind and all, wasted to nothing, but still occasional gleams, and one or two things that he said pleased me, tho' the mother and son seemed to acknowledge that his religion had been more in form than anything else. Well, I visited him again in a couple of hours, when he was more composed and better, and our conversation was more intelligible, and he expressed his reliance on the mercy of Jesus.

"On Sunday morning at ten he died. Well, to-day I got a printed circular, requesting me to attend the funeral of his Excellency W. F. Barry, Minister-Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Madrid.

"My dear Anna, I shall always be glad to hear from you, but really now I must conclude, as it is better that I should go to bed and be quiet.—Ever, my dear Mama, your truly affectionate son,

MONTAGUE."

¹ Harriet.

CHAPTER XL

VISITS TO BOULOGNE AND LANCASHIRE

IN the summer of 1836 all the family went for an outing to Boulogne, where, it may be remembered, the eldest sons had been at school. The school of which Mons. Haffreingue was Principal.

Stephen was not of the party, as he was on duty with his pupils, James and Charles Balfour, and a long letter from various members of the party on one large sheet was written to him. My mother writes first, on August 12, 1836.

“MY DEAREST STEPHEN.—I can at length sit down and tell you how we fared, to use a Pakefield expression. We set off on Tuesday morning about 8 o'clock. The first persons we saw on the Packet were John Cunningham and Olivia coming over to go to Geneva; they wanted us much to join them, but that was out of the question. What a piece of work it was to get out of the Packet. There were in it 290 persons; only 25 were let out at a time, who were marched to the custom house and examined before another soul could leave the Packet; this took up generally a quarter of an hour. The crush to get to the place for your turn was dreadful, so we quietly retired to an empty part of the vessel and sat down for about one hour. Having reached the Quay at 9, it was half-past 10 before we got to the Hotel, where, fortunately, Jack had beds bespoke, but half our fellow-passengers had to walk about or sleep on the tables. It is quite ridiculous, the passion for coming here; two packets have come in each night since we arrived, all equally full; this has quite changed the character of the place, it is now as imposing and expensive as any place in England for most things. We set off to see the ramparts and M. Haffreingue. We were shown up to the very same waiting rooms. In a short time he came, very happy to see us all, very good humoured, talked away, told Johnny he was at Eton two years ago; saw all the college, library, &c.

"We then came to see what chance [we had of getting] a house; found one, without an article of furniture, but clean.

"I will not tell you the efforts and the fatigue we went through to get furniture. By evening we were able to get a dinner-tea and beds under a roof of our own, engaged for a month. The boys are thoroughly delighted. How nice it would be if you could come for one week at the end of the holidays."

FROM EMILY

"... Here we are at Boulogne. I am quite delighted with the place; it is so very clean, and the air so fresh and healthful, and the people so cheerful and good-natured. We have got a very nice little house, and we have hired some very nice and pretty furniture. It seems to agree very well indeed with us all. How I wish you were here to be happy with us."

FROM MY FATHER

"Well, here we are, and all the old feelings have returned. You would be uncommonly *touché* with everything, particularly with Haffreinque, and poor, honest le Gros. The distribution des prix aura lieu la Semaine prochaine. The place is très embellie, les bains superbes, et la ville remplies des Anglais. Jackye is quite the french man, and will soon speak; he likes the place right well, and so does Jovy. We only want you and Charlie and Jamie to make it complete; but we must be thankful for the blessings we have, and not repine. I was very much affected the day after our arrival with seeing every thing french about us after so many years—all the past became so present to my mind and recollection, as you may suppose—but the crowds of English are overpowering. . . . The offer of accompanying the Cunninghams was tempting, but it would have cost us a fortune, so we relinquished it without a sigh; but I should not dislike to pass some time in France; the place is open to the Gospel, and good might be done. I was very much struck yesterday with the behaviour of some Poissardes, one of whom uttered a tremendous oath,

on which I mildly reproved her. They were furious. They said: 'Monsieur, nous (pas vous mais) nous sommes l'enfer, nous sommes damné, mais que faut il faire, nous manquerons de pain, nous mourrons de faim, vous avez de l'argent, mais nous perrissons.' 'Oh!' said I, 'c'est parceque vous ne cherchez pas le royaume du ciel. Cherchez premierement le royaume du ciel, et tout vous sera ajouté; le bon Dieu est fâché contre vous parceque vous ne l'aimez pas.' Immediately the lion became a lamb, and with a look of the utmost meekness the speaker said: 'Monsieur, n'est ce pas Monsieur que vous êtes catholique?' 'J'espère, je dis, que je suis Chrétien, et c'est ce que je voudrais que vous fussiez.' Well, it took, and the poor things were as civil and kind as possible.

"May God bless you and all your party. May the Lord bless the dear lads and their parents.—Ever your fondly affectionate
FATHER.

"Floranthé took her first dancing lesson to-day, and promises very well."

FROM ANNA

"MY BELOVED BROTHER,—I am sorry Mamma should have given you a rather sombre account of our arrival here. We had a little trouble in getting this house, but remarkably little considering, and we are exceedingly comfortable now. We hire the house from a very nice, clean, good-humoured Baker and his wife, who live next door. This house is new, extremely well built, plenty of marble, and good paper. I wish you could see the drawing-room this minute; how pretty it looks with beautiful flowers that we got at the Market to-day. The same old Market. Oh, the associations and feelings we have had! Most particularly at Mons. Haffreingue's, who was particularly amiable, as well as Mons. le Gros. We are to go there on Monday to Vespers, as it is a Fête, and Mons. H. said he would send us an invitation to come to the Distribution des Prix next Thursday. We all take French lessons, and Florence dancing, and I hope

we shall have real improvement as well as pleasure from this trip. There is a capital Fair here, and Emily and I have bought most beautiful buckles, as Mamma said you desired we should, and we take them from you, my beloved Brother, as a fresh mark of your love."

FROM JOHN

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for thinking of making me a present. . . . I suppose you heard that I was sent here one week before the rest of the family, so when I see you at Eton I shall have a most amusing story to tell you. Love to Balfour and Charley. P. is a very nice fellow; we laugh at him if he does anything affected, and then he leaves it off. —Ever your most affect. J. W. HAWTREY."

Emily adds:—

"Mrs. Elwin is sitting in this room with us, and she says: 'Give my love to Stephen, and tell him I wish I was his wife.'"

ANNA TO STEPHEN

"RUE DES CARREAUX, BOULOGNE,
le 24 Aout 1836.

"MY DEAREST STEPHEN,—I think I have told you what passed about the Mathematical Headmastership. E. H.¹ had a long talk with the Provost about the place of your name on the List, and the Provost was vexed at that degree of innovation. However it is a step. . . .

"They have just succeeded in getting a Mathematical Master at Harrow, and that will be a kind of precedent.

"We are very happy here, only dearest Papa's illness (he went into the water when much heated) has been a sad drawback to our little picnics, for which there is every facility—interesting villages all round on the coast and inland; the country far more beautiful than I thought. . . . I cannot tell you the interest we have in this place. Not one of our old romantic recollections has been disappointed—the ramparts

¹ Dr. Hawtreys, at that time Headmaster of Eton.

are the very same, which have ever been the *beau idéal* of all the ramparts that I have ever since read of. I come back, and it is not 'another Yarrow.' Anything that may have changed has improved. Mons. Haffreingue has prospered, Mme. Philippe has prospered, and the most amusing is that they do not seem to have grown a day older. I expected to have found Mons. Haffreingue a very old man, whereas he is a good-looking, kind man of 50.

"*Thursday*.—I have just returned from a most delightful picnic to a village six miles off; the Count and Countess [Hohenthal] quite charming, especially she—so much mind, with so much simplicity, refinement, and high breeding. They have given Montague a most kind invitation to go and see them in Germany.—Believe me, my beloved Brother, Your most affectionate
ANNA."

Directed to :—

"The Revd. Stephen Hawtrey,
Whittinghame,
Preston Kirk, N.B."

A note from my father after a visit to Eton, when his son Stephen was there as private tutor, and his two younger boys, John and Henry, were at school there, about the year 1836 :—

"MY BELOVED ANNE,—O Eton, Eton! What a day, what a day! What sons the Lord has blest us with, and at what a school they are receiving their education! Time prevents my doing more than to tell you I have been playing at cricket, rowing on the Thames, called on Hawtrey, Yonge, Plumtre, Eliot, Goodford, Hexter; been in Chapel, seen the future lovely residence of beloved Stas, and am now going to Slough.—Ever, ever,
J. H."

Stephen adds :—

"MY DEAREST MAMMA,—Here you have the heart overflowings of our dearest Father, which he wrote previous to

his departure for Slough, and when the day was drawing to a close. It was a most perfectly lovely day, and we certainly enjoyed it, only desired earnestly to have you with us to tread the soft turf and enjoy the fragrance of the cowslips and primroses you so feelingly sighed for in your last. We did a great deal to-day: met at Slough and all walked down together; breakfast, and . . . had a pleasing interview with Mrs. Ward" (the dame in whose house my father's sons were). "She expresses a deep sense of obligation for what we have been the means of doing for her, and looks upon us as the stay of her House. At E. C. H.'s we read a letter, which is about to be presented to the Duke of Newcastle, of thanks for the Newcastle scholarship; it is his first visit here since the foundation. I was in hopes, as they styled him an almost second Founder, they would at the end have begged His Grace to allow Chauntry or some one to take his bust for the College, but . . . I suppose they who were at the head thought differently . . . it ended in mere thanks. You will admire my Father going to Hexter, and he may say with Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*. Hexter was subdued, and seemed to regard us as his best friends. He was very anxious to see the site of my house to be, and was quite overcome at the perfect adaptation of it, and when he urged the delight I should have in receiving you there, my dearest Mama, you can judge how he made my heart tingle. Thank you a thousand times for your exceedingly kind letter and the things sent. I do not dwell much upon the day, as I suppose Johnny in College is now writing you a drama upon it. . . .

"And now farewell. We shall not soon forget the day that is past. My Father set off very comfortably in Cooper's Coach at half-past eight this evening, when I took my final leave of him—a lovely night for travelling.—Ever your most affecte.

STEPHEN."

The house mentioned in the letter was not built. He had rooms in the School which he built at Eton—the

Mathematical School—on the old site of which new buildings now stand.

Major Hexter had taught arithmetic at Eton. Stephen pensioned him off with £300 per annum.

Montague's first curacy was at Chorley in Lancashire. Later, he was curate to Mr. Campbell of Liverpool. At that time two of his sisters were again staying with him. At Chorley it had been Anna and Harriet, who went to him from Pakefield. At Liverpool it was at first Anna and Emily. They were in lodgings at a suburb of Liverpool called Everton. Thither my parents went from London after our removal from Pakefield on a visit to their children, taking me with them.

The following is part of a letter written by my mother from Everton about 1836 to her daughter Harriet in London:—

“MY DEAREST HARRIET,—With great delight I begin my letter to you. The absent one, you know, is always my favorite. . . .

“My last feelings on leaving Trinity Square were full of gratitude and love to dearest Mrs. Sumner for her kindness and punctuality, which relieved my mind from all pain at parting with you, love. . . .

“When we had well set off all was pleasant. Papa's expression of thankfulness was ‘Not a cloud in the sky, and the coach all to ourselves,’ which certainly was most pleasant. We had it all so, except for thirty miles in the morning, which served to show us how very fortunate we were. Florence had one side all to herself, where she made and unmade her bed half a dozen times, finding out that it was very short and very narrow, till at last all inconvenience was forgotten in a long sleep. All that we saw of the Country after daylight was most uninteresting, about Birmingham. . . . I believe the poor horses (changed about every six miles) were never out of a gallop. There was an opposition, and as I saw the full gallop of the other Coach, keeping up to ours and trying to pass, which they could not, I suppose I looked rather melancholy, as Florence

put her arms round my neck, saying: 'Darling Mamma, I cannot bear to see you look sorrowful now.'

"Our 'Rein-Deer,' which deserved its name, was a new Coach, very low, and they told us could not overturn. At length we reached Manchester, where we found Montague waiting for us, which was most comfortable, for the noise and confusion of getting from our coach into the steam carriages I do not think could have been endured or got through without two gentlemen. Montague got us into the *Mail Coach* in the train, which is the best, and only holds four, and has a Guard. We sat for some time. Such sounds, such smells, such smoke, led me to say (much to Montague's amusement): 'These steam carriages *never can answer!*' We moved off at length, and every two minutes passed a milestone, with one comfortable feeling at least, that no unfortunate horse was suffering. . . . Our journey ended by our passing through a tunnel, a great length, in pitch darkness. I really think few things could be more awful. After the further delay of finding our bags and boxes from the heap where everybody was snatching away their own, we got into a Fly which brought us here, and the first one I saw was Emily ('my Sweet Mell') watching at the window. I leave you to imagine all the joy of meeting. Everything was as nice as tenderness and love could make it. . . .

"At that moment Emily came and asked me to take a little walk with her, which I said 'Yes' to joyfully, and she has shown me, sweet love, the very walk where she has so often gone, meditating on what was now real. . . .

"This house is very nice, very well situated, much better than anything I expected; in fact they have every comfort. It is such a pleasure to me to be on a *visit to Montague* and find him so nicely situated. . . . Anna is a most capital manager. This promises to be a most happy meeting to us all, and I must not think of the parting. . . . You see, my darling, I have written in moments snatched away, and talking in the midst. This moment Papa has flown up with *four Franks*. It has added proof upon proof of all that is kind. I have no words to express how much we all feel it.

We sent to the Post, or should not have had them till to-morrow."

The Franks seemed in those days of expensive postage to be an immense boon. My father expresses his gratitude for them, and says: "We are oh! so happy; such a welcome, such a reception, such a meeting after such a journey." Then after alluding to relief after anxiety about something that I think had been left behind in these words: "You have sent me relief thro' the great kindness of one whom I can only thank, revere, and love," he ends with kind messages of respect and regards to the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Sumner, with whom Harriet was staying. He also gives a humorous account of a pupil of his son Montague.¹

From Montague there is a postscript to this letter which I must add: "The whole family are writing, and I cannot but send you a little scrap at the beginning [*i.e.* crossing the beginning] of dearest Mama's. The longer I know her, the more I feel the excellence of her and of Papa, the more I feel the entireness of the confidence which I can place in their love and truth. It is something to be rested upon with a repose and peace of mind seldom anywhere else to be found. But I trust to you, darling Peggy, that you will find time, amidst your much happier employments and more interesting correspondence, to send me a nice letter soon, hoping that you will excuse all the follies that you see in me, and all the wayward varieties of tone which you find in my letters. I seem to think, and I would earnestly hope that I may not be mistaken, that you understand me and sympathise with me better than many, many persons, and a truly sympathising person is indeed a *besoin du cœur*."

FROM ANNA TO STEPHEN

"EVERTON, *July 9th* 1836.

"MY VERY DEAR STEPHEN,—We received a letter from home yesterday telling us that Election Monday was a week

¹ "—— is a curiosity, but amiability decidedly prevails in the midst of the most unpretended vanity I ever witnessed; but you cannot but love him—he is good-nature itself."

earlier than you expected at first. You know, for you *must* know, the delight with which we have been anticipating this visit. To spend two or three precious days with you, my beloved brother, who we see so very little of, and love so very much, would be a pleasure which your own heart will tell you of better than I can; but, notwithstanding this, we think we ought to give it up."

She gives her reasons and other plans, and adds:—

"I am sure my beloved brother will see that it is more prudent to give up this fondly thought of scheme of stopping at Eton at Election. . . . I have thought of you very, very much lately, and have been expecting to hear something about your Ordination. . . . My fond love to my darling brothers, and kind love to James and Charlie, who I hope to see after the Holidays.—Ever, Believe me to be, your own most affecte.
ANNA."

As I have already said, after my father had left Pakefield, he served the little church called St. John's Episcopal Chapel in the London Road, Southwark, living in that neighbourhood. But when his eldest son Montague became curate to Mr. Burgess at St. Luke's, Chelsea, we came from Trinity Square in the borough to Hans Place—No. 22 was the house. My father continued his work at St. John's, and used to walk thither with some of the family on the Sunday morning and spend the day there.

Life was full of interest both to my father and his grown-up family. My Uncle Stephen, who was a very quiet country clergyman, and had now partially retired from active parish work, writes at that time to my father as follows:—

"5 ALBEMARLE ROW, CLIFTON,

June 7, 1837.

"MY BELOVED BROTHER,—Having read in the *Globe* Newspaper that Edward Battiscombe, late Fellow of K.C., had resigned his fellowship in consequence of having become a Baptist Minister, I am very anxious to hear the truth of so interesting a statement confirmed by you. Let it not then

be long before I am relieved from my suspense. Should it be 'Aye,' I beg you to accept my warmest congratulations. Of course you will have many interesting particulars to communicate in the event of your dear and excellent boy's success!" (Mr. Battiscombe's resignation of his fellowship would make room for the entrance at King's of my father's third son, John William Hawtrey.) "I am afraid to ask too many questions by this letter, lest the report should be a false one.

"I may, however, and I do, congratulate you on the wonderful preservation of poor Pigott's life. Oh! my brother, in the midst of life we are in death. I hope he will be very careful, and, indeed, I hope *all* the inmates of 22 Hans Place will, for if that 'Murderer from the beginning' is in the plenitude of his power and malice anywhere, I suppose it is in *Enchanting London* in the Spring months, when Parliament is sitting, and the whole of his *greatest* subjects are concentrated for the purpose of falling into every snare he has laid for them and devouring every bate. . . . If even reading the account of the great Balls, &c., produce an effect on the spirits, what must the *seeing* of them be! It appears to me that if ever contempt was poured upon religion by our aristocracy, it is poured upon it now! and they settle it very quietly, and as they think satisfactorily, in their own minds, that any person who would point out to them the danger of their course is crazy! So that what cloud may be about to burst over our land, professing to be reformed, but 'hating to be,' it is impossible to say. I am weary of conjecture.

"Take, then, care of your persons, I beseech you, as well as of your souls. Remember the Lord works by means, not by miracles, most commonly.

"My Mother . . . has been very poorly, yet I do not think she is in any immediate danger.

"We are much interested at your account of the different things you had witnessed in Great Babylon! I have often seen Sir Francis, but not, I suppose, for these 30 years, on the Hustings at Brentford and Covent Garden, when he was laying about him lustily on the *then* tories. Oh, what a Radical and

King mob man was he then! the idol of every revolutionist in London. There was at that time a powerful tory antagonist of his, who ventured, but only once, to oppose him for Middlesex, by name Mainwaring—a little and very ugly man—and I think I now hear the then handsome Burdett's friends crying 'Burdett for ever!' No *Mainwarring!* Ah, Sir Francis, *quantum mutatus!* but so it is and ever will be in this changeable world, and I doubt not but even now Sir F. would give up his Seat for Westminster to be repossessed of that popular affection he then so much prized—for, astonishing as it is, the approbation of the vulgar weighs heavier with such men than that of their equals or superiors; and yet, perhaps you will be disposed to ask me—then how came this man to act as he has lately done?

"What kind of meeting had you at Harrow? I suppose Drury was not present. Did you venture to call on him? He was, thro' extravagance, driven to sell his splendid Library a few years ago. So you have dined with the two ἐπίσκοποι ἀδελφοί! Let me strongly recommend you, my beloved, as before God, not to be at all out of heart at not being yet bidden by them or any other person to 'come up higher.' It is evidently your divine and most wise Master's will that *you* should labour in that sink of Southwark amidst the outcasts; follow then implicitly, boldly, cheerfully, the leading of the Lord, and if no other door whatever opens but the very lowly one of obscure St. John's, enter at that door, and then call upon the name of the Lord; He is with you, and teaching you a most salutary lesson at this time—that *His* will must be *your* will. If you are made instrumental in bringing your little Flock nearer to their Shepherd, you are doing much; if in adding any stray Sheep to it, you are doing more. Perhaps the fault with all of us is, we aim at too much, and forget how very diminutive a grasp we have; and so long as the Gospel appears to you the great and glorious thing it did at first—and to 'persuade men to worship God contrary to the Law' the most important employment upon Earth—you can never be deemed idle and doing nothing, tho' your numbers happen to be small. And suppose you were *never*

(for argument's sake) to get farther than you are, and to die in that harness, what a blessed reflection that you had never . . . been a discontented person, but had 'finished the work which your Master gave you to do.' You said in a former letter, alluding to Montague's splendid Church and Congregation, 'I am in the background'—perhaps in the eye of the Great Cloud of Witnesses, in the foreground; for what is great in the eye of Earth is often small in the eye of Heaven, and *vice versâ*. . . . So you saw Sir C. Dalbiac. By the memorandum in an old pocket book of 1800, I perceive I met him at dinner at Mr. Willshire's near Bath—it was when he called upon you at my Mother's Lodgings at Middlehill; perhaps he had then no prophetic eye to see himself at a distant day the Father-in-law of a Duke! Had you time or wish to tell him anything of *your* eventful but more humble history?—Ever affectly. yours,

"S. H. H. [STEPHEN HURNARD HAWTREY]."

CHAPTER XLI

LETTERS FROM MY UNCLE STEPHEN

FROM MY UNCLE STEPHEN TO MY FATHER

"January 9, 1837.

"My dear Mother was yesterday not very conscious of what passed, but to-day she is, and spoke to me in so pleasing a manner as quite charmed me. May the Love of God be shed diffusively thro' her heart by the Holy Ghost, and all will do well. No one that loved the God who redeemed him was ever debarred His eternal Society in Heaven.

"When do the Eton Holidays terminate? I think you said that some in College were pious, and held a prayer meeting in the Captain's Study. Oh! how things are altered since my time, and will yet more, for 'Knowledge shall be increased.'—Ever aff. yours,

S. H."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"4 CUMBERLAND TERRACE, NEW CUT, BRISTOL,

"March 14, 1838.

"BELOVED,—I never saw loveliness in the 'Bathurst Hotel' until now! But now, from its having had *you* for its inmate, every time I pass it it appears to my fond heart to surpass every Inn in Bristol. I desire to bless our Heavenly Father that He permitted us to see each other face to face once more, altho' but for so very short a time.

"You were favoured in your journey down, in your sojourn here, by accomplishing the errand on which you came, and in your journey up. All this, I know, draws you nearer and nearer to your unseen Benefactor. Truly the character of God in Christ, the more it opens upon us, [the more it] begets increasing veneration and love, and, were it but *manifested* to the whole human race, surely Heaven would be enjoyed on Earth! It appears to me that the grand mistake with us who do know Christ is that we do not enough 'acquaint ourselves with Him,' and strenuously labour for a more exact conformity to Him in love and in humility, so as to be actually 'changed into the same image from Glory to Glory,' the consequence of which is, we are deprived of *that great degree of happiness* which He designed to be our portion here below.

"My dear Mother was not so well a few days ago, but is recovering; still, I would not conceal from myself that there is an evident increase of debility. Well, we have only to be unremitting in our attention to her, as well as importunate with Jesus on her behalf. . . . Last week Mary Ann, Sarah, and I passed a very pleasant Evening with the M'Cormicks. They are the only exceptions we make, being connexions.

"To-morrow is our Bible Auxiliary Meeting. . . .

"These meetings will not be discouraged by this infamous work of Mrs. Trollope's, which I finished last evening. Indeed, but for reading these three volumes against time (they are so much in demand), I should have written to you before this.

“O John! how Satan influenced the heart and guided the pen of this poor Protestant! Her soul is under a total eclipse. The Lord of His mercy before her death shine into her heart, and give ‘the Light of the knowledge of His Glory in the face of Christ Jesus.’ . . . I am more than ever convinced of the blessing of the *Evangelical Clergy*, and the publication of this satanic book convinces me that they have done, and are to do, tremendous injury to the cause of the prince of the power of darkness. Still, I agree with you that it will make us all examine more closely than ever our general conduct and the purity of our motives. Perhaps in nothing shall we more directly ‘put to silence the ignorance of foolish men’ than in proving to them by our being content with such things as we have that we hate covetousness. . . .

“Should it appear to be the Lord’s will at the time you shall choose to propose, I hope that I and my dear Mary Anne shall pay you this talked-of visit. Where He leads we may always safely follow. . . . —Ever affectly. yours,
“S. H.”

In the foregoing letter my dear uncle gives a scathing denunciation of a novel by Mrs. Trollope, which is by most people of the present day forgotten or unknown. And, notwithstanding his disapproval, who shall say that it did not do good? although it is to be hoped that the character she dresses up as an evangelical clergyman is an immensely exaggerated representation of whatever of worldliness and hypocrisy may ever have appeared under that garb. I remember the book, and how much interested my father was by it in those days.

Uncle Stephen, in his great guilelessness and simplicity of mind and loyalty to his brethren, was far more shocked by the book than my father was.

CHAPTER XLII

THE LAKES

AN early letter from Stephen telling of a visit to the Lakes, to which he went from the house of Mr. Lyon, at Appleton :—

“AMBLESIDE, *Wednesday Evg., Dec. 19, 1838.*

“. . . At half-past 5 the favorite and invaluable Servant, John, came and called me—he had packed all up the evening before—and up I jumped and dressed. As I was preparing to go down, he comes up again with coffee, toast, &c. The morning dark as pitch—it was about 6 when we started off to the railroad.

“The room was full of poor Irish people, who were being passed on to their country : men, women, and children, ‘sick and in misery.’ I could not but think how few enjoyments the poor have, and contrasted my situation with theirs. Where had they come from? and where were they going? To be landed, with one shilling in their pockets, in Ireland, and nothing but starvation before them, this bleak winter. One of them took an old piece of pipe out of his pocket and was going to put a little tobacco into it, when the Book-keeper said : ‘No smoking allowed here.’ He looked up solemnly, nodded, and pointed to the door, rose, and walked out. I went out soon after to see the poor fellow having, at least, this enjoyment; but whether he had found his pocket empty of tobacco or was prevented smoking by some person outside, I can’t say, but he was walking disconsolately up and down without any pipe. At last he seemed to muster confidence to speak to one of the porters, and muttered to him something about whether he might have any hope of work on the railroad? ‘None in the least,’ answered the man; ‘*we* [!] turned off 15 men last week.’ He shrugged his shoulders and continued his walk. I could not help moralizing on his case—not very unlike, perhaps, the 15 others—and

resolved more than ever to join heart and hand with any plan of getting the poor from this overcrowded country to some other clime where their services would be wanted and valued. . . . Passengers began to arrive. A crusty Quaker, who began on seeing a friend there: 'It is not often I turn out of bed at 6 o'clock, friend.' I rather think he was a guardian of the poor, for, on seeing the Master of the Workhouse, he said: 'Thee are not going to take these people by the first class?' The Master explained the Ship sailed at 11, and if they did not arrive in time for it, there would be the expense of keeping them a day longer, which would be more than the difference of the fare; but the Quaker saw another objection, to remedy which he spoke to the office-man: 'Friend, thee had better get another carriage out for these people—the passengers will not like to travel with them, and yet they are our own flesh and blood.' However, he did not press it when he heard there was sure to be a carriage empty which would do for them.

"But enough of this.

"It was now 7, and we heard an Engine. There was a rush, but it is only a spare engine which always starts to meet the train if half an hour too late. However, in about a quarter of an hour up it came. I got into the Manchester division, which goes to Parkside, where the Grand Junction joins the Midland and Liverpool railroad. There it is that the North Union railroad, which goes as far as Preston, meets it. It was yet too obscure for one to judge of the day we were to have. On we went, and in a very short time drew up at Parkside. Here, while the passengers for the North got out of the Manchester Train, the Post Office—for the whole Post Office, with all the necessary implements of Clerks, Sorters, &c., comes from London on wheels—this machine is unhooked from the Manchester [train], and passes by 'slips,' as they are called, on the North Union, and was hooked on our new train. This was all done in a very short time, and we were in motion for Preston—the railroad very jolty; I thought many times we should be jerked out of the train, but we arrived without accident in three quarters of an hour at

Preston. A few minutes more saw different parties hurrying on, in flies and busses, to be the first to secure places in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Mails. I was rather undecided which way to proceed, and enquired when the canal-boat went to Kendal. At 12, and reached Kendal about 7; so I thought I had better go on in the mail, as I should be able to go on to Bowness that day, and to send on my luggage to Penrith, till I joined the mail on my way to Edinbro'. . . . And now, while we are reposing from rapid motion for a few minutes, let me tell you that Montague and I determined that I should take this little *détour*, and walk through the Lake Counties for two or three days if the weather was promising; but we resolved to say nothing about it, because, first, it might not take place, and, second, it might be a pleasant surprise, especially to Anna and Harriet, to tell them of the scenes and places where they spent so happy a time two or three years ago. And here follows my story: 'Now,' says I to the porter, 'take these things to the coach; mind two carpet-bags, a dressing-case, and hat-box are to go to Penrith, and be left there, and this knapsac I want to take out at Kendal.' 'Very well, Sir,' said he. There goes the horn; out hurry the breakfasters, and divide in the two coaches. I say: 'Are you the Guard of the Glasgow?' 'No, the Coachman.' 'Has the porter spoken to you about the luggage that is to go to Penrith?' 'Yes, Sir,' with a strong Yorkshire accent; 'I knaws all about it; I'll tell t'other Coachman; I droives sixty moils mysel'.' So I got in; the door was closed. A little Scotchman got in presently: 'Do this Coach go to Carlisle?' 'Yes,' says I, 'they both go to Carlisle, but perhaps your place was taken on the other Coach?' 'I doan't mained if this gets me there.' 'But if you have paid your place in the other, there may be some difficulty at the end, and you may have to pay over again.' Out he jumped, and presently came back, and saying 'It's all right,' settled himself in the corner. The other passenger was a lanky, sober-looking Cambridge man, who took out his Bagster's Greek Testament and read it till he fell fast asleep.

"The distance was four stages—44 miles. For the most

part of the way I was studying Mr. Lyons' map of the Lakes which he put into my hands. . . . I will not tell you the many gigantic plans which were contemplated and thrown away when we began to measure distances. At Lancaster, I ran into a bookseller's, while they were changing horses, and bought an Ottley's Guide. How I then regretted I had not a more distinct recollection of your tour . . . the way you went; the houses you stopped at, &c.; for more than half my pleasure is the fancying I am treading the same ground that you did. On we went, but suddenly pulled up, and I fancied something was the matter, and on looking out, saw the Guard climbing over a hedge and running across a field to a sheep that was lying on its back and kicking in a most unaccountable manner. He gave it a turn by the leg, and up it got and ran off. The man came back, all out of breath, and I heard him say, 'The poor things, when they gets upon their backs, they cannot get up without help.' So, said I to myself, 'that is a shilling more for you, my man, for your good nature.' Presently, in a little village, we overtook the down mail, the Coachman of which wanted our Coachman to stop, and have a glass of 'some'at.' He cried, 'No, we are rather late; we had to stop to help up a poor sheep yonder.' 'What,' thought I, 'you would stop to help a poor animal, but not to drink! That's a shilling in your favour, too.'

"Well, soon after, we arrived at Kendal. They were both highly delighted at their extra fee, but, of course, I did not tell them to what they owed it. As for myself, when I left the Coach I would not even go into the Inn, but took my knapsack and trudged down the hill. I had debated whether to take a car to Bowness, but as I had determined to do all on foot, I would not. I resolved to set off briskly and see if I could not walk the nine miles in 2 hours and a quarter, so as to be there by four. So that, tho' the sun might be set, still I should have light to see something of the Lake. I furnished myself with a noble walking stick, and so began my travels. The day was fine and pretty clear, not freezing, the roads wet and slippery. I got through the town, put the knapsack on my back, tied my plaid round me, and went merrily along,

especially animated at the thought of being on the road which you travelled. As you may remember, it rises continually; the first impression, as the mountain view opens, does not strike one much before we pass the village of Crook, but then there is a general ascent of, I should think, from 2 to 3 miles, and as we rose up the hill, the scene every moment became more and more magnificent. There was to the left, fronting us, the Old Man of Coniston, overtopping a multitude of nearer mountain tops; in the centre, was Scawfell Pike; but peeping over Bowfell, and to the right, the rugged top of Harrison Stickle, where the Milbeck takes its rise, which comes tumbling down at Dungeon Gill. As I came near the summit of the long hill, the sun, which had been hid by a dark cloud, burst out red and grand from below the cloud, and sank majestically behind the Old Man of Coniston. After this I pricked anxiously forward; at every moment the darkness increased. Before many moments, the brow of the hill was past, and there lay expanded before me, the Queen of Lakes—Windermere. I stopped, took off my hat, and was beginning an address, but my gloves fell out of my hat into a little puddle of water, and my being obliged to stoop, pick them up, and clean them, put a stop to the address, and saves you the trouble of reading it. So, without loss of time, I hurried down the hillside, turned off to the right to Bowness, and as I approached, asked a countryman the name of the Inn on the right-hand side, for I had been told it was the best. It was 'The Crown.' I arrived at it very soon; it stands on a great height overlooking the Village and the Lake. I rapped at the door, walked in, and putting down my knapsack in the hall, asked: 'What can you give me for dinner? Get it ready for me in a room with a good fire, while I go and look at the Lake below.' So I found my way to the water's edge. It was by no means dark, the water quite smooth, and a fishing-boat crossing from the other side. By-and-by it came to shore, and a basket of fish was put out. I had never realized fishermen actually fishing on a Lake, except on the Lake of Gennesaret; so this little incident in the stillness of the evening was very agreeable."

He wished for a row on the lake, but it could not be arranged that evening, so returned to the inn.

“When I went into the room, the Landlord was talking to a person of middling sort of appearance. Presently the Landlord went out, and this person turned to me. He was clearly on very good terms with himself; told me all I could see, must see, ought to see, need not see.

“I was not very sorry when my friend took his departure and left me to enjoy my dinner in peace, which I did you may be assured, as I had breakfasted before 6 in the morning, and it was going on to 6 in the evening, and I had tasted nothing between. As I was finishing, and ordered a glass of whisky-toddy, a very charming young lady, the Hostess’s daughter, came in to get it, for I was clearly in the family room. When the maid came in again, I desired her to say I begged the young lady would not think it necessary to stay out of the room because I was there; and presently she came in with her little brother, and on my addressing a few words to him, she took courage and sat down, so I said what I could think of. But the subjects of interest between us were soon exhausted—namely, the number of people that would come down next summer by the railroad; what Cambridge men had been to the Lakes last summer, &c.; and just then her mother’s bell rang, and she went up to her; and then, either she had the good sense not to come back, as of necessity her sitting in the room was a *gêne* to me, or on her return she found me asleep on the sofa, and so retired. After she was gone, I read a few geometrical problems I had brought with me. You will think it a very odd kind of reading, but in truth it is the pleasantest, for you have only to keep your attention fixed for a moment or two, and then you think over the beauty of it, the symmetry of the result, &c., till most agreeably you fall asleep. After this I took from the bookshelf an annual, *The Magnet*, on the first page of which was, ‘Miss Juliana Cloudesdale, from her attached friend, A. M. Merriman.’ Was A. M. masculine or feminine, and was Miss Juliana the Innkeeper’s Daughter? Before I had solved this knotty point, I was asleep again, and when I awoke I ordered tea, read half a

story of Mrs. Hall's, and retired to my room, ordering the maid to call me at half-past seven. I had a capital night's rest, and at the time the maid rapped at my door I jumped up and went to the window, found it to my joy crusted with ice, and a beautiful clear sky overhead. So I dressed with spirit, you may suppose, and soon after eight was all right and tight—my knapsack on my back, plaid across, paid my bill, most moderate, bade adieu to the landlord, 'took my stick intill my hand,' and set off to Low woods, five miles off on the way to Ambleside, where I proposed to breakfast. You may fancy the free and joyous spirit with which I set off. The morning crisp and bright—just the morning that Harry Bertram set out to walk, in the same county, I believe, on the famous day when he met Dandie Dinmont. But to have the full enjoyment of the sort of independent feeling one has on an excursion of that kind, you must have the habitual feeling of responsibility and concern which the moral guardianship and the education of boys put under your care imposes on you—anxiety if they seem to be going wrong, and concern about what is best to be done in a thousand trying instances. Perhaps I allow all this to press too heavily on my mind, but be that as it may, here without one such care, perfectly free, I did set out upon my walk with a light and joyous heart, determined, as God had given me fine weather, to be happy. I set off, thinking much of the three who had walked that very road. One thing I perfectly remembered, and that was, that after you had left Bowness a mile or two, you ascended a knoll in a field, from whence you had a beautiful view of the Lake. So, ever and anon as I walked, I was looking, and after a while, as I began to doubt I must have passed it, there it was, without doubt, before me. So I left the main road and turned into the field. On the very summit there was a forked stick, which might act as a seat. I went over to it, and then lifted up my eyes, and oh, what a beautiful view! First right, then left, I looked and looked. The morning was perfectly still, though cold, so the surface of the lake was unmoved by the slightest ripple, and there was each islet, throwing its shadow, or rather picture, below into the lake, every

bough, every twig motionless, showing its picture in the water. I never saw the beauty of reflection in the water before, and—you may think what I am going to say is to make the best of my own case, but I do think that the trees showed more beautifully than in full foliage; there was something so exquisitely beautiful in the interlacing of the young branches and twigs, and the elegant feathery tops of the pines rising among the leafless trees made up all that was wanting in foliage. I stood and stood, almost spellbound, [enchanted by] the shape of the lake, the bays, headlands, the islets dotted here and there, the glassy water, and the solitary sound—the slow splash of an oar as a boat was gliding across the lake. While I was thus looking, I thought the water assumed something of a blushing red, and I looked behind me, and saw a sight that alone was wanting to make the scene perfect. The folds of the clouds, all rich with the purest rosy colour that ever tinged the fingers of Aurora. They were continually changing, and assuming new forms and brighter colours, till the sun rose from behind the hill, and threw his first beams upon the waters of the lake. I could not move from the place. My only feeling of want was that all of you should be standing round me there at that moment. I sat on the forked seat and took my Bible out of my pocket, and read for my morning the 19th Psalm—‘The Heavens declare the Glory of God.’ I never felt its beauty and truth as I did that moment, every verse from beginning to end seemed pregnant with meaning, and went to the heart.

“When I had spent nearly, if not fully, half-an-hour on the knoll—‘Hayrigg’ it is called—I went down, and on. Many were the views, ever and anon, of the water, most lovely; the bridge and stream of Trout-beck struck me very much—do you remember it? On the stones some one has painted ‘Knowledge is power,’ and on another, ‘The slave is free when he puts his foot on British Soil.’ After passing the Bridge, lying on the side of the road was a stone with a carved inscription, ‘The freedom of the press is like the air we breathe, without it we die’; and in larger letters, ‘A Limited Monarchy for ever.’ I write this for you to say whether they were there

when you passed by. After this I hastened on to Lowood Inn, a pleasant Inn about a mile this side of Ambleside, close to the lake. I leave you to imagine whether I was ready for breakfast; 5 miles' walk before breakfast on a frosty morning. I went into the Inn and told them to get breakfast ready while I went a little on the water, and told them to send a man down. I asked the woman whether she could give me a mutton chop. She said, 'Yes'; but, as if understanding better than myself, asked, 'Would you not like a char? We have some, just caught.' 'By all means,' said I, and hastened down to the lake. An old man got the boat ready, and we started. Before, however, he had gone many strokes, I told him the walk I proposed to take, and asked if it was necessary to go to Ambleside in order to get to Clappersgate and Sketwith Bridge. 'No, not at all; that would be a mile out of your way; you keep the head of the lake.' 'And shall I find a trusty boy to take my knapsack, and have it at the Inn at Ambleside when I arrive?' He said, 'Yes.' 'But, by the way, would it not be the best way to cross the lake in a boat, and be put on shore by Brathay bridge, and so on.' 'Yes,' said he, 'that is the shortest way of all.' 'Well, then, turn now and I will go back to the Inn for breakfast, and you'll have the boat ready to take me across after.' He agreed, and would take my bag to the water head, and give it to a boy there to take it into Ambleside. We returned, and such a feast of a breakfast I never had; the char was super-excellent; the tea, toast, cream, fire, all to leave nothing to desire.

"Breakfast over, I found the poor maid suffering dreadfully from toothache, so I doctored her with my camphorated spirits of wine; and as it seemed to give relief, I left my bottle with her, for which I rather suffered till able to send out for more this evening. Then I got into the boat, having directed my knapsack to be left at the 'Salutation Inn.' The old man said he would see that a boy took it, or, 'mayhap,' said he, 'I will take it myself.' Meantime we were quietly crossing the lake. The man could not help remarking the smoothness of the water, and said it might not be so again all the

winter. On the hill above the inn was a pack of harriers in full cry, and their voices were re-echoed all along the bays and shores of the Lake, and made a most lively addition to the scene.

“Well, we crossed, landed in a little bay, and crossing a field, I found myself on a road close to the Brathay bridge, and here began my most interesting walk, the account of which I defer till to-morrow, as it is now eleven, and I have been writing since six. . . . Crossing Brathay bridge (I am particular in mentioning the names of places; if I mistake not you took the same walk yourselves), I left the River to the left, passing up the valley till we crossed the river again at Skipworth, entered Lancashire for about half a mile, when we left it again at Colwith. This was all wild and mountainous, especially at the abrupt descent to Colwith Bridge. Soon after passing the bridge I heard a sound of falling water, which led me to leave the high road. A bye-path brought me in sight of a very beautiful cascade, and I stood looking upon it, and feeling persuaded you had looked upon the same.

“I soon joined the path, and gradually ascended till I came to a turn in the road, and consulting my map, took the left, which, *of course*, was wrong. I went on till I came to a cottage, and, says I to a little girl who was standing by the fire, ‘Is this the way to Little Langdale tarn?’ ‘Noa, ye maun gist ging back agin, up the hill, and tak’ the road to the right.’ So I did, and came to a lovely tarn on the left, which I knew must be the one I was looking for. The mountain scenery all this time was very wild; it was all so new and the mountains so grand that I thought I never could be satisfied in looking round and round on them. Soon after passing the tarn, the road divided; the one we were to pursue turned to the right, leading to the Pleatarn, and here the most splendid part of the walk broke upon me. I was getting every minute into a noble amphitheatre of rocks, the Langdale Pikes rising boldly on every side. The tops were mostly enveloped in mist, but a breeze sprang up which lifted the vapour and rolled it away like a scroll, leaving their rugged tops open to view as if they were piercing into the sky. Just at this time, in the wildest of wild scenery, I came upon

Pleatarn at the bottom of the basin, of which these mountains formed the sides. I passed it to the left, as also a lonely farmhouse. You may imagine how interested I was in reading in my Guide-book that I was looking at the scene of Wordsworth's 'Recluse.' Often as I had read it, I only realized the scene as a beautiful imagination of a poet living in the midst of mountain scenery, but here was the very reality, and the whole description flashed upon me with a newly acquired truth and vigour; all the way as I walked along I thought over the place as described, and as lying before me, and, though I could not say I remembered it well enough to trace any inaccuracy, yet as a whole the description was singularly realized by the scene. I was now approaching the edge of the hill which divides Great and Little Langdale, but before I began my descent I could not but turn to take a last look at the tarn and house and whole scene; a little wind and absence of sunshine still increased its lonely, bleak appearance, while on the other side of the hill the clouds were breaking, and the sun's rays, darting through an opening in the clouds, threw a brilliant light down one of the gullies of the mountain which dominates Great Langdale, throwing a sort of watery radiance over the cultivated valley into which I was now descending.

"Arrived at the head of the vale, and the extreme point of distance of my walk, I asked a man the way at a cottage called 'Wall End,' and either I mistook him or he misdirected me, for certainly I took the wrong turn. At first there was no perceptible difference, but by-and-by the ruts became less perceptible, and at last ceased altogether at a gate. Was I to turn back? No, I saw a footpath beyond the gate—I would follow it. I went on. Even that became less and less marked, and presently I came to sloppy footing, only passable by the crust of ice on the top. Well, said I, it is lucky for me that it froze last night! and on I went till I came to a gully, thro' very boggy ground. I looked hard for the footpath, but it was quite gone. However, there were one or two stepping-stones across. I hailed the sight, feeling sure I was right, and crossed, but no footpath on the other side. However, I

pushed on, for I saw a little gate before me in the stone wall, but before I reached it I had to cross another gully, and here were no stones, so I had nothing for it but to jump it.

“I got on to the gate, but it was worse and worse. Nothing but bog! So, vexed at having lost time, I turned back to the gate I had crossed, crossed again, and followed the other track. For a little I felt very comfortable, the buoyancy of the grass, I felt sure, obliterated the wheel marks, and two hedges running parallel seemed to indicate this was the road. Well, on I went jauntily, till the buoyancy was exchanged for sloppiness. Well, thought I, this road can only be passable for carriages in summer, but it’s queer if I cannot with a little management pass it on foot in winter. So I went on, jumping from turf to turf, till suddenly in went my foot to over the ankle; so I dared not go on, but turned to the left, making for some houses I saw. I jumped a hedge and ditch and came to a stone wall. Ah! here is the road, thought I. I looked over, and there was a river flowing leisurely along. Here all was up with me. I had to go right back till I came near ‘Wall End’ again, when I saw another and more marked way branching off. I took this. Still I knew it could not be the road, but I saw it would lead me to a cottage. I asked. ‘Follow the footpath, it will lead you to Millbeck. You can’t miss the way.’

“But I did, and after wandering awhile made my way to another cottage. ‘Follow that road; you can’t miss the way.’ It’s more than likely I shall, for pathway I could see none. The mountain shepherds are quite Indians at making out a path. However, soon after leaving the cottage I saw a cart in the distance. Well, thought I, if I can but get to that cart I shall do. So I went right for it, cleared a hedge or two, a cairn of stones, the dry bed of a river, &c., and at last reached it.

“‘Will this road lead me to Millbeck?’ said I. ‘Yon’s Millbeck.’ ‘Will this *road* lead to it?’ ‘Yon, the second whoite house, they was Millbeck.’ ‘Only tell me if this is the road that leads to it?’ ‘Aa.’ ‘Thank you,’ and off I set. Presently, when I neared it, I saw three men in a field. ‘Will either of you guide me to Dungeon Gill?’ ‘Aa.’

‘Shall I go to you?’ ‘Aa, ye may.’ So I went, and fearing to be too late to catch a sight of Grasmere and Rydal on my way to Ambleside, I hurried on, and up the side of Harrison Stickle, till the perspiration rolled down his face. We came to the Gill, plunged down it, advanced into its most hidden recesses. It was most grand to stand in the recess with the water falling, and only a peep-hole to see the sky through overhead. I stooped to wash my mouth in the basin the water fell into. It was very refreshing. Got out again most pleased with the sight, went with the Guide to the house at Millbeck, gave him a fee and a glass of beer, and took the same with some bread and cheese myself, and hurried on to make up for lost time. The road was now less interesting, except the lofty and always grand mountains to right and left it was monotonous. The mountains offered no variety of grouping. Perhaps the fact was, I was vexed at having lost time. And so I continued till, mounting a height called Highclose, I came in view of that beautiful piece of water called Elter Water, and soon after, Loughriggtarn, and a part of Windermere. It was a lovely sight. The evening was approaching, the sun shining over Langdale Pikes. I always think lakes most beautiful at sunrise or sunset. This put me in high good humour and on the *qui vive* for a sight of Grasmere and Rydal, and, sure enough, soon Grasmere opened upon me. I could not but think of Mr. Lyons’ observation that the name was a corruption of Glassmere. It beat all others in smoothness, except Windermere in the morning. Nothing could surpass that. Soon the road brought Rydal also into sight, and descending, brought me to the margin of the lake, and there the reflection of the opposite mountain, trees, meadows, hedges, had a most pleasing effect. We passed on to the foot of the lake, and a shepherd pointed out to me the Poet’s house, which I left to the left, and crossing a bridge came into the Keswick Road about a mile from Ambleside. I arrived, found my knapsack come. . . . So full of my walk that I determined not to take any dinner that I might have spirit to write you a full account of it.

“Well, after spending last night in writing, I went to bed,

and this morning at half-past seven I looked out, but could hardly say if it was freezing or not ; it was so dark. Dressed and under weigh about 20 past 8, went out—a genial thaw, clouds high, sky blue, atmosphere clear, and I trudged happily along—but instead of turning off by the bye-road which skirts the south of the Lake, I kept on the road that winds to the east and north-east. This side was equally beautiful with the other, and just as I was ascending by Rydal, a man sitting in the cleft of a rock, either for his amusement or mine, fired off a gun, and, oh ! what a glorious echo. It went all round the mountains which surround Grasmere and Rydal, and sounded like a roll of musketry taken up and up by thousands of soldiers in succession. The road winds beautifully along the margin of Grasmere, the mountains rugged and imposing. There was one thing that struck me throughout, and which I owed to the season—the mountain torrents froze in their fall, and a fresh succession of water constantly flowing over and freezing caused an appearance of most fantastic and beautiful cascades arrested in the middle of their fall. The sight reminded me in miniature of Coleridge's 'Ode to Mont Blanc.' Another thing is, how the whole scenery, at least in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, must have improved within the last 10 years, for wherever there is a knoll, or an islet, or any promising point, it is sure to be planted with flourishing young trees, and adds infinitely to the beauty of the scene. To return from these episodes, we are now, you are to suppose, on an ascent up Dunmail Raise, and truly it was with me as it was with poor Pilgrim as he ascended the hill."

CHAPTER XLIII

CONCERNING COLONISATION

THERE follows a letter from my mother to her eldest son at a time, towards the end of the thirties, when he was very much attracted by the schemes of that day for colonising New Zealand. She did not trust all those who were concerned :—

"MY DEAREST MONTAGUE,—Would that this could reach you as swiftly as I desire it should. I take the first page of your long letter, and on *that I rest*. I see the conflict you have suffered, I see your affection, and that an impulse of a stronger nature than I can comprehend urges you on. May a God of love over-rule and guard you. I must now my dearest, best beloved son, confide you to His guidance, and leave you free to act as your conscience directs. I mourn over all you have suffered, and I earnestly pray that from henceforth you will endeavour to keep a calm and peaceful state of mind . . . it requires great strength of mind to keep such an imagination as yours in good order. I beg you will not allow the idea of what I may feel to cross your mind in a painful manner . . . You are free, my blessing, my tenderest blessing shall ever go with you, and, I might almost say, my hourly prayers that you may be guided aright.

"I must now leave this subject; I can say no more—think no more—upon it. Only be happy and wise and I shall be happy also, please God.

"*Monday*.—I hope, my dearest Montague, I may, without the least infringing on what I have said above, recommend some things to your consideration: be very diligent in finding out from *opposers* to the Association, what is the general character they have maintained through life as men of honour and sincerity; let the thought have its proper weight with you whether, if this is of God, such instruments would be those chosen to bring it about. I do not wish to harass your mind, my beloved son . . . but to ease my own by coming to the chief source of my inquietude. I do not for a moment suppose, *with the blessing of God*, that you would be contaminated by their society; but your happiness with such, and separated from us, does make me tremble; but I trust, I must trust in God, that it will not be so, and that you will be happy . . . and if it did not open *satisfactorily* to you now, you might have time to get a nice wife, and then, if she loved you half as well as I do, I should be content to give up my selfish gratification of having you on the same side of the world—if my children are happy I have not that craving wish to see them here. So

now, my dearest Montague, I hope you will be free from anxiety ; keep philosophical radicals at arm's length ; be sure it is an evil spirit, and I have no doubt will be the downfall of England. Grow, flourish, and decay is marked on all here. May we have a well-grounded assurance that, after our moment, we shall have an Eternal Home."

FROM MONTAGUE

"Wednesday, July 25th, 1838.

"MY DEAR MAMA,— . . . I have no doubt that it [South Australia] will not be a pleasant place for ladies to go to until ladies have gone there, and therefore the more merit to the ladies who have generosity and nobility enough to undergo the unpleasantness which they may have to experience in paving the way for others.

"The arguments for going are those founded on large views of men and things, a willing endurance of present self-denials for future great advantages to our own families and the whole public estate of the Country we go to.

"The arguments for remaining are all founded on personal immediate gratification—the painfulness of resigning comforts, the pleasurable sense of associating with refined society . . . We have had very pleasant weather, and enjoyed ourselves very much. On Thursday last, at five in the morning, a glorious day, we all started for Caerleon on our way to Raglan Castle—Uncle William's family, Foremans, and Richards'. . . . We breakfasted at Caerleon, which means 'the City of the Legion,' it having been a Station of the 2nd Augustan Legion, and the great Roman Capital of this part of England.

"At this present moment scarcely a vestige of its ancient grandeur remains except a large circular basin, strangely enough, called 'Arthur's round Table,' but which irresistibly impressed me with the persuasion that it had been an arena for some kind of contest ; the thought of tilts and tournaments was naturally suggested by the name of Arthur, but the more likely conjecture was that it was a Roman

Amphitheatre. Another remnant of antiquity is an enormous mound, like the Danejohn at Canterbury. This has recently been partly excavated, and [there] has [been] laid bare the remnants of a massive Roman Citadel, out of which are thrown various relics. I saw lying on the ground a beautiful piece of moulding, which looked as if it had just come from the chisel. Also, some oak charcoal, which had warmed Roman Soldiers in their Guard-room hundreds of years before William the Conqueror!

“Ragland is the most beautiful specimen of a baronial castle that there is—kept in beautiful order, but a complete ruin; it has more the marks of having been a habitation of civilized men than any I had seen. There the old Earls of Pembroke and Worcester lived almost in regal state, sustaining a garrison of 800 men. What must old England have been in those days! And how interesting, too, to think that instead of being the rude and barbarous characters that the old aristocracy are sometimes represented, one of its inhabitants was the famous Marquis of Worcester, who wrote the ‘Century of Inventions,’ that is, a hundred ‘hints’ (this word might possibly be ‘kinds’) of different inventions which might be adopted, and among the rest he was the first to hint the possibility of the Steam Engine! We slept that night at Ragland; next day breakfasted there. After breakfast, over a mountainous Pass of 15 miles, splendid views, to Tintern; at Tintern lunch, and view Abbey; from Tintern, along the Wye to Moss Cottage; up the Wind Cliff, from whence that beautiful view of the Wye, Severn, Bristol Channel, and the neighbouring Counties. Come down from Windcliff and drink tea at Moss Cottage—delicious. After tea set off—beautiful evening—to [word lost], where slept. Next day at Cardiff, invited to preach here on Sunday. . . . There are some very surprising relics of Druidism in this neighbourhood, which is justly called in Welsh ‘The Valley of Worship.’ I like Mr. Price very much; he is a gentleman of high birth and an admirable scholar. On returning from Mr. Price’s we found Uncle Edward and his son George, both looking uncommonly well. Uncle Edward desires his

most affectionate regards to you, and says he feels confident, though feelings of fraternal and sisterly regard may have lain dormant, they are by no means extinct with either, and that it only requires their coming in contact to revive with all their original force . . . Believe me, yours affectionately, M."

The above is addressed :—

"Single folio sheet.

Mrs. Hawtrey,
22 Hans Place,
Chelsea,
Middlesex."

CHAPTER XLIV

MOVE TO GUERNSEY

IN the summer of 1838 my father went to Guernsey as a deputation from the Church Missionary (or Bible) Society, to preach and make collections. About that time the incumbency of St. James's Church was vacant. In those days the congregation of that church elected their minister. Clergymen used to go to the island and preach "trial sermons," and the one most generally liked was chosen to be the minister of the church for five years; then there would be a re-election. After my father's sermons for the Society had been heard, he was asked to stand for St. James's Church. He replied that his sermons for the Society had been heard. He did not think it necessary to go in for the "trial sermons," therefore, but he would give his name as one of the candidates. This he did and returned to London. We had all been passing some weeks at Sea View in the Isle of Wight, and while there heard of the step my father had taken.

After this we all met at home again in Hans Place. Naturally my father was much interested to know how matters were proceeding in Guernsey, and one morning he went to the coach office at which the Southampton coach drew up.

It came while he was there, and a gentleman (a stranger to my father) was on the box seat. "Can you tell me, sir," said my father, "who has been elected to St. James's Church in Guernsey?" "Yes," replied he, "Mr. Hawtreys has been elected."

Not very long after this, my father preceded us to Guernsey, and my brother Montague escorted his mother and sisters thither in the November of the same year. We were about twenty-two hours crossing over from Southampton to Guernsey. It was a miserable passage, and my father, full of commiseration, met us on our arrival and took us to the lodgings he had found for us, until he was able to secure a house.

FROM MY UNCLE STEPHEN TO MY FATHER

"BRISTOL, *Sept. 24, 1838.*

"MY DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER,—In consequence of the contents of your last, for which I was not wholly unprepared, I have been waiting with some anxiety to hear from you. . . . Should a letter from you to me cross this, I will write again without delay, expressing my sentiments with respect to this church in Guernsey.

"I am much obliged to you for sending me so long a letter, and I bless God that on all the greatest, most essential, necessary things, we see eye to eye. . . . Mind, I am not alluding to controversial topics, for if any one has a thorough dislike to controversy, I am he.

"I suppose ye are all got back to the dear House [in Hans Place], where ye made my dear wife and me so very happy! The Lord reward your hospitality fourfold, and He will! . . . Until I receive your next it is not possible for me to make the remarks I would do about yourself and your prospect. Whatever may have happened I shall see the finger of God, and trust that you will also, for are not 'the hairs of our head numbered'? You will be rejoiced to hear that my dear mother continues so very well. . . . My mother occupies what was the Drawing-room as her bedroom, which is

very commodious, airy, and exceedingly pleasant as regards view from her bed, fronting two windows where the passing of carriages and horses and persons of all sorts is very frequent. Her late bedroom is new papered, and fitted up very neatly as a drawing-room, and below stairs the bed is taken down, and my sister has a dining parlour and drawing-room for her own use. All this has quite converted the house into a new one. My Mother is delighted with the change of rooms. I really think she may possibly turn the corner of ninety. With regard to her spiritual state, I believe she is the object of Divine favour. . . . I heard Harris [the author of 'Mammon'] preach a sermon of nearly two hours long on Tuesday—very good. It seemed to be written to prove that *Selfishness* was unscriptural, irrational, diabolical. He is a man of great talents. . . . I doubt if all his hearers could follow him, but in these days of novelty it seems of very little consequence whether we understand all or half of what we hear.—Your grateful and affect.,

S. H.

“P.S.—The four weeks in June and July of 1838 will be among the sweetest reminiscences of my life!

“The Lord love you!”

FROM THE SAME TO HIS NIECE, HARRIET HAWTREY

“BRISTOL, Dec. 4, 1838.

“MY DEAREST HARRIET,—Accept my kindest thanks for your long and interesting account.

“Before I proceed I would offer my thanks to God for his great goodness in giving you a safe passage. O! you were indeed in a situation to excite compassion in any heart, and you may be sure we all thought of and prayed for you when we heard the wind so boisterous. . . .

“Now remember that preservation as long as you live, and remember David’s resolution, ‘I will praise my God whilst I have my being.’

“Guernsey . . . must be a very delightful place: the M.’s spoke of it as if it was *locus incomparabilis*. But what above all

gratifies me is to hear of the great kindness which, I will not say the Natives, but the inhabitants have shown you. . . . I hope by this time you are settled in your new House, and that your furniture has arrived safely from Hans Place. However you might have felt a little *pang* at leaving London, it is best to view your removal from it *as the entire will of God*, and after all I am apt to think that the scenes of the Metropolis are injurious to the truly Christian mind from their superior fascination. They make the very idea of dying frightful!

“Should it be your wish or the wish of any of your Sisters to write, remember that any particulars of the Island, however minute, will be acceptable to your Grandmamma. She remains quite as well as ever, and amuses us all with saying sometimes that this person is going to take her to the East Indies; that person, to America. Poor dear! but she really does travel a little now besides in imagination, for there is a Major Lane who has procured for her a rocking chair in which she sits by the hour and greatly enjoys the motion. Her memory of past events often surprises us, and her abrupt questions. . . . I have little news to send you from Bristol. . . . The Suspension Bridge at Clifton proceeds at a slow pace. It will be one of the modern wonders of the world.—Your most affecte. Uncle,

S. H. HAWTREY.”

FROM THE SAME TO MY FATHER

“Dec. 5, 1838.

“MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Your delightful letter has made our hearts indeed joyful, and if the knowing that I now see your way quite plain to Guernsey would make your cup run over, then it may run over, for I do.

“All you say in your letter respecting the workings of the carnal mind I perfectly understand; but grace is nature’s master, and the flesh shall eventually be subdued in every believer, however weak, to the Spirit, and O! as this mastery begins to be experienced, what a letting-down of Heaven it is into the soul!

“What is the entire cause of all our misery? Self,

striving constantly to have the upper hand! Our happiness under the Gospel is to be found only in denying ourselves, but this is a secret not yet sufficiently discovered by any child of God on earth. . . . Poor Miss M.! I believe her to be a truly good woman, and, did she but know it, it is her love to her Lord that makes the hiding of his face so intolerable to her. We have her counterpart now in Clifton—a poor, dear lady, who says she is sure of being lost, and yet her love to the Saints fully equals Lydia's. But it must be *disease* in both cases. I rejoice that you determine to know and love all the brethren that are in Guernsey, and beseech you, brother, that you increase more and more. 'Tis the effectual way to foil the devil and to glorify God.

"Mary Anne desires her kind love to the whole family, particularly her dear Sister, in which I most affectionately unite. Can we ever forget her unremittingly assiduous attention to us in Hans Place?—The Lord ever bless you, prays your affect.,
S. HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"4 CUMBERLAND TERRACE,

"NEW CUT, BRISTOL, Jan. 22, 1839.

"BELOVED,—The tidings conveyed in your last gladdened my heart, as well as those in the *Guernsey Record*. Your saying of your situation, 'It is perfect,' speaks indeed in a voice too loud to be misunderstood. If I might venture to assign a reason for all this, I should say it was the 'wisdom in which you were enabled to walk towards them that are within as well as towards them that are without.'

"The Editor of *G. R.* gives you credit for speaking the words of the wise, 'which are as goads.' I was struck greatly with his remark. Go on then in this way of wisdom and holiness, making the blessed Paul your guide.

"Dear Henry passed a day or two with us lately. He is a dear lad, and we love him much, and appears very docile. If it be convenient and pleasant to my nieces, I should sometimes like to see a letter from Guernsey swelled to a folio

sheet by their additions. Their little minute details would help me to find amusing variety for our dear Mother when I am at her bedside, for I am often perplexed by the repeated question, 'Have you nothing to tell me?' Poor dear! I wish I could hear, 'My Saviour tells me so much out of His Word that I don't want the world now to tell me anything.' Well, I trust it will be so yet. . . . By expressions that occasionally fall from her lips I am persuaded the Lord is not far from her. As to her bodily health, it is wonderful, and it would not surprise me if she were to live to a hundred.

"You are very kind in holding out so many inducements for our coming to Guernsey. But our way is made so remarkably plain to stay at home by circumstances that migration is out of the question.

"Poor Miss ——; if it be disease we must be merciful, for, cure the body, and things would come right. . . . Be 'very pitiful and of tender mercy' to one who is so great a sufferer every way. I should say that her spiritual state was *Desertion*. The Lord hath withdrawn, and 'her iniquities have taken hold on her, so that she is not able to look up: they are more than the hairs of her head, therefore her *Heart* faileth her,' or forsaketh her, as in the margin; therefore you must endeavour to say to this poor woman who is of a fearful heart, 'Be strong, fear not. Behold your God will come with vengeance,' not upon *you*, as the devil would tempt you to believe, but upon your spiritual enemies—your unbelief, your despair, &c. He will come and save *you*, being '*the Saviour*,' and will become your Salvation; therefore with joy shall you, who now only feel yourself a lost soul, draw water out of the wells of Salvation, and shall rejoice with joy unspeakable, *receiving* the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul.'

—Ever affecty. yours,

S. HAWTREY.

"We are reading the life of Wilberforce; it is *very* entertaining. My greatest marvel is how a *Methodist* could be so highly esteemed among the greatest and most letter-

learned men in the kingdom ; but he was a God-fearing man and a true philanthropist, and ‘ when a man’s ways please the Lord He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.’ ”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“ *Feb. 28th, 1839.*

“ . . . You will be pleased to hear that our dearest . . . continues in excellent health . . . dear creature ! I pray fervently and hope cordially that all this ‘ forbearance and long-suffering of the Lord of the Vineyard,’ at the all-prevailing intercession of the compassionate Vine-dresser, this unmerited goodness of God may be intended to lead her to repentance . . . and that she is in His eye already an Heir of Glory through Christ. I have, in short, the most firm belief of her never-ending happiness. So many evidences has she in past years given, and so many does she continue to give, of her being under the teaching of the Holy Spirit ; And it is my opinion that so soon as the silver cord begins to be loosed, her heart will understand . . . and her tongue be ready to speak plainly.

“ Since I last wrote I have made an acquaintance with a Wesleyan Minister, who well knows and greatly loves *you*—Mr. Lessey. I called on him and was desired by his wife, on announcing myself as your Brother, immediately to walk up and see him, although an invalid at the time. . . . He received me, I may say, with open arms ; coming in your name, I seemed very dear to him. He . . . thought you quite in your place in the Establishment, and said that Mr. Bunting did the same. . . . What a sweet spirit he appears to have, and how sensible.

“ Since writing the above, I took a walk solo on the Bath road, when I was overtaken by a chariot, the coachman of which was ordered to stop by a gentleman within. It was Mr. Pigott, who, with the greatest civility, asked if he should take me anywhere on the road that he was going ; he would do it with the greatest pleasure ; asked after you, and spoke most handsomely of you. On my saying you were

so popular in the Island, said it could not be otherwise, with a great deal more of what is always delightful to the first Adam. I thanked him, but declined.

"Poor man! with everything in this world, but with nothing, I fear, *yet* in the next. And yet happy! How astonishing! tried by God's law, condemned, and left for execution, and yet happy; in idea so. How is it? Why? Because *he* is now as I myself once was: 'Alive without the law.' Consequently, sin in him being dead, the viper does not bite, and he has not that 'wounded spirit' that no human being can bear! Then, looking at the great majority in the four quarters of the Globe in his own precise state, and his hand joining in their hand, he is filled with complacency, and is most willing to cast in his lot for eternity with them, and take his chance! O my Brother!

"And you address, doubtless, very many like-minded with this poor blind man every Sunday. The Lord make you the means of disturbing their false peace, which, however, is no very easy task, for I think it easier, through preaching, to comfort one hundred believers than to disquiet one unbeliever, who has the talent of being able to 'make his heart as an adamant stone, lest he should hear,' and be saved! But, thank God, *His* word is as an hammer that breaks the rock in pieces. . . . Let us beware of the many novel interpretations given to the word 'the Church.' I know but of one Church that Christ calls *His*, and that is *His* mystical Body . . . And this Church is to be found both in and out of the Church of England. . . .—Believe me, now and ever, your affect. brother in flesh and spirit, S. HAWTREY.

"This day 40 years I was entered at King's College."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"April 1, 1839.

". . . It gives me real pleasure to find that you are all just now blest with good health, and all *together*, for the Easter Holidays.

“William Watson, who, I conclude, is now of your party, called on us at 9 P.M. last Friday quite unexpectedly. Had I been apprised of his coming, I think I should have endeavoured to send a letter to dear Harriet, in return for her most kind and affectionate one to me. Not that I would make any invidious distinction between my four Guernsey Lilies, whom I hope I love all equally, and whose united equal attention to us, in dear Hans Place, I hope never to forget! It was only too happy a visit! Tell Stephen . . . that I quite agree with him in thinking the Coronation Day is not to be forgotten. But, indeed, you made every day a Coronation Day! . . .

“I mentally descried you all at the Sacramental Table on Good Friday. I consider the day as very unimportant, provided we are ‘in the Spirit’ on the day when we communicate.

“It rejoices me that my dear namesake is doing so well at Eton. I am not surprised, as the Preceptors are not evangelical nor the Preachers evangelical, that the scholars should remain only ‘Orthodox!’ Oh, what a misnomer! implying that the evangelical clergy are ‘Heterodox.’ Well the Head of the Church is the best Judge of who are His, and will pronounce His unerring Judgment at the last day. I am glad to learn, at all events, that they are become *literary men* at King’s. This is far better than being mere drunkards and card players.

“Give my dearest love to Mrs. Lyons’ favourite, and tell him always to keep the now glorified Simeon’s example before him when mingling in the society of those who ‘know not God’ in the College. O my Brother! ’tis as great a trial to the old Adam to confess Christ before men who are His enemies as ever. We quite mistake the matter if we fancy the reproach of the Cross is ceased; where the world is, there will ever be hatred of the true Christian. May dearest Johnny never be ashamed of Christ or of His words, as I his uncle was when a scholar of King’s!—Ever your affecte. Br.,

“S. HAWTREY.”

CHAPTER XLV

MY GRANDMOTHER'S LAST ILLNESS

FROM MY UNCLE STEPHEN TO MY FATHER

"BRISTOL, *April 21, 1839.*

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—It is my most painful task to inform you that it is the belief of the Physician, who has been called in to give his united advice to her regular attendant, Mr. Goodeve, that our dearest mother's hour is very nearly come, and that unless a rallying should unexpectedly and *very soon* take place, she could not survive many days. Under these circumstances, Sarah unites with me in requesting that, *as soon as possible*, after reading these lines you will hasten to us. It may happen you see her alive, but I confess I am apprehensive you will not. We shall want you—much want you—on this most affecting occasion. . . . Her great affection for us all is evident. We . . . embrace all *fair* opportunities of speaking of Him 'who did salvation bring.' We are confident, altho' we are not privileged to hear her declare it, that she is 'beloved of God,' that she is one of the disciples of His Son. Her *love* to those who bear His image will not allow us for a moment to doubt this.

"Now, my dearest Brother, I have only to add that if you can manage in the little *chair bed*, we shall rejoice to save you the inconvenience of going out at night—it is quite long enough, only rather narrow, and has a covering over the head. We shall have it put up, and get the room ready.

"I add no more than that I hope the Lord will enable you to be with us without delay. . . .—Your most affected Brother,

STEPN. HAWTREY."

[It must have been a peculiar shaped little bed. My father was six foot tall in his stockings, and his brother, who was the same height, would quite understand his requirements.]

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"Tuesday 4 P.M., April 23, 1839.
(Second Letter.)

". . . I find the letter I put into the Post on Sunday will not leave Bristol for Guernsey till *this* evening.

"Mr. Goodeve has just seen her. He said she was, if anything, a trifle better. . . . I said, 'Sir, what should I say to my Brother about his coming?' He replied, 'If it were not attended with inconvenience almost insurmountable, I should say he had better come.'

"I never wish to be a wrong adviser, and would implore God to guide you. I certainly wish you may see it *yourself* the way to proceed to the bedside of our dearest, dearest Mother!

"Of course, I need not say how it would gladden my heart to see you, and poor dear Sarah's, who is exceedingly depressed and anticipates the worst.

"She has the prayers of the great Intercessor whom the Father heareth always! Join all yours with ours to be united to His who perfumes them with the incense of His Sacrifice.
—Ever yours, S. HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO MY MOTHER

"Friday, April 26, 1839.

"MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—Presuming that it is most probable John will have left Guernsey before this reaches it, I address a line to you to give you the very last accounts of the dear sufferer. Dr. Prichard and Mr. Goodeve have just left her. They consider her in herself *rather* better to-day. You may easily suppose that the nicest skill and utmost attention by day and by night are needful, and are practised. But her nights are generally very distressing. The nurse is everything we could wish, but my poor dear sister feels so very acutely for her Mother that she is hardly fit to be with her and yet is only easy when she is. . . . In the event of dear John having thought my Mother's illness of sufficient magnitude to bring him over, we shall see him very soon, and

are only sorry we are indebted for the great pleasure of seeing him to such an affecting circumstance. My dear Mother spoke to me to-day a few words more like herself, but is not able to keep up her attention. . . . Well, you will not suppose I am inclined to advert to any but the one subject that lies so near my heart. With great affection and our kindest love, very sincerely yours,

STEPN. HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO MY FATHER

"May 28, 1839.

"Our dear Mother, altho' maintaining almost unbroken silence, Goodeve pronounces to be better. I really now should not be surprised if it were the will of our God that she should see her eighty-eighth birthday.

"Your dear sermon, I assure you, was all that good Richardson pronounced it. But I am not to lay a snare for your feet by flattering you, and whilst I am on this subject, I would humbly suggest that you make the *matter* and *manner* of that sermon your exact model, not an inch beyond. All that you want to learn, to *complete* you, is to *rein in* your fiery steeds. The Church of England is chaste, sober, grave, temperate.

"This, however, by no means is intended as if I was teaching you to 'quench the Spirit.' God forbid. But the truth is, there is so much of nature in us, that we have uncommon need to watch our spirit, considering that among our auditors are always seated the large and ancient families of Ignorance, Pride, Prejudice, Formality, Coldness, Contempt, &c. Now, if I have offended, I give you fullest leave to tell me so.—Your ever affect. Brother,

"S. HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO MY FATHER

"Friday, May 31, 1839.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—A great alteration for the worse took place in our dearest Mother last Wednesday—but still she lives. . . .

"I do not write this to influence you to come, because all agree, what end could it answer, as she never speaks to any one but the nurse or Jane, and constantly keeps her dear eyes shut. But I write to prepare you for the tidings of her spirit having departed.

"Yesterday Miss Carter came, and desired she might sit up with her. Sarah agreed. Perhaps Miss C. is sent for dear Sarah's hour of need. She is a pious member of an Independent Congregation, who has long known my dearest Mother. Our acquaintance commenced in 1813, Miss Carter living then with her late Father and Mother, very respectable Brewers at Ringwood, to whom our Uncle¹ was always very civil.

"Our dear mother does not appear to be in much pain. O! what cause for thankfulness. My faith continues through the power of the Holy Ghost very strong about her being a believer in the Son of God."

From my Uncle Stephen to my father, after the death of their mother :—

"June 15, 1839.

"We are as well in our spirits as we can expect. I found my dear Sister and Annie apparently tranquil. But the Lord is with us, His Spirit is our support at this time. But for His upholding grace our hearts must inevitably fail us. He knows this, and therefore shows Himself strong in our behalf. I dare not suffer myself to dwell upon the memory of the dear departed but for a moment at a time! and when I do, I see her by faith with the Lord Jesus. I see Him abiding in her, and her in Him, and therefore as happy as her soul can be. I love dear William Watson for what he said respecting her; such a testimony from such an exalted saint is worth a great deal. Oh! my Brother, what is it not to be '*in Christ*,' both in this world and in that which is to come. If in *this* world we are in Christ, how inestimable our privileges and immunities. Oh! let us think of our being now in *heavenly places*, in Christ Jesus, under His shadow, His banner over us of Love; and let us pray that carnal affections may be weakened in us, and

¹ Rev. John Hawtrej, Vicar of Ringwood, and Prebendary of Winchester.

all things belonging to the Spirit live and grow in us. . . . I pray God to bless you, and when our hour be come, to admit us all into His Divine presence, and in the presence of our beloved Mother, through the Son of His Love.

“S. H. HAWTREY.”

She survived her husband forty years. Her epitaph is in St. Paul's Church, Bedminster, as follows:—

“Near this spot lieth the Body of
SARAH, Relict of STEPHEN HAWTREY, Esqre.,
Formerly Recorder of the City of Exeter.
She died June 4th A.D. 1839, aged 87.
To preserve the memory of a beloved Mother
This Tablet is raised, a tribute of affection
And sorrow, by her three surviving children.”

CHAPTER XLVI

LETTERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

FROM MY FATHER TO STEPHEN (AT ETON)

“*March 16, 1840.*

“BELOVED STAS,—I take up my pen to write you a line, tho' I hardly know about what. It does indeed rejoice me to find that all is going on so well with you. May the Eternal God ever continue to be your support, your shield, your sun, and bless you, and make you a blessing. I often thank God for such mercies to one so utterly unworthy the least mark of His regard, in giving me such sons, and you, my ever beloved, among that number.

“Pray tell P., with my kind regards, that I am much obliged to him for his kind letter, for which, tell the thoughtless fellow, I had to pay TWO PENCE; but that I cannot advise his father to remove him from Eton till Election 1841. Besides, he must be *Salt Bearer*, which Victoria will doubtless never forget. The first Montem after her marriage! And then entering Sir Charles' Regiment, Captain of Eton!

“All this is too important to be thrown away, to say nothing

of what is *far more important*—that he will never read a book after he leaves Eton, and therefore the more he reads now the better. Farewell, dearest lad.—Ever your J. H.”

A letter from my father giving his impressions of Florence, written in 1840. On account of the name, he partly addresses it to me :—

“O my Florence, you were always my pet, but never did my eyes behold anything so beautiful as thee, O thou loveliest Florence !¹

“Yes, I came to your namesake this day, May 21, Thursday, after being three days and three nights on the road ; and greatly as we have been fatigued, yet your lovely namesake has made us forget all our toil, and before I go to sleep I must, tho’ I have not been in bed for three nights, write a letter to tell my pet about her namesake.

“You must know, then, that on Monday evening the 18th we left Milan, and came the next day to Mantua. We reached Mantua in the afternoon—Virgil’s birthplace—as he tells us himself ‘Mantua me genuit.’ But the learned think that Virgil was born at a village some little distance from Mantua, and that his Papa was a good honest Farmer. In the evening while P. [a pupil my father was travelling with] was sound asleep on his bed, I went to hear the Austrian Band. Oh ! I cannot tell you how beautiful it was. There are some thousand soldiers quartered at Mantua, as it is a fortified Town, and the key to all Italy. Well, at 8 o’clock we were in the coach and proceeded. Did I tell you that there are flying glow-worms in this lovely country, and they do look so beautiful in the night, like little diamonds flying in all directions. Well, we got through the night very well, and in the morning found ourselves at Modena, the capital of the Duchy of that name, where they are so very inhospitable that they will not allow a foreigner to be in their Town more than 24 hours. We did not stay more than 24 minutes, and proceeded on thro’ the richest country I ever beheld, the land teeming with abundance. The vine grows upon the tree,

¹ The city.

which, when it is sufficiently high, it embraces, and then hangs in all directions from the many trees which are planted in regular lines and extend for miles, and the vines continue from tree to tree, hanging like festoons. In the intermediate spaces is corn, so rich and full, and such as I never beheld before. We got to Bologna about ten, and remained till past two, so from 10 to 1 we took a guide and saw all that was to be seen. So many Palaces, and such fine ones, as is quite astonishing. We did not forget to enter the *Accademia delle belle Arti*, where are some very magnificent pictures by some of the first masters. Among other curiosities, there is a portico leading to a Church, on a hill dedicated to Madonna as the Guardian of the City and surrounding country. It is situated on a very lofty eminence, and there is a portico extending 3 miles in length.

“We left Bologna at half-past two, and began to ascend the Appenines. We were told that in crossing the apex there is, for about the length of about 5 or 6 minutes, a spot of considerable danger, the wind blowing thro’ a narrow pass with gust so powerful and irresistible that carriages, horses, passengers and all have been blown away to Eternity, but that Leopold, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, had built a strong wall, so that we were in no danger. It was a bitter night, and as we ascended we found we were leaving the pleasant spring or early summer for severe winter. Oh! how the wind did blow, for these mountains are situated immediately between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. I had fallen asleep about 10 o’clock, when we were two hours from the top, which we did not reach till midnight. I was awake by the carriage stopping, in consequence of such a gust of wind as I never heard before, and this when we were some miles from the summit. It was like thunder. After stopping some minutes we proceeded. . . . I could easily conceive that if the wind increased in the ratio of our ascending, we might easily be blown over the Grand Duke’s wall. . . . Meanwhile the cold was intense. . . . Happily, thro’ the mercy of that gracious Being who has guarded us, and watched over us with a Father’s care all thro’ this journey, the wind, instead of

increasing, abated, and at midnight, when we were on the top of the Appenines, it was so tranquil that we were able to stop the coach and look at the Duke's wall, and read the inscription on the stone. But it was so cold, we could not get warm. We now began to descend, but it rained at such a rate that I hardly knew what to make of this fair Italy. About five in the morning we beheld thy namesake, my Darling. And here I must assure you that all you have ever heard of Florence, I am persuaded, and all that you may conceive, is inferior to the reality. This lovely town is situated in the Vale of the Arno, which runs directly through it, and has the advantage of every possible beauty that the most exquisite landscape scenery can afford. The hills around are of the most beautiful description imaginable, and so crowded with villas, palaces, châteaux, that it appears as if the soil had produced them—the fields and country teeming with every valuable production, including the silver olive and the vine, so that for a *tout ensemble* I suppose the earth has nothing like it. We were glad to enter the beautiful city, whose streets are all paved with large stones, so that the whole is like our pavement by the side of the streets. This makes it easy for carriages, but I think the horses must be in danger of slipping. We went to the Hotel de York, and, after a warm bath and breakfast, proceeded to the Ducal Palace and grand gallery. And here all that is said of its pictures and statuary is realized. I suppose there is no collection like it on earth. The works of the greatest masters and the most astonishing geniuses—such statuary as, if your eyes did not convince you it was marble, you might without difficulty believe was imbued with life and animation. I think I was more struck with two wrestlers in the Tribune, in which the celebrated Venus is, than with even her Ladyship. There is one fellow who has his opponent down, about to give him such a blow in the head as would have darkened his daylight for ever. . . . Oh! what a wonderful People were those ancients. . . . Well, we went from this magnificent Exhibition to the Palace of the Pitti, where the Grand Duke lives, and his liberality and kindness is such that every one who is decently dressed has free ingress and egress

at all times to his splendid and magnificent apartments, where was Canova's celebrated Venus, which I think equal to the other, because more natural. That of de Medicis' is not earthly; it is ideal, and might well be called the celestial Venus, but Canova has hit the thing completely. The Duke's gardens are only open twice a week to strangers, and this happened to be one of the days, so we had the great treat of entering his most lovely garden and viewing its exquisite beauties. Oh, the roses! in richest bloom, how delicious they were! and the view from there of your namesake was perfect. . . .

"On our way home, we took our places for Leghorn, and shall be at Pisa, all being well, to-morrow morning. . . . We found Mr. Balfour [eldest son of the elder branch] at home. He is a most exceedingly nice person, but he is ill, poor fellow. He gave us valuable information as to our proceedings at Rome. By his recommendation we go to Naples first and Rome after. So we proceed by steam to-morrow night for Naples, and by Monday next shall lave in its delicious waters. . . . At the table d'hôte were many English, as I meet everywhere. After dinner we went to Santa Croce. I knew it again immediately [from an exhibition in London] the organ in the exact place, and the tomb of Michael Angelo. But the statues, that is, the figures which I thought were designed for angels, are, to my mind, smaller considerably than in the Diorama, and allegorically represent Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. The church has never, in its exterior, been finished. Its appearance from without is anything but attractive—a mournful building, having been 400 years in its unfinished state, and now never will be finished. Still it is beautiful, and brought the sweetest recollections of you all to my mind. One church, also unfinished, is the most extraordinary exhibition of grandeur that can be conceived—the Capella or Mausoleum of the celebrated Medici Family. The walls are enriched with every description of the most precious marble and jasper mosaic work, and I know not what. The mind is bewildered amid such a profusion of magnificent works of Art and such inconceivable beauties of

nature. The Cathedral also is, as you may suppose, splendid. But I must hasten, as we have much to see to-day. . . .

"May 22.—Well, in an hour I shall have left Florence. . . . I have very much more to tell you—how I have made the acquaintance of many very agreeable persons, and how I have seen to-day much that is beautiful and amiable; how the Italian women run up to you and put a beautiful rose in your bosom, and say, 'God bless you,' and how you give them two or three coins—about a penny."

He goes on to say how happy he would be if he did not think my mother would be displeased at his prolonging the journey! He also had seen a statue of Jiove (an affectionate name by which he sometimes designated his youngest son), and thought his Jovy "a thousand times a more noble fellow than his namesake, tho' at his nod Olympus shook." He ends the letter with the kindest affection and love to all, finishing with a word to one of his daughters whom he thought High Church in her views. "Anna, Darling, thou wouldst be *converted* in one day. I dare not let *thee* come here.—Ever, all of you, yours,

J. H."

A letter from Stephen to his mother and Anna, showing some of his early difficulties at Eton:—

"How can I resist the impulse of answering the most touching letter I received from you to-day! . . . First, dearest Mater, I understand the drawing out of your heart to me, when you thought I was the suffering one; but Pater has led you to think I was more to be pitied than I am. I have much good-will and, I think, no jealousy. All I complain of is contractedness and ignorance, a want of enlargedness of conception and feeling. I think if I had more of dearest Pater's manhood, I should have cut the difficulty more easily.

"Now I must tell you that a good progress towards something better has been made this day or two. I have had an opportunity of speaking to different of the Masters, and there is far more co-operativeness than you imagine. I have also had an opportunity of having it out with a Fellow of

St. John's, Isaacson, who came to examine for the Newcastle Scholarship, who said a great many things before the Doctor that made him see things in a different light from what he had been accustomed to. Some of my difficulties I let out—three fragmentary hours, and irregular in the week; not having pupils in classes; it being optional or not to learn arithmetic. He positively laughed at the thought, and added: 'You never can have a satisfactory result.' I will push it on after the holidays, and . . . take the opinion of men of acknowledged attainments and experience, as the Master of Trinity or the Fellows of St. John's or Trinity College, and say what is right for the successful study of Arithmetic and Mathematics at Eton. So things look up and brighten. Now, farewell. Very, very best love to you.

"S. H."

There are signs in this letter of hasty writing, and it was evidently written at a time of some depression and care. Life was not all sunshine to him at that time (about 1845). He had anxieties connected with the new parish of Holy Trinity at Windsor, of which he was the first incumbent; and the introduction of the fuller study of Arithmetic and Mathematics into Eton, which began with him, was up-hill work at first, and his earnest endeavours and desires to give effective teaching met with discouragement in that classical atmosphere, where Latin and Greek had so long ruled supreme (and almost exclusively). However, his cousin, the Headmaster, appreciated him and gave him all the help in his power.

From Stephen to his sister Emily, not dated; probably about 1836-1840:—

"I send you a little seal to remind you of your ever affectionate brother; tell me if you think it pretty, and seal a letter to me with it. Mind you make yourself comfortable with the cloaks. I am resolved Lewis & Allonby shall send the prettiest thing and the warmest thing in his shop. I like all dear Mrs. Cunningham's [expressions ?]. 'Fashionable' is

a word of all words I hate most, and put it with 'genteel,' 'vulgar,' and the like; but, said by Mrs. Cunningham, it puts on a grace and playfulness that makes it most pleasing. . . . I will think of you at the end of the year, you may be sure. Let me hear often. You need not write long letters, but constantly, pretty middling short ones. In my heart I love a long letter, but then I like to hear often, and it would and could not be expected that one should have both.—With kindest love,
S. H."

Of all the sisters, at that time Emily was the one least robust in health.

FROM UNCLE STEPHEN TO MY FATHER AFTER A VISIT
FROM MY TWO SISTERS EMILY AND HARRIET

"3 DOWRY SQUARE, BRISTOL, *June 1, 1841.*

"MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—They came and they are gone, and the Lord hath taken them in safety from our quiet abode to the magnificent mansion of their very kind friend, the B. of W., in St. James's Square. They expressed themselves pleased with their visit to us in a very kind note, which Emily wrote to her Aunt. We endeavoured to make it pleasant to them; but our mode of life is very quiet and retired, from choice and from necessity, as my beloved wife's health renders this necessary. However, I am thankful indeed for its being as good as it is, and have unshaken confidence in our Heavenly Father, that He will be merciful and prolong her life a little longer, if He intend to prolong mine.

"... To-day they are, I fancy, at Eton, where the Montem will employ their eyes not a little. It is expected to be most immensely crowded, and to have the presence of the Queen. Your dear Daughters are just now in the buoyancy of youth, intelligent and quick of perception, and must be highly attractive in the first circles. With regard to their perception of Evangelical truth at present, I am apt to think this is comparatively dim. . . . However, remembering my own icy coldness when older than they . . . I can make

allowance; and, as I have lived through great mercy to see 'the dulness of our blinded sight' removed in my own case, in some measure I am warranted in entertaining a good hope that God will, in His own time, draw them nearer to Himself, for *substantial* happiness is not to be tasted but in Him—the im-materiality and im-mortality of the soul prevent its living by bread alone.

"I rejoice that Montague is so well pleased with Rimpton. . . . Ah! I can easily conceive that *you* would like to end your days in some *Heavitree*, although not as Archdeacon —, between whom and St. Paul the resemblance was certainly not so striking as he himself might have been tempted to think. O the cold Jejune Christianity of that day! But let us be thankful much of the darkness that covered the Church of England is past, although much more light is needed. And let us not fear the eventual success of Puseyism, it being not from Heaven, but of men. Let us 'take heed WHAT we hear.' They who 'hear' half that the Tempter says to them, will hereafter say to the mountains: 'Fall on us.' Poor —! Cunningham told me he greatly feared his prejudices against Christ's Saints continued to the last. He sent for — to give him the last viaticum. Ah! all that wit and elasticity of spirit, and unrivalled ability to 'set the table in a roar,' may do very well now, but will cut a poor figure before the Judgement Seat of Christ.

"There, I conceive, the consternation of such spirits will be great at discovering too late that they have 'come in hither, not having on a wedding garment.' What an escape have you and I had! So you saw Rob. Ekins. Does he go all the way with us? You remember our dining with Mr. Frome at Folk, his present Living, 50 years ago!

"Well, Beloved, the Lord of all Blessedness be the portion of your Soul more and more.—Believe me ever, 'in Him in Whom shall all be made alive' who have faith, your affecte. Brother,
S. HAWTREY."

It is not for me to criticise the foregoing letter, but I may say my two dear sisters mentioned in the beginning were from

childhood choosers of that which is good, liable to temptations like all who "will live godly in Christ Jesus," but His true and devoted servants, and ever more and more so to the end.

Also, with regard to the death he speaks of, may we not hope that that highly-endowed intelligence did indeed before death turn to the Lord, though weaknesses and inconsistency of some of His servants had repelled him? And of the "Puseyism"—that was "not from Heaven, but of men" in the writer's estimation—we must allow that, although accompanied by some unwelcome results and the incompleteness of everything that belongs to our mortal condition, yet it undoubtedly was an engine for good, as had been that former revival (also accompanied by unwelcome results and incompleteness) to which he and my father owed their own happy emancipation from "jejune Christianity."

FROM MY FATHER

"ROYAN, *May 26, Corpus Christi, 1842.*

"MOST DEARLY BELOVED ANNE,—Where is Royan? . . . That I may not keep you in suspense, I will tell you that I am looking out of my window on one of the finest rivers in France—the Gironde, on the mouth of which, on the north side, this place is situated, which, in the reign of Louis XIII., had some 13,000 inhabitants, but which in resisting persecution was overcome, razed to the ground, and the plough absolutely went over it. 500,000 Protestant families left France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and yet how vainly they have attempted to take counsel against the Lord! Never did the truth flourish in France more than it does this day. In this pretty little marine town of Royan the population is between 2 and 3000, and precisely divided in numbers, one half being Protestant, the other half Romanist.

"I came here yesterday from Rochfort, where Buonapart bid farewell to France, where we arrived on Tuesday at noon, having left Nantes and the Grahams on Monday at 5 in the afternoon. Never did I experience greater kindness than

from the dear Grahames. May the Lord return a thousand-fold into their bosom the kindness they showed us. We travelled thro' La Vendée without stopping until we reached Bourbon Vendée; there we refreshed and came to La Rochelle about 9 on Thursday morning, which is very prettily situated. We left it after breakfast, and progressed till we got to Rochefort, one of the prettiest towns in France. I had a letter to the excellent Protestant minister, Mr. Castell, and found to my regret that he had to proceed at once to an annual conference at M., and had not a moment to spare. He wished me exceedingly to accompany him, but this would not quite have suited my youthful friend. He left us in good hands, an English family actually in the Hotel, and with the gentleman we went over the town, the public gardens, and saw the window from which Napoleon harangued the people, in the Prefect's House. We then went into the arsenal and saw the galley slaves at work, much as our convicts at Portsmouth. Some are sentenced for 5 years, some 15, 20, and some for life. I saw their dormitory, much like a soldier's guard bed, and here, chained together and to an iron rod, they lie. Ah! the way of transgressors is hard. There was an Englishman among them, of the name of Taylor, from Bordeaux. I did not, however, see him. From thence I went on board one of their noble steam Frigates, of which they are building several; magnificent ships they are. There were several three-deckers, immense vessels. Altogether I was struck with the visible magnitude and improved appearance of their navy, and believe they would, in the event of a war, which I pray God to avert, puzzle us exceedingly. A finer specimen than the Frigate I was permitted to see I can hardly conceive. Here, too, I learnt, the Protestants abounded, and Mr. Castell told me, a few years ago there was but one Protestant minister in the *arrondissement*, and now there are seven. They complain a good deal of the Wesleyans. They say they would have no objection to their coming to help them as evangelists, if they did not divide them, but the forming classes and building chapels is to them a great annoyance. I had determined to go to Saintes and then to Blaye, and take the steamer on

Bordeaux, as at Saintes there are Roman antiquities; but at dinner I learnt that there was a very agreeable and pleasant way of proceeding to Bordeaux, which was to take the Diligence to Royan, some 25 or 30 miles, and then the steamer, which went up the whole of the Gironde as far as Bordeaux, where the River divides into the Garonne and the Dordogne. This was too tempting and inviting to refuse, so I determined to come on in this direction and return by Saintes, &c., unless at Bordeaux I should receive letters from you which would give me leisure to go on to Nismes.

"We arrived here (Royan) yesterday, and saw for the first time in our lives the noble Gironde, a most magnificent river. The place itself is interesting, but chiefly in a moral point of view—the number of Protestants. I called on the Pasteur and had some very agreeable conversation with him. He is a young man, and was one of the Professors at Montauban, and is married to the mayor's daughter. He, too, this morning went to the Conference at Marennes.

"What disappoints me is the climate. The cold is so great that my fingers are continually benumbed with cold, and I should greatly enjoy a fire this morning; indeed, since I began this letter at an early hour, the cold was so great that I fell asleep. I hope it will be warmer at Bordeaux, tho' I hardly expect it. We start at eleven and expect to arrive at 4. We take the tide and wind with us. I am now going to get my breakfast, having been up 4 hours.

"*On board the steamer, 12½ P.M.*—It has been raining and blowing a gale this morning, so that all expectations of a pleasant excursion to Bordeaux have been disappointed. We left at 11 and had very great difficulty in getting on board. I never encountered greater, what with the wind and the waves. However, we are now in smooth water, and—having just finished the 3rd chapter to the Ephesians in Greek, than which the Holy Spirit has taught nothing more sublime in the whole volume of Inspiration, or more glorious in anticipation and hope—I feel I cannot employ my time more agreeably and happily than in continuing my letter to you, Beloveds all.

"This is a remarkably fine city,¹ most beautifully situated.

¹ Probably Bordeaux.

I expect to be next Sunday at Nismes, the Sunday after at Lyons, the next, which will be the 19th, at Nantes, and then proceed to Jersey.

“May God be with us all for ever. Amen.”

The letter is directed to:—

“Mrs. Hawtre,
At the Revd. Charles Daman’s,
8 Beaumont Street,
Oxford, Angleterre.

“Bordeaux, *May 28th.*”

CHAPTER XLVII

“THERE IS A VERY MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GUERNSEY”

My father crossed from Guernsey to England one autumn day in the early forties. The weather was not amiss when he sailed, but became seriously rough and stormy when he had been gone some hours. My mother at once began a letter to him.

“MY DEAREST LOVE,—You may suppose what we all feel at this rising of the wind. How often I have wished you had not gone! How my strength fails at every howl—not but that I fully believe and trust a God of Love will not allow a hair of your head to be hurt. . . . Oh, my Love! I trust our last days may be our happiest, and that in love and truth we may end our days. . . . I have been hoping every moment to hear you had come back. I think Goodrich [the captain] would certainly if there had been danger. So, commending you to our Heavenly Father, my most dear Husband, I will go. How often do I fancy I hear you say: ‘Your royal Highness has very little faith;’ but the knowledge that the same merciful God and Saviour is with you, that of old bade the Sea be calm, is my only consolation. Good-night—though I do not think I shall sleep well.

"*Wednesday Morning*.—Oh, no; not till morning could I rest. I never passed such a night, watching for your return every moment. I am astonished the Packet did not put back. I can do nothing but commend my best beloved to the care and mercy of God. . . . There has been enough to make a deep impression on our minds. How soon could the deepest misery be inflicted! But I must try and keep my mind stayed on God—if I look off for a moment, my heart sinks within me. . . . I dozed a little towards day, and on starting up and looking out, I saw a Packet; felt sure for a few moments that it was you come back. It was the *Atalanta*. I sent instantly to know if they had met you. They said not, but that there was not any danger, or Goodrich would have put back. . . . Oh, that I may in some way hear to-morrow! It was the worst night I ever remember here. . . .

"The little birds even [some canaries, pets of my father] have not chirped to-day, nor could I look into your study. In the midst of the hurricane, your alarm went off—it cut me to the heart.

"*Thursday Morning*.—The mail came in about 9, and as you had not put into Weymouth . . . I suppose you may have made Southampton. . . . When I hear from you I shall have spirit to tell you how I get on.

"*Friday Morning*.—Oh, my Love, you may imagine my thankfulness! This morning, hardly believing my eyes, I saw the *Transit* Signal.

"Your letter, too, has just been finished, and I wish to send you a line to say how full of gratitude I feel to the God of love and mercy who preserved you.

"Had I known you were a second night out, it would have been too much; but every one said without doubt you were at Plymouth or Weymouth. Well, may we never forget how near we were to a separation for this life, and may it lead us to love our God and each other more than ever. Good-bye, my ever beloved, dearest Husband.—Ever, ever yours,
A. H.

"*Friday Evening*.—My best beloved, I have sent two

long letters on board the Private Steamer, which ought to have gone yesterday, but as she is still in the Roads, perhaps you may get this first.

"I told you what I suffered that fearful night. The next one, happily, I had been persuaded into the belief that you had got into Weymouth or Torbay; but this morning your dear letter calmed my spirits and made the sun shine again. . . . Every one talks of your passage; it will be the subject for the next week. Mrs. Dalgairns cried when she heard the account. I shall be truly glad when you are safe back, and we settled in for the winter.

"Good-night, Dearest love. You will be tired of letters. Fond love to the dear Sons.—Ever your affecte. A. H."

CHAPTER XLVIII

FAIR WEATHER

A LETTER from my mother in Guernsey to her eldest daughter in England :—

"MY DEAREST ANNA,—I begin my letter though I fully expect to hear from some of you to-day. The Iron Steamer came in at 6 o'clock this morning looking majestic. Well, Darling, here we are for the next six months, please God—I mean in this house. I suppose, Dearest, you will all be glad of it, as I am too—saved all the fuss of changing, and not tied down. I take all this as a great mercy. . . . I am sure you were praying about it, my own love, that we should not fall into a snare. We can now look about in quiet and wait to see what the Lord may appoint for us. . . . The A.'s are most happy to find us secured for six months. Our visit to you and Emily will be over by that time, and we shall be able to judge whether this is to be our place for the next five years or not, and I hope be able to suit ourselves to our position."

FROM ANOTHER LETTER

“ . . . My greatest joy and *company* is to write to you all. I know you have much more to do than I have, and so I would not wish you to write such chatty letters. Our two maids seem to have scarcely anything to do; the House is very clean. Papa and I give very little trouble, but go on very peacefully and economically. The bell! Well, I have been at Church, and since paid visits. . . . Last Evening we set off to drink tea with Mrs. Dobree, who is staying at a Farmhouse at Lanresse Common with Sophia and Mary Harriet. We called for Harriet and Miss de Havilland to come with us, and had a delightful drive. Saw three Hay ricks on fire (internal)—worth £300; the only consolation, that it happened to the richest man in the Island, so no one could bear it better in one sense, or worse perhaps in another. After moralizing a little on the expediency of his giving £300 more for some useful purpose, we drove on to dear Mrs. Dobree's, and found her, Sophia, and Mary H. full of the delights of having been up at six; walked an hour before breakfast, bathed, boated, rode, all in that day. Well, we drove about Lanresse, and returned to such a delicious tea, the finest shrimps I ever saw, lobster, cakes of all kinds, and Papa quite enjoyed the tea and the kindness, especially as we have been living on our Saturday's roast beef ever since he came back.

“It was a nice Evening and Fanny [*i.e.* the mare] came home beautifully. She is a dear creature, and Harry has got her pedigree, and she is only 11 years old. . . . I was so delighted the other day when Papa said: ‘How long do you intend to stay when you go to England?’ I said I thought four weeks. ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘that will not be long enough for me to do so and so, and so and so.’ ‘Very well,’ said I; ‘five.’ It is very pleasant that this good clergyman, Mr. Dampier, is come to live here for a year. The people all like him, and he has promised to do all Papa wants.”

FROM ANOTHER LETTER

"My letter of rejoicing about our escape from [taking] the house I know you will all respond to; it is one of the merciful escapes we look upon with love and gratitude to the Disposer of events, for overruling so much better for us than we could for ourselves. This is not very plain, but you will understand what I mean. Papa is sometimes as delighted about it as I am myself. He often feels that there is a want of cordiality here, which shows him that his place might be supplied without that kind of sorrow from the congregation which would break his heart. Some few love us truly. . . . I shall never get my store-room settled, I spend so many mornings in writing, and I am afraid I take up too much of your time in reading. So good-bye, my beloved Nancy. We are going this evening to hear a Mr. F., a complete Irishman. They certainly are 100 years behind English. . . . Was it not touching about dear Mr. Newman's¹ last sermon, and the prayers—begun, *continued* and *ended*? Oh, most touching!"

ANOTHER LETTER

"MY DARLING CHILDREN,—As there is not a post from here to-morrow, I think I had better ask you how you are to-day. Rough weather is beginning; the poor *Atalanta* had a rough night, and did not come in till past nine o'clock this morning. Still Papa bathed and was delighted. Is this the day my darling John is to be examined, and to-morrow the day he is to be ordained? We have been praying for him should it be so, and I do trust he will be everything that a good and useful man should be, first in his present important post, and hereafter whenever it pleases God to put him more actively into the ministry. . . . I have not anything particular to tell you. . . . The D.'s all well. I called to-day, and saw Lizzy deep in a crossed letter from her husband.

¹ Afterwards Cardinal Newman.

“Phil. Saumarez is come back; looks very well and happy; proud of his son, you may suppose.—Ever your most affecte.,
“A. H.”

FROM ANOTHER LETTER

“*Monday Morning, Oct. 8, 1843.*

“MY DEAREST ANNA,— . . . I trust . . . your happiness is uninterrupted in this little sojourn together. May every blessing be with you for ever. . . . Though I begin writing, I have not much to say. Mr. Davis preached yesterday—Mr. Hart Davis’ son—and Papa in the evening. I read a long time in the afternoon a charge of an Irish Bishop lent by Mr. Carr. The feeling it left on my mind was great sadness. I never saw so much the painful state of Church differences, or when it is likely to end. It also showed the feebleness of the best of men, and how little they know, or are able to teach others. I seemed determined never again to pry into controversy or trust to either party, and I do pray, my Darling, that you may be saved also from taking for granted what your veneration and inclination to a party would lead you to adopt. Truth is not to be found in the system of any men. I suppose it is one proof what a fallen being man is, that those most anxious to believe and do the will of God cannot agree about it. I hope you will not expose my disquietude—produced by a variety of things—on theological topics to any one but yourself. . . . Papa is going, in very bad spirits, to dine at the College. I hope he will not meet with anything painful. All the clergy will be there. He goes in fear, as he rather fears a set-down on poor Mr. Newman, which he would not like to hear. He has been reading his Sermons on Justification at Breakfast every morning, and cannot find out the evil, and I should be sorry if any evil could or would be pointed out. . . . I should think Anna, love, it would be right for you only to go to Church once a day in the winter. I hope Dr. Hawtrey and his sisters are now settled comfortably at Eton, and poor Laura more reconciled” (after the death of the sister she had lived with before going to her brother’s house at Eton).

The letters that I have been copying from my dear mother I find all tacked together. Only the last is dated, but they were probably all written in the autumn of 1843, to her children in England, when she and my father were alone in Guernsey. Her heart was very much in England in those days, where some of her sons and daughters were feeling the strong attraction and deep interest of the teaching of Mr. Newman—an attraction and interest which extended to herself in a measure, and even to my father, who, I believe, recognised in the views of the Oxford party, sympathy with those held by the early Wesleyans, and which controverted those of the Calvinists, which he himself entirely differed from.

From my eldest sister Anna, dated “Guernsey, 29th Novbr. 1845,” to my mother in England:—

“MY DEAREST MAMMA,—What a beautiful letter you sent us on your Birthday! I ought to have a most beautiful case kept on purpose for it.

“No, indeed, yours has not been a useless life, and may God grant you many years of peaceful enjoyment here, and oh! may we all, all, be unspeakably blessed together for ever!

“Your most loving,

ANNA.”

CHAPTER XLIX

RADBOURNE, WHEATLEY, AND ETON

THE following letter is from a busy young Eton master, an affectionate son, and a deservedly popular person—my dear brother, John William Hawtreys:—

“E. S. CHANDOS POLE’s, ESQRE.,

RADBORNE, DERBY, Dec. 18, 1843.

“MY DEAREST AND MOST BELOVED PATER AND MATER,
—Do not think that the long time which has passed since you

last saw my handwriting has passed without my thinking constantly and much of you. Do not suppose that my friends whom I am visiting are able to outweigh, with their grand Houses and old spacious Halls, my beloved Pater and Mater and my own home.

"I do not think I ever pined so much for home, or thought more of you, or [more] felt the want of family affection. But do not think I am unhappy; the Poles have been kindness itself.

"*Christmas Day, 1843.*—Thus far I had written when I was interrupted, and have been prevented writing since. . . . Ever since I left Eton, though my time has been differently occupied, it has been fully engaged. I left Eton in so great a hurry, and with so much work on my hands, that the last day I had only a little breakfast at 8 o'clock, and something brought into my room after 12, which I had not time to take. At half-past one that night I was at Cambridge. I found every one most kind (I had not been there for two years), innumerable persons to see, and a great deal to do. When I returned to Eton on Friday afternoon, having ordered Runicles to pack up my things, I had my little horse put into a gig, and drove over to see the Parkes', where I had not been able to go since their little daughter was born. I staid there half an hour, took a little tea, and went off to London; slept at the Euston Hotel, and next morning, Saturday, started for Derby. I arrived there about 4 o'C., found the eldest and youngest Pole with their carriage to meet me, and in an hour found myself at Radbourne. They were all most kind, and much subdued, poor dear Mrs. Pole especially, whose eyes are continually filling with tears as she looks round her family and finds one wanting. One of the others take her place, and do the many little things that she used to be so fond of doing for her Father and Mother, and try all they can that nothing shall be wanting. The next morning was Sunday, and in the afternoon I preached for Mr. Reginald Pole. He is Mr. Pole's brother, and has the living of Radborne. The Church is in a little valley at the bottom of the Park, about a quarter of a mile from the House.

"You will say, why did you not write on the Monday?

Because, being on a visit to Mr. Pole, I was obliged to enter into all the plans he had made for occupying my time. For the first two days I was entirely engaged with various things. In the evening, while stopping at a house, you cannot write. On the third day I was obliged to say that I could not go out any more, for I had to write a sermon for the next Sunday; and not a little labour was this to me, and not a little time did it occupy, they having, and reading constantly, the five volumes of 'Plain Sermons' upon which I had relied for my foundations. Fortunately I had a volume of Arch-Deacon Manning's sermons with me, but they were so unlike my style, and so far beyond the comprehension of the poor people, that I had great work with them; besides, all the time I knew that Mr. Reginald Pole had them, for I had asked him. In addition to this, I cannot tell you what a number of letters I had to write and answer, and even yet I have not nearly done all that I ought, for there are many parents now waiting to hear from me about their children.

"While here, I wrote to Sir William Cooke to say that I would go to him on the Monday, Dec. 18. I send you his answer. I also wrote to Mrs. Lyon¹ to say I would be there on Friday the 22nd Dec., or Tuesday 26th. I send her answer. I left this on Tuesday morning, and arrived at the Swinton Station, which is about 45 miles north of Derby, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. Before I arrived there, while in the Train, I was struck by a little boy, who looked a splendid little fellow of about 8 years old, and asked him if he was going home from school. A gentleman opposite answered for him that he was, that he was 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, and was preparing at a school near Derby for Eton; and he began to talk a great deal about his wish that at Eton boys were taught, while little fellows, their Bible, History, Geography, Writing, and Arithmetic, besides their other lessons, 'for,' he said, 'at Eton, sir, they only teach little Boys Latin grammar.' I replied that I was not quite the right person for him to tell this to, for it certainly was in my power to inform him that, *every day* in the week, the first lesson that was done was reading and explaining the Bible (in the Lower School), that

¹ Mother to Lady Crosse.

on Saturdays a school time was devoted to Scripture History ; on Sundays the Boys met twice—the first time to have the Gospel, Epistle, and Collect explained, the second time to say their Catechism ; that they did English and Roman History three or four times each week ; that they had a writing master and an arithmetic master who was supported by the masters, who saw that he was attended to ; this besides being well instructed in Latin and Greek. You may fancy he looked a little sold. Soon after, I told him I had been myself nearly ten years at Eton as a boy, and wound up by saying I was one of the Masters at Eton, and, as I had arrived at the station, I wished him a very good morning. He was so astonished !

“I found Sir William and Charley Cooke waiting with their beautiful little carriage, and had a very nice drive with them to Wheatley—some 12 miles. I there found Lady Cooke and her daughter looking very well, and most glad to see me. Here again, you may be sure, I was fully employed, for several persons called on me who had known me before, and I had also to call on others.

“But here also I was obliged to devote many hours to writing, having promised Mr. Reginald Pole, as I was coming back on the Saturday, to preach for him on the Sunday (and though it did occupy me so much, I was very glad of it, for I felt it did me good). Well, long before I could have fancied four days had passed, my time was up, and back I returned to Radborne on Saturday 23rd, and again I was received as kindly as ever. I read the morning service, and preached in the afternoon (they have liked my sermons very much ; I told them they were not mine). I assisted at the Sacrament this morning ; I am going to read the service this afternoon.

“Notwithstanding all the great kindness which has been shown me, I would infinitely sooner have been with you. I cannot tell you how I long to see you both again, and how I look forward to the Summer Holidays, when I hope nothing will prevent our spending them together at the Lakes. Tomorrow I am going to the Lyons’, and on the 2nd of Janry. I return to Eton.

“And now, my dearest Pater, I must turn to another subject which has weighed on my mind not a little—I mean the acknowledgement of the present you sent me in your tender affection. I felt more than I can tell you about it. I felt the full and entire value of the feelings which had prompted you to send it. I wrote a long letter, which was never finished, telling you of all this, and at the time I tried hard to get it off before I allowed other things to interfere, but it was impossible, and when once I had not finished it, I never could get time afterwards to complete it. What a lesson this is! Once let the right moment pass, and how difficult to regain what is gone for ever! But, my dearest Pater, I have not spent the £10, nor could I think of doing so. You know, I am sure, that it is a right feeling which prompts me to do this. [There follow some remarks about the difficulties an Eton master has to encounter in first starting, and his belief that all will be right as soon as he starts with a house of his own.] The order for £10 is locked carefully up at Eton, and when I return . . . will send it back to you.

“I do so long for a house, for at present not only am I most inconveniently situated, not only are my dear little fellows a good way off from me, but I have to see myself to their being attended to by their maids, to see to the orders for everything we consume, to all their bills, to their illness, to their games, besides having perpetual letters to write to their Papas and Mamas, to receive people that come to see them, and to attend to nearly 60 pupils besides. I am glad to say that I sent 20 into the upper school at Xmas trials, so after the holidays I shall have only 38 old ones and I suppose some 15 new ones. My expenses are all legitimate, for I have not time to spend anything upon myself, excepting my horse, which is absolutely necessary, and to which, as far as human means go, I am, I believe, entirely indebted for my excellent health. I long to hear now how you both are; if you liked, and the weather was fine, I could rush over to Guernsey for a couple of days. I should think it quite worth while if you thought so. You don't know how I should value ever so short a note if you would but

send me one occasionally, tho' I do not answer it, for in my hard work it is such a comfort to have a little note of affection from you."

The long letter (as far as I have it) ends with a message of tender affection to his sister Harriet, whom he calls "darling Peggy," for a note he had had from her, and concludes with the characteristic words "I have no time."

The letter is written on six sheets of notepaper—the seventh is lost, or I may recover and add it.

Extract from a letter from the same from Eton. The postmark upon it is "November 28, 1845."

"I saw a curious thing happen yesterday evening. I had just called absence in Miss Middleton's house, and was returning to my own at $\frac{1}{4}$ p. 5 P.M., when I was prevented from crossing Keate's lane by a timber cart which was carrying two immense logs down that lane, but they were so long that there was a difficulty in turning them out of the high road thro' Eton, down this lane. Well, there they were fast stuck right across the highway; they were between two and three feet high, and about the same in breadth. The railway parcels delivery cart, a heavy spring cart, with a head to it, was a little after its time and was coming down the town at a good pace, and when it was just by Williams' the bookseller, I foresaw, unless it could be stopped, there would be a terrible smash, as these beams were a regular barricade across the road, so I and a great many shouted, but in vain; the man driving could not see by the uncertain light of the lamps, and did not understand the noise, so drove on at a hard canter. In a moment the horse, without having seen it before, reached the timber; I heard his poor legs rattle against it, and I thought he would have tumbled head over heels, when the noble old fellow gallantly sprung at the leap, cleared it in style, and brought the wheels of the cart with tremendous violence against the timber, the effect of which was that the cart shot straight up into the air,

right above the impediment, and of course landed on the other side with the horse. Neither cart or horse the worse for the jump, and, more strange still, the *driver* kept his seat over this extraordinary leap."

CHAPTER L

AGGRIEVED PARISHIONERS

AFTER Stephen's appointment, subsequent to opposition and difficulties raised by the then Provost of Eton, to be first incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, he did not sail into smooth waters.

The following letters, addressed to him in consequence of disturbance in his parish, take one back to times, or rather *cause*, of discord now forgotten:—

FROM MONTAGUE TO STEPHEN

"January 27, 1845.

"MY DEAR STAS,—We have had a good deal of talk about you and your affairs, and I must say I do think it would be wiser to lower your white flag [this means preaching in the surplice] before the storm comes, and not leave it to be torn down by the violence of the tempest. It is not a matter of principle; you sacrifice no principle by giving it up. And would it not be more graceful and wise to give up of your own free movement what may turn out in your case, as it has in others, a bone of fierce contention, than to keep it up merely through positiveness?

"The contagion of fanatical fury spreads like wildfire. Take care that Windsor does not catch it from Exeter, and *prevent* by laying aside the surplice at once. I would not perhaps do this without the advice of some of your best friends.

"Of course what I say does not apply to the choral service, which is quite a different question.

"I have had a very pleasant visit here [to Guernsey]. Pater and Mater's kindness is quite cheering.—Your ever affect. brother,
MONTAGUE HAWTREY."

My Father adds :—

"BELOVED STAS,— . . . Listen to a wiser than I, and what Montague suggests do not discard as utterly valueless. I go farther back than others, and do not forget that very probably, but [for] the surplice, Baxter, Flavel, Calamy [?], and a host of Glorious Immortals, would never have left the Established Church of England. O! beware of a worse rent, for clouds dark and lowering are gathering. Besides, I have had a thunderer from Trant [an aggrieved Windsor parishioner, or looker-on]. He tells his *ex parte* tale well, and involves your poor old Pater. He threatens to *print*, and *my* letter withal. Be advised, and begin with lowering the white flag.—Your ever affect. J. H.

"Jan. 27 [1845]."

CHAPTER LI

GUERNSEY, SARK, AND OXFORD

PART of a letter from my father to my mother, from Guernsey :—

"Wednesday, Feb. 3, /47.

". . . What a flood-tide of love came over me yesterday as I was going to keep the feast of the Purification. . . .

"At this moment Miss Carey came to call on me, to congratulate me on your most providential escape. Well, she is gone, and now I will for a minute revert to the subject that is so near my heart—how tenderly I love you . . . and then ten thousand other tender, affectingly tender, instances of the most beautiful love and affection, of which I am wholly undeserving, but which I never can forget . . . and oh! this last most merciful preservation has filled me with gratitude.

Oh! what do I not owe to God? It is such a proof to me that we are all under the superintending care of Him Who loves us.

“Your letters are most kind and satisfactory. Happy and joyous will be the day that gives you again to me; still, do not hurry it on my account, for the happiness of those so dear to me is far more to me than my own, and the thought of Emily or Harriet [Polly or Peggy] losing a day of your dear company on my account I cannot bear. No; let me be as though I were not in all your arrangements, and then, when you have quite satisfied all the beloved ones, then most happy shall I be to welcome you again, as my greatest earthly blessing and benefit, to my quiet, little, unpretending abode. Only never cross in a gale or in anything that savours of unfavorable weather, and I rely on your faithful promise that you will not. This I must say, that as you are actually in England and we are still in the depth of Winter, I think it will be as well that you should take your fill of lawful happiness, as so long as the Channel is between us and those we so much and tenderly love, we cannot be sure that we can see them as easily as if we had only to go into the train. I seem as if I saw them with your eyes. You ask me if I have any interesting letters. Except yours, not one. Not a creature writes to me except the family, and that is quite as many as I wish. Since I began this, I have been to Church and preached to about 60 people; to be sure, the Evening is peculiarly unfavourable, but Paddy will be full to-morrow night. Nevertheless, I am not without some encouragement. Mrs. Davies, on whom I called to enquire about the College, told me things of the most kind character. . . . My bathing continues very nice and grateful; my health, quite good. The awful Clerical Meeting on Monday, I do not anticipate with any pleasure. You did not say a word of the darling children and you cannot be too minute. My dearest love to them all. . . . What a glorious prospect we have hereafter! O may God bring us there to be with Him, and to be blest for ever! Adieu.—Ever, ever yours,
J. H.”

My mother's escape alluded to in the above letter was probably this: She was returning from London to Eton by an afternoon train, which was passed by the express. The tire of one of the wheels of the express came off as the trains were near together. It was dashed up into the air, and came down with such force upon my mother's train that two men in the carriage where it fell were killed; other damage was done, and the arrival of the train much delayed.

The 23rd of August 1847 fell on a Sunday. We were in Guernsey, and the day passed as usual; but in the evening, as we were leaving St. James's Church, there seemed to be something "in the air," and very soon we heard what it was. The Queen's yacht was in the roads, and it might be that Her Majesty would land in the morning. It might; nay, it *was* to be.

The excitement and interest which this caused was great. There was only one night to prepare, and preparations were hurried on. The Governor (the splendid old General Napier) was equal to the occasion. The Militia were called out to line the streets, and the streets were sanded, which gave a very nice prepared look.

But another and a special feature was to mark the morrow, and this was designed and carried through very much by two ladies—Miss de Havilland and my sister Anna Hawtrey. It was, that all the younger ladies of the Guernsey Society, dressed in white, should form an avenue for the Queen to pass through on landing. The Governor, on being applied to, agreed; but he said the ladies must arrange all for themselves, for he could command soldiers, but not ladies.

There was a good deal of social intercourse amongst the families of the gentry in the little island, and every girl could on occasion call to her aid a white muslin dress, and in these pretty garbs, and with flowers, we all trooped in much interested expectation to the pier on the morning of Monday the 24th of August, and ranged themselves within the lines of soldiers.

A pretty girl (afterwards Mrs. Carey Brock) exclaimed

to one of my brothers: "There are only three or four of all the others that I don't call by their Christian names!"

Another, little more than a child, was observed to be on her knees.

"My dear child," some kind lady said, "why are you kneeling?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I thought it was right to kneel to the Queen!"

In such like talk or little incidents the time passed till the moment arrived; the prow of the Queen's boat touched the pier, and Her Majesty and the Prince Consort landed. They were preceded by an equerry, who was said by his expression to have testified to appreciation of the novel effect of the white-robed damsels. We made an attempt, as the Queen passed, to sing the National Anthem, which I fear was marred through my having pitched the tune too high—a fact which, in my shy youth, I carefully kept in the dark.

The Queen and the Prince entered their carriage, and there beside them was the fine old Governor, bowing low.

My father, standing near, exclaimed: "God bless your Majesty!" Then followed a drive through the island.

The principal livery stable keeper, I think, furnished the horses and the harness, unfortunately not his best, which had been engaged at a wedding, and he was very anxious that all should go well. He spoke afterwards of the kindness by which he was reassured by the gentlemen in attendance on Her Majesty. And I believe all was well. The drive was safely accomplished, and then came the departure, witnessed by, at all events, some of those who had been present in the morning. And so the interesting event was over.

Many years later the Queen's book, "Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands," was published, and on page 289 may be read the impression that the visit to Guernsey had left on the mind of Her Majesty.

An amusing little incident is associated in my mind with the above. The livery stable keeper, who had been so anxious about his harness, had run all the way by the side of

the carriage, lest any accident should happen. One of my brothers was speaking to him about it afterwards.

"I wouldn't do it again, sir," the man said, "for any one under a sovereign!"

"Well done, Norton! Capital!" said my brother.

"No, sir; not for anybody, under a one-pound note,"¹ said the unconscious perpetrator of the *bon mot*.

The following is a letter giving some account of the Island of Sark. And there are allusions in it to Rimpton, for many years the home of its rector, my eldest brother Montague, and the family of which he was head. The writer is his sister Anna.

"LA MONNERIE, SERK, *September 2nd* 1847.

"MY DEAREST MONTAGUE,— . . . To go back to the time of our watching you from the pier. You went on splendidly . . . and then we went home and began our arrangements for Serk. We had a beautiful passage over, and found Pater, William, Harriet, and Flo waiting at the Creux. . . ."

After a few days' interval follows:—

"The next day was lovely. We had settled to have a picnic at Baker's Valley, and had leave from Baker to make use of his kitchen-parlour. We set off as soon as we could after breakfast, first to the 'Hog's Back,' where we read, sketched, and talked till one, when we went down to Baker's and had a very nice dinner. Then to the shore, and presently saw a little boat glide into the Bay, into which we all got, and were rowed to the Sandy bay at the foot of the Creux terrible. The tide very far out. It is a magnificent bay—the cliffs all round, bold and perpendicular, with great fissures leading into smaller caves. But the Creux terrible was the King of Caves, entered by two arches with a column between. I think it looked higher and grander from below than from above. Harriet, Florence, and Stephen sketched it. While we were in the Creux Papa returned to the boat, got the men to row out, and took a splendid header. Stephen was so sorry not to

¹ Paper money used in Guernsey.

be with him that on our return, when we landed at Icart, he again pushed out, and had his header while we went up to Baker's and prepared a very delicious tea, after which we came back by sunset to the Monnerie, and it was pronounced to have been a perfectly successful day. You may be sure we wished for you. . . . William is, I think, decidedly better and stronger for his sojourn here. He has been here now more than four weeks, and can take quite long walks and a great deal of fatigue and climbing without being overtired. . . . Every one says he looks better.

"It is such a pleasure to me now to realize all your localities so well. I can see your beautiful drive to Yeovil—extensive wooded views—then your dear, little, quiet home. I want to know a good many things. How are the Allotment Gardens? Has your tree of fine apples near the hall door borne a good crop? Were there many flowers in the garden, especially the beds near the Summer-house? I forgot to say that after dinner [this was probably on a day subsequent to the one described above] Lemesurier came, and we went with rope and candles to the Bontiques. All agreed that the difficulty of access was the most interesting part of it. Afterwards we found a small creux terrible at the banquettes, and then home to tea."

My mother adds a few lines to the above:—

"I send my love and thankfulness that you, dear Louisa, and the beloved children are safe at home, well, and beginning the duties and work of your calling with spirit and comfort. We are rather 'tossicated' with foul wind and uncertainty as to getting from this infatuating Isle of Serk. It is rather sad to me. I am not one of the lovers of Serk. Besides, Stephen must go on Thursday. He must go, and I very likely shall not see him again till he goes. Well, it is all right, as the weather is not in our power.—In affectionate love and congratulation to Ralph on his boat, your affect. A. H."

On a separate sheet, Anna's letter is continued:—

"*Friday Evening.*—We have had a day of some excitement. It was settled that Papa, Lord F. [a pupil of my

father], and I should go. We went — the weather very black, the Cutter brim, chock, full. Papa went on board early. I waited for the last boat but one. Dearest Pater sent me back, as he did not like the look of the weather. As we ascended from the Creux [harbour] it got worse and worse, squally and rain, and we became very uncomfortable. We came back to the Monnerie, but Stephen and I soon set off again, regardless of rain, to look out from the Eperquerie. As I caught sight of the foaming sea and the driving squall, which hid all distant objects, my only hope was, as I cast my eye all round and did not see the Cutter (and knowing that as the wind was directly contrary her course must have been to the north), that she had put in to the Eperquerie. You can then fancy our joy at that moment at seeing Pater and Ld. F. close to us. It had been frightful, and the passengers insisted on being put on shore; and well for them that they did, for a large lugger, with only two experienced sailors on board, was obliged to put back, and there were about sixty people in this small cutter."

FROM MY MOTHER TO MY BROTHER JOHN AND HIS WIFE
(about the time of the disturbances in France which
led to Louis Philippe's taking refuge in England).

"*March* 1848.

". . . We are in a state of great anxiety, as you may imagine. This lull will not last long, and what then? The beloved ones at Pau are never out of my mind. We have not had a line since they could have heard the news, and do not know what they resolve on. I hope most earnestly they will return. How could they enjoy travelling or seeing mountains under such circumstances? We have actually had their rooms prepared for them.

"Mrs. P. and her two daughters have been in Paris all this time. They speak of it as anything but peaceful, and are most anxious to get away, but cannot get a porter or a carriage of any description, and talk of following the example of a lady who intends to walk some miles out of Paris to a

village where they can hire a cart. I trust to-morrow's post will bring us some intelligence. . . ."

That anxious time passed off very quietly at Pau, where two of her daughters and her son-in-law were. They all returned safely in August of the same year.

My father, in writing to the same on the same day, says:—

"This is a strong lesson to crowned Heads.

"'Be wise, therefore, oh ye Kings; be instructed, ye Judges of the Earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry and ye perish from the way.'

"It is impossible to say what this will lead to. I quite believe the Provisional Government is sincere in the professed desire for peace, and that they have no wish to interrupt the harmony that has hitherto prevailed in Europe; but if any nation or the whole of Europe should give them provocation, they would call forth such a spirit in the republic as would sweep off whole nations . . . for the combined force of a young nation, fraternized as they are, and fighting for their liberty, no human power could control. Let us then be wise and give no offence, and things so far as we are concerned may go on peacefully, while at the same time I cannot but think that the Rhine ought to be the boundary of France. . . . Oh, it is a stirring time! I quite expect it is leading to a great and glorious consummation, and that Popery will receive its deathblow very shortly. The word of the Lord will now, I expect, more than ever have free course and be glorified. Now it is to be prayed for that God may send Labourers into His Vineyard, for the Harvest is indeed plenteous and the fields are ripe. . . .

"A very nice letter from Cole at New Zealand. The Church on our Lands fills well, and the Estates, both Stephen's and mine, let. Nothing for the first four years, then 3s. for the next four years, then 6s. for the next, and then 10s. for the remainder of the term to 21 years. But, query, shall we ever have a shilling of it? *Dubito*. Farewell, beloved.—Yours,

J. H."

FROM MY MOTHER IN OXFORD TO ANNA IN GUERNSEY

"May 19, 1848.

". . . I had your letter to-day. How kind of you, Darling, not to miss when you were so occupied.

"Are the Deputation gone? How little I like the Low Church party. I suppose you smile and fancy you see Oxford, but Oxford is the place where you never hear either temporal or spiritual views. At least I suppose they do not fancy ladies can take it in.

"Dr. Acland called on Emily yesterday. He is a very nice man, but looked fagged and tired. He has been in London attending Mrs. Liddell, who was given over—the Master of Westminster's wife; she had had a bad fever; the school broke up. He is a very nice man, most amiable-looking. Said Emily was better. . . . Emily asked him, if she continued better, whether he did not think she might stay [here]. He instantly looked grave and most seriously said no. . . . We suggest places. I thought of Budleigh Salterton. It is a sunny little nook; nice walks and lovely country.

"Tender love to Papa, to whom this letter is, as much as to you.

"Ever in much love to all."

In the end Dawlish was fixed upon, with good result.

Here are a few lines from Mary Hawtrey, sister to the Provost of Eton, addressed to Anna. They give a sidelight to the portraits of my father and his brother, our Uncle Stephen. The letter was written during the thirties.

"MY DEAR ANNA,—We have just had a visit from your Uncle and Aunt Stephen, and it gave us great pleasure to see him so well and cheerful. But it is so very long since I had seen him that I really should not have recognized him had I met him out, but sitting by me the tone of his voice and his dress, the exquisite whiteness of his linen, and general nice appearance so strongly reminded me of your dear Father, as well as a tone in his voice, that I was soon at ease with him."

CHAPTER LII

GOOD-BYE TO GUERNSEY . . .

IN 1843 my father was re-elected for another term of five years to St James's Church. His eldest son Montague was now married to Miss Louisa Dobree—one of the fairest of the young ladies of Guernsey—and settled at Rimpton Rectory in Somersetshire. Stephen and John were masters at Eton. One daughter was married to Mr. Daman, Senior Tutor of Oriel College; another, not long after, became the wife of the Savillian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford—Mr. Donkin. An English and Oxford element was introduced thus into our circle in Guernsey, and, moreover, into the pulpit of St. James's Church, through sermons occasionally preached there for my father by his sons, his son-in-law, or friends. Perhaps all this—and certain Calvinistic proclivities of their own—may have tended to make some of the congregation of the church wish for another pastor, and at the third election Mr. Lakes was chosen, and my father left Guernsey.

He felt this very much, and my mother and I, who were with him at the time, did not let him see that in our hearts we were glad. His sons in England wrote him the most filial and loving welcomes to their homes and to their pulpits.

The following letter was written by my father a few weeks after his final departure from Guernsey. With much feeling, though not with ill-feeling, he mentions a lady whose name I do not give, but who I am glad to say in later days was a welcome and happy guest in our English home, and also a young clergyman, whom I call C. R., and whose "paternal" remarks to my dear father he not unnaturally resents.

From my father, at his eldest son's house, to his son Stephen, at Eton:—

"RIMPTON, *Oct. 9th* 1848.

"Thank you, my very dearly beloved Stas, for your most kind letter, and for all the trouble you have taken on my

behalf. The Statement to S. Oxon was correct in the Spirit and principle *in toto*. There were a few little inaccuracies that do not at all affect the great question, such as that Col. de H. told me on the *morning* of the *Voting* that there would be no contest or competition, whereas it was a few days before, but these, being of no moment, do not at all affect the question. . . .

"I find that Montague has had a letter from the Bishop of Winchester . . . disapproving of his having taken the Living in Chilton, he being opposed altogether to the principle of pluralities . . . and he expresses how glad and abundantly satisfied he would be to see me in the possession of either Living! This looks as if our *Επι* wd. not be sorrowful or sad to be saved the trouble of thinking of me at all. Well, well! let me cease from man. . . .

"And now to other things. I enclose two letters which are of deep interest; worthless in themselves, they explain what is yet to be explained. Montague wrote to our friend, A. M. M., to know how it was, and why, that I was rejected. Her answer is enclosed, from which you will see how just your letter to S. Oxon was. You will find that her party had determined that my ministry was not 'a Strengthening Ministry,' and that the *interest* of the Congregation required them to remove me! . . . Mr. P. lost me 6 votes, and you 'Jesuits' a good portion of the rest. Now, from this it is quite apparent that they have deliberated on my experience and the soundness of my faith, and they have determined that I am so defective in both that they must upset me; but still they have a compassionate feeling for my 'eternal interests,' as you will see by C. R.'s note, wherein this amiable minister gives me credit for 'much zeal and honesty of purpose.' Then he goes on with about as extraordinary a declaration as I ever read, from which it does not require Solomon's wisdom to see that I am to be indebted for my *yet to be* conversion and illumination and final Salvation, not to the precious blood of Christ, but to the merciful and compassionate prayers of . . . & Co. . . .

"Well, if ever! If this does not beat all I ever met with

in my life, I make no comment on it. Only that I think in three sermons which God gave me to preach yesterday, two here and one at Chilton, and in which the Gospel came with power and with the Holy Ghost, there was, I believe, something more than 'zeal and honesty of purpose.'

"Well, your old Pater is got low, indeed, when C. R. must Bishop it over him, and give him this affectionate word of parental solicitude at parting. But all these things, dear C. R., are *not* against me, but much in my favour in many ways, and chiefly that the humiliation—and if I were to say *insult* heaped upon me, I should not be very wide of the mark—has not produced an angry or an impatient feeling in my breast in the way of complaining. I will not say that I have not felt it, and felt it deeply too. I feel not only for myself, but for poor Guernsey too, for what is to become of my poor people, my beloved Congregation?

"I was on Saturday at Sherborne and called on Mrs. D., dear pious soul! The Methodist preacher happened to be there—a very sensible and intelligent man, whom I remembered—and speaking of Mr. — he told me he was out and out a thoro' paced Calvinist to the very extremest degree. . . .

"At the same time he quite admitted him to be a good man; and thus matters are, and may God overrule them for good. Keep A. and C.'s letters. . . . Pray, take care of them, but oh! what a system do they not develope. What must Calvinism be, when my conversion 40 years ago and upwards goes for nothing, and all my preachings these years amount to no more than 'honesty of purpose,' and of course I am still in spiritual darkness . . . but come forward, ye of Cornwall and of Wexford, and of Maryboro', and of Salterton, and of Manchester, and of Portsmouth, and of London Road, aye, and of the Heavenly City, Florence Colclough, George Watson, William Watson, and others who I know are there thro' my poor ministry, and say did 'honesty of purpose' get you there, or were you not directed to the precious Blood of Christ, to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. . . . Oh! Calvinism, Calvinism, I abhor thee! . . . and thy well-meant prayers, C. R., will never be answered by

my Conversion to Calvinism. . . . Poor Guernsey ; alas ! for poor Guernsey.

"I leave this on Wednesday to go to Southampton to meet dear Anna and the Maids, whom I shall escort to London, and then by Datchet to Eton.

"All well here. A glorious day yesterday. I never had greater power in Rimpton. I was pleased with the simplicity of Chilton. It blows to-day ; may God grant that it may be fine to-morrow.—Ever, ever yours in love *omnibus*."

I give the following out of several letters addressed to my father on his leaving Guernsey :—

"OAKTREES, GUERNSEY,

Sept. 13, 1848.

"MY DEAR MR. HAWTREY,—I am not gifted with the pen of a ready writer, but under the present melancholy circumstances I am sure you will be indulgent to the feelings of one who deeply laments the ingratitude of a congregation to which she belongs. I have not words to express how much I owe to you ; I have greatly benefitted by your ministry during *ten years*. I feel that after your Sermons I came home with a blessing. God grant that at the last day it may be shown that you were made an instrument through Christ of bringing me to the true knowledge of God. I am deeply, deeply grieved at the loss of such an inestimable minister. The congregation will find you missing when it is too late ; half the congregation, I know, do regret you ; many with tears in their eyes were lamenting over this untoward event in the Court of the Church. I had hoped that I shd. have sat under your ministry for another five years, and I am dreadfully disappointed. Alas ! and lost by such a small majority. Capt. de Sausmarez . . . unites with me in terms of sincerest regard.—I remain, dear Mr. Hawtrez, yours very truly,

JANE MARIE DE SAUSMAREZ."

FROM COLONEL DE HAVILLAND

“MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . To express to you my feelings on the late occurrence would be a difficult task for me at this moment! I trust, however, that something better than words may be done in evidence of the regard of your real friends, and among these I would rank myself.—Yours ever,

“THOS. DE HAVILLAND.”

I cannot give every letter that I come to, though many are touchingly interesting, if for nothing else, because of the warm family affection they display. It almost shames one out of the duty letter-writing one is falling into in these days.

In 1848 Professor Donkin, the husband of our sister Harriet, had to go to Pau with his wife and their second son, then a little infant, and they took me with them, leaving their eldest, Willy, in Guernsey with my parents and eldest sister. My mother said afterwards she could not understand how Harriet Donkin could have left her little son behind her, nor how she herself could have allowed me to go! Emily, at this time married and living in Oxford, was somewhat delicate in health, and my mother went to stay with her. Emily writes on May 17, 1848, to her sisters at Pau :—

“Cannot you fancy how happy I am? As I sit writing I can look up and see, at the same table writing, our beloved Mother, looking so well, and with a sweet, placid smile on her darling face as she writes. . . . She came on Friday, bringing me such beautiful things—a grand turbot that lasted three days, delicious marmalade, eggs, butter, gooseberries, asparagus, wine, tea, cake . . . and such flowers, they are still lovely. And now you may fancy how happily our days go by; always some pleasant little thing to tell or hear. On Monday Mama and I set off to buy chintze to make this Drawing-room a little better looking between us. We have got a beauty, 4½d. a yard. You need not laugh and be pitiful, and think of yours that I daresay was 2s. . . . Then

I bought a gown at 4s., also beautiful, a muslin; then frocks for the children; and you may fancy how pleasant it was having the dear lady's taste. All yesterday morning with the help of a woman we were cutting and contriving the sofa cover." Then she tells how the vacated house of her sister and brother-in-law was visited, and how all was found in order there, and adds: "When shall we be there all together again? Mama and I are going on most happily, and we talk about all my dearest brothers and sisters, and how I hope we shall all see each other this Summer. How very kind it is of dearest Anna to like Mama to stay with me! and it is an inexpressible comfort to me.—Ever, in best love to all four, your loving Sister,

EMILY.

"Charles very well, and very much occupied."

The postage, from Oxford to Pau, is marked 1s. 3d.

CHAPTER LIII

THE FAIR AT BOULOGNE

HERE is a very characteristic letter from my father, dated "Saturday morning, Sept. 14, 1850, Windsor." We had all been spending some weeks at Boulogne, and he, having preceded us by a few days back to Windsor, wrote as follows:—

"RIGHT ENTIRELY BELOVED,—Here I am in my study once more through many mercies, and have not yet broken my fast, but have had intimate acquaintance with Father Thames in company with Jackye. Well, to recapitulate—I went down with my two Doxies[?] and preached to them of the Bon Dieu, to which they cheerfully responded. At the great Douane I drew up and gave them a Lecture as to how and where Jovy was to go to recover his Tea—to enter at the front door, and proceed by the left door, and go to the furthest end of the passage, and the room at the left will contain a Commisionaire who will tell him all about it, will

open a large folio where he will find his precious name and tea registered and recorded, and he may have it and depart with it gratis. Thence I went to the Boat and found I was the only one, and I soon lay down under the auspices of the friendly Steward, and was so thankful to you for letting me go in the best end. *Mem.*—The Boat is the *Lord Warden*, with two chimneys—the best, I believe, that sails; oh! she does cut through in such noble and vigorous style as is delightful, and very good accomodation—sophas below for Ladies. Here comes Marriott from the Prayers; I must go down and welcome him . . . and so I have, and a very pleasant breakfast we had, and we have talked about the new Lodging-Houses in London, which he says are perfect, and the importance of erecting the same in Windsor, and then having settled about to-morrow departed, and I proceed. After lying down a short time, and a minute or two of forgetfulness and lovely thoughts of all of you, and my gratitude to God for my beloved Anna's restoration, I thought I would put my foot once more on the *terra firma* of beloved France, so I got up the ladder—it was then about half-past one. I immediately recognized my friend Sir John . . . who was taking a walk for his amusement. He talked flash; said that two hours' sleep was enough for him; that he had come out to see the boat off, and was aware that I was going in her; that he was an old soldier, at the Battle of Waterloo in the Blues, and wounded; that he was a tall man, and owed it to his living in the coal country; that the Buckinghamshire men were short, and did not come up to his knee, but that his Father, having given him a cup of warm milk every morning till he was six years old, promoted his growth. In the course of these luminous observations, he dropped a word which produced from me reproof. He thanked me, told me how well I read prayers, and begged he might not interrupt me—would come and see me at Windsor; and, as I felt chilly without my great-coat, I bid him good-bye, and remained in the Packet till 25 minutes to 3, when, some passengers having come on board, we were off. The wind blew fresh and there was considerable motion, but how she

did cut through it! I slept some time, and exactly at 4.30—one hour and 55 minutes—the wheels were silent. I soon got all my things inspected and got on shore; no custom house delay. A civil man asked me if I would have a cup of coffee, not in a first-rate house. I cheerfully consented, and for one shilling, with two Englishmen, I had a family breakfast there at 5.30; saw the sun rise, oh! how gloriously; saw the French Coast, Grisnez, distinctly, and the dip into Boulogne. Oh, did not my heart follow my eyes!

“Then to the train, and off in the third; arrived at 10; took a cab, got to Waterloo, and started at 10.25; and did not I astonish the people by saying, at 10.30, I was in France this morning! We arrived at 11.30 at Windsor, and I instantly made for Jackye, who was almost going off to you, not having till that morning got my letter by Mrs. Brunton. Having despatched that letter, I came up here with Jackye, and Fanny, and 2 Miss Procters in the carriage, and showed myself, to Mary’s great delight. Found several unimportant letters for Stephen and Jovy—one from Polly, announcing her arrival by to-day at 3.30; one to Stephen from —, quite loose, and I descried, without breaking the seal, that he asks for extended leave of absence, which I recommend Stas to give him, *sine die*. . . . Of course, Mrs. — found me out, and must have me go over and dine, to meet Colonel S., a *religious* officer, and Capt. A., and Mrs. B. ‘Well, then, sure, you can come in the evening, and all of you’; and sure we cannot; and sure, thought I, will not. No, it won’t do; and I wrote her a note to decline it, which I expect has not pleased, but intimacy there is not profitable. I went down to dear Jackye; found precious Peggy and the dear, darling children. Oh! how beautiful is Willy—not an atom changed; Arthur looking delightfully, and, equally so, Jackye’s little ones; and their delight when I told them of the fair. ‘Cinq sous la pièce! Entrez, Messieurs! Achetez! achetez! Cinq sous la pièce!’ ‘Do it again, Gran’pa; oh! do it again!’ ‘Entrez, entrez, Messieurs! Trois sous le prix fix, cinq sous la pièce!’

“At length dinner, and a delightful day. I had a cold and a very inflamed eye, which I thought might knock me up.

But I put my feet in hot water, and took some whey, and slept beautiful; and got up, and went down and roused up Jackye, and brought him to old Father Thames, who is much colder than the sea. We are all to dine at Jackye's to-day, dear fellow. But, oh Jovy! he is very, very much grieved at your not putting up the 'initials,' which he expects will cost him a guinea; and if it does, I give it against you that you ought to pay it. I am now going to prepare for to-morrow, and then for darling Polly. I read prayers yesterday afternoon. I think of dear Boulogne. Peggy is pleased with Bowness . . . she looks delightfully. And now I must close. Shall I not be looking out for you? And now good-bye. I must instantly close or lose the Post.—Ever, ever, J. H.

"I hope you can make this all out."

It is written almost on tissue paper, the ink shows through, and it *is* difficult to read; but I am not the first who has made it out, with the exception of a word or two. As I said above, it is a letter very characteristic of my father, and I have given it with almost no alteration, though I know the epithets of affection will seem redundant to more self-contained readers.

CHAPTER LIV

KINGSTON SEYMOUR

A LETTER from my father, after the living of Kingston Seymour, in Somersetshire, had been offered to him:—¹

"RIMPTON, Oct. 5, 1850.

"MOST BELOVED ONES,—*Now for it.* I left you; dear Jovy ran up with the book, and all was well; we were off. The down train was waiting for us; I took my seat, and we flew. Nothing of any moment occurred. I timed our going through that opaque Box Tunnel, and found it not

¹ To hold for Mr. George Pigott

more than two minutes and a half. In due time we arrived at Bristol, and the 'bus took me to dear Uncle Stephen, who received me in full dress; evidently grown older, and hair more white and silvery than mine. Mary Anne was looking better for her than I had expected. We soon entered into conversation, and the moment I disclosed, Uncle S. exclaimed, good-naturedly of course: 'Ah, money, money! I see where it is. Money, money!' However, Mary Anne I suppose corrected him for this; for, having gone out of the room for a moment for something in mine, on my return he apologised, and said I was not to think anything of his having said 'Money,' for he did not mean anything by it, poor dear fellow! which I well knew. While we were conversing, a lady called on Mary Anne, Mrs. Pinney, with whom Stephen and I had dined many years previously, whose husband was Mayor of Bristol during the memorable riots. Dear Stephen gave me a very handsome entertainment, and we talked matters over together. He quite liked the prospect, and told me how kindly the P.'s had always spoken of me whenever he had come in contact with any of them.

"We joined Mary Anne after dinner, and, to my great delight, Aunt Sarah had happened that very day to make a morning call. They asked her to dine, which she declined, but very good-naturedly came in the evening, and she heard with great interest of the cause of my coming. Sleep at this time came upon me with such tyrannical force that I had to twist and turn in every possible way to keep him at bay. I read something aloud to them, to which they all three listened with deep attention, and I am confident I was fast asleep as I read, for when I came to the conclusion, I had no more knowledge of what I had been reading than if it had been Arabic. Oh! what I would have given to have thrown my head back for ten minutes! but it could not be. Dear Sarah had ordered her fly at 9.30. I thought the hour would never come, in such a state was I. However, I do not think that any of them perceived it. Well, we parted at length. Sarah told me of her new house, where she is tolerably comfortable, but there is a mysterious distance between the two ladies, wh. my brother

spoke to me of, and wh. he, feeling, deplored—'tis a great pity. I slept well, you may suppose, and met my brother at breakfast, who said to me in conversation, and with an ingenuousness which I feelingly appreciated, that he much regretted that, if I should come to this place, it was not in their power to welcome us with the hospitality he used to do. Mary Anne's illness had cost him so much, and the diminution of his income had reduced them to great straits, so that they no longer could do as they had been accustomed to do, and as they wished. I assured him how little we contemplated anything of the kind, and how much I hoped we should welcome them again and again. At length my fly came, which I took to be in time for an early down train, as I had much before me that day. Dear Peggy's letter was a great comfort, which I received during Breakfast. Uncle Stephen spoke a good deal of the state of the Church, which he viewed as very alarming. He gave me a publication by Mr. Wilson, the Vicar of Islington, which has gone through two editions—an appeal to the Evangelical party in the Church; a very strong and earnest address, and, if he speaks the truth and the sentiments of that party, their cause is in great danger, and they feel it to be so. Well, I left him, having visited Mary Anne, who was not up, and a very comforting time I had with them at prayer, and this truly has been to me a source of the greatest consolation in a matter of considerable moment, my mind is so very peaceful and happy. I felt assured that God would direct me, and having since then definitively taken the step, I can truly say that in my private devotions this morning, at a very early hour, when all around me were asleep, I had as full, convincing, and satisfactory assurance of the Divine approbation on what I have in His fear determined on, as if I had heard an audible voice from Heaven confirming it. And this is most comforting to my own mind, as I am sure it will be to all of yours. God be praised!

“And now I am in the down train, and in less than an hour I am at Weston-Super-Mare. I enquired for the Grove, and was told it was only five minutes' walk. I thought it best to leave my things at the station, and onward I

proceeded. I remembered much of the way, and arrived at the pretty mansion. When I had rung, and waited some time, the door was opened by two young men. One was very tall and thin, with incipient mustachios, evidently encouraged; the other, short and very interesting in his appearance. They well-nigh embraced and all but kissed me. They took me into the Parlour and made me sit down. The short one said he was *George*, the future Rector; the tall one Alfred, the youngest of the sons. George said his Father had told him to express his regret that he had been compelled to go into Bristol that morning, but would be home at dinner; and his poor dear Mother was ill in bed. This was a damper.

“Alfred then said: ‘Don’t you know Father Newman, that good man?’ ‘What, Newman the Apostate! Whatever made you ask me that question?’ ‘Oh, but he is such a good and holy man. Have you read this his last work?’ showing me a book. ‘Not I, indeed,’ replied I. ‘I do not read his books.’ George on this said: ‘My Brother Alfred is a Catholic; he has lately joined their Church!’ Whether to laugh or to cry—to cry, however, was impossible. ‘A Catholic! you a Roman!’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I am’—‘he had lately gone over to them, but he was a very unworthy one’ . . . my astonishment was as great as I opine yours will be. He began at once to speak of the Fathers and the early Church, and then of his having been recently in the 46th Regt., several of whom, he said, knew me, as they had been in Guernsey. . . . Well I quickly left him, to talk with George about Kingston, while I could not but think on the marvellous curiosities and trials which had befallen that Family, and what poor Mrs. P. had gone through. George told me that Edward, now studying the Law, was to join them that day, and that Henry was residing at Brockley Court, agent to his Father, very steady and well conducted, and that John Hugh was coming to them in a few days, with whom they were on very good terms—so that many of the reports we had heard of John Hugh and Henry have been without foundation.

“Alfred, having been introduced to me by George as a

Catholic, now turned the tables on his brother, tho' not apparently with an unkind intention, and said: 'Have you heard of my Brother George's misfortune?' 'No,' said I; 'what misfortune?' 'Oh, that he lost his degree.' Poor George bore the disclosure very well, and replied as well as he could. Continually interrupted we were by Alfred, who was perpetually asking me if I knew this man and that man, and what such a man's opinions were, and so forth, until I endeavoured to stop him by asking him what profession he contemplated. 'Oh, I hope to be a Priest if I am fit for it, but I am a very unworthy Catholic.' Conceive! *Quos Deus vult perdere*, &c. 'Well, my dear George, I greatly grieve that I cannot see your dear Mother, but cannot I go to Kingston?' 'Oh yes, Sir; my Father left me word to take you there, and I will order a Fly. . . . [I may here add that the degree was taken in due time, and "George" succeeded my father as the worthy rector of Kingston Seymour.]

"Dear little Agnes as a pleasant interlude made her appearance, now grown a very nice, pretty girl of 19. She brought her Mamma's kind regards, and hoped to see me in the evening.

"At length the Fly came, and we left poor Alfred and off we drove, and now I began to talk to my young friend. Many questions I asked and many observations I made ministerially, doctrinally, theologically, and *beneficially*—that is, of or belonging to the Benefice—and many questions George put to me; and 'how glad he was that I had accepted his Mother's offer'; that she had so many letters from different persons asking her to give it [the living of Kingston Seymour] to them; but they had all fixed on me, especially his brother Henry, whose love for me, he intimated, was beyond all that could be conceived, and he hoped I would not refuse it. . . . Well, at length he said: 'There, Sir, is the Steeple of the Church, and now you are in your own Parish.' The spire was obvious in the distance, and like all other unpretending village spires; the country perfectly rural, divided into fields, and here and there a house. On we went until at length we came into a somewhat more inhabited

part, but looking far more like a hamlet than a village, when at last we were abreast of the Church, and the old Rectory on the opposite side. The Church is exceedingly old and about as unlike anything pretending to Gothic architecture as may be—white-washed, propped up by buttresses to prevent it falling, and evidently leaning to one side like Pisa's Tower; but oh, how unlike to Pisa! My heart sank. The [ground] around the Church unfenced, and consequently unprotected, on which pigs, sheep and chickens and ducks might luxuriate.

“So small was the sacred Edifice, though amply large enough for what population I had seen, that I thought 100 people would fill it. The Rectorial Mansion looked equally forlorn, while, at the same time, it conveyed an appearance of original importance, and of something which, though now in miserable dilapidation, might once have been imposing. To it we drove, and at the outer gate—a common field gate—we left our Fly. The approach tells us of antiquity; it was built in Edward the 4th's time, and the roses were on the porch, as I understood afterwards, for I did not see them as we entered. On the left-hand side was the Curate's parlour—a small ancient room, very low. The farmer's wife then took us to the upstairs accommodation, which presented two small white-washed bedrooms. We descended, and George asked her to show me the part the family occupied. In going to it we had to cross a large open place, with vaulted roof above, that had formerly been some place for worship in the house, so far as we could judge from its appearance. This brought us to the inhabited part, which consisted of a very inferior kitchen and a stone staircase, spiral, which brought us to three miserable rooms, the ceiling of which I could touch with my head with my hat off. I soon descended and left for the Church, the keys of which had been obtained. What shall I say? What can I? There was an Aisle with some forms in it. Having crossed this, four arches admitted you into the nave, which was pewed with some rather modern pews. There was a small Gallery to the west, and the Chancel was a continuation of the pews, with a modern picture over the Table. Such a Table! The rails

round the Table, the whole of which was about the size of our dining Table *not* carried out to its extremest length, were of an antiquity so great, and yet of modern materials, that they seemed hardly strong enough to allow you to kneel against them, and the straw on which the communicants knelt, of a piece; a Table that no farmer would allow in his kitchen, covered by a cloth that might once have been plush, but was now nearly black, and perfectly worn out. No vestry. I turned away, and went to the pulpit and reading desk, which bore a family and amiable resemblance to the rest. Texts of Scripture adorned the white-washed wall near the ceiling, and this, with the exception of one painted window, such as it was, completed the ornamental part of the structure.

“‘What kind of a congregation have you?’

“‘Whay,’ said the Clerk’s Daughter, my Cicerone and the schoolmistress, ‘soomtaime it be purty full, and soomtaime it bain’t.’

“‘Have you any singing?’

“‘No, there be no singing now; there used to be, but it be left off now.’

“‘And how many children have you under your care?’

“‘Whay, there be purty nigh up to 30.’

“By this time we had left the building. Not a monument, not an indication that any soul slept there in hope of a blessed resurrection, and but a few tombstones outside. George now proposed that I should call on one or two of the parishioners. By the way, we asked the woman at the rectory if there was a vacant house to be had, and she said there was, near the Church, which, indeed, I had observed—a small and insufficient one.

“Entering one or two of the houses, I was introduced by George as the new rector, as he hoped I should be, and certainly I was struck with the simplicity, cleanliness, and courtesy of the villagers. In one house was a sick dying boy of 10 years of age. The poor mother was so deeply grateful for my visit and prayer that this was encouraging. One single small grocer’s shop I saw, but not a butcher, not a baker, not a post-office, not an indication that any one knew in the

place what traffic, commerce, or the busy world could mean. Just about this time George P. said: 'Is it not a very interesting place, Sir? Oh, Sir, I hope you will come to it.' 'George, we must go and see the house that is to be let.' To it we went, and that was enough. Being now perfectly satisfied that a residence in the village was an impossibility, I said to George: 'We must go to Clevedon.' Dear George was quite willing, but we called on one of his Father's tenants first—Farmer Chapman, a good substantial man—and through him we got information of a residence at Clevedon quite suitable; and now we were on our way, myself dispirited enough. Still, it was evident there was work to do in that moral wilderness, for there was a population, tho' dispersed.

"And now we are got to Clevedon—about as great a contrast to the place I had left as can be imagined—and, without any difficulty, found our way to High Cliff House, to which we had been directed, close to the sea, most comfortably furnished, 3 or 4 parlours, 6 bedrooms, 3 for servants, and noble kitchen, with every convenience. The woman would cook and do everything for us. And this about two miles from our—that is, Kingston Church, by the footway; the way we came was 4 miles, the carriage way. Clevedon is very beautiful—capital air. The defect is, the sea is not clear, but muddy-looking; no sandy beach, but shingles and machines. It was now half-past 4, and we had 16 miles to go, and they dined at 7, and a large party. We were in for it, and got home as quick as we could by 7.30, and then had to dress, tho' Mrs. Barbie begged me not, as they had begun dinner, but I was splashed and muddy. At length I was dressed and ushered in. Old Mr. Pigott rose up, and gave me the true old cordial Pigott welcome. Several persons were at dinner. Alfred, the Papist, sitting opposite, beaming upon me with eyes of unutterable love, seemed strongly inclined to run over and kiss me. A very nice, sweet-looking lady on my right. P. began talking about the Living directly.

"'You can't think what a lot of letters my wife had asking for it, but we all chose you. It's the best living in the County; it's near eight hundred a year, and it ought to

be eleven or twelve hundred. You have all the tithes, great and small, and no difficulty in getting them. There is a Glebe of about 80 acres, the finest land in Somerset, let for 50 shillings or three pounds an acre.'

" 'Yes, Mr. Pigott, but what a state the place is in! What a Church; how neglected it is!'

" 'Yes; it's very bad. The place be good for nothing but to make money, but you'll do great things; they'll all come and hear you. You be like St. Paul, you know I always told you, only he was short, I believe, and you be so tall. You must have an organ, and I'll subscribe; but it must not be a scrape—I do hate that; it must be a finger.'

" 'But can't we do something for the Church if I should come? Surely, if the people are so rich and well-off, that would not be difficult.'

" 'Aye, but they do love their money so much. You must get at their wives, and they must get round their husbands. They be to be tickled like Trout.'

"Dinner was at length finished. Mr. P. went on talking of the wealth of the living, which he insisted was near £800 a year, but his sons, for Edward was there, declared it was no such a thing, and that five was nearer the mark. But P. could not be beat off—he knew better, and gave many reasons to prove it could not be less. However, he gave in by striking at the happy medium of £700 per ann. After dinner he helped himself to a glass of wine, and then, with his eyes open, fell fast asleep, keeping four decanters of wine in bond for three-quarters of an hour. . . .

"I discovered that the lady next me was Miss Earle, who said she had called on us when we lived in Hans Place. Her brothers were old Etonians. One had been captain, I believe, and one, younger, had been at Jack's house. Miss P. now arose from the table, and old P. bolted, and no doubt went and took a good, solid, substantial nap. The gentlemen then for the first time began to complain that they had not had a glass of wine, and earnestly entreated Edward to send it round. After they had enjoyed it a short time, I left them, to join Mrs. P. in the next room, and to my great disappointment

found the with-drawing-room empty, and learnt from Mrs. Barby that the ladies were gone up to bid Mrs. P. good-night, who was too poorly to come down. . . . Presently the ladies came down, the Gentlemen made their appearance, and we had tea. After tea I heard the piano in the next room, into which we all went. Seated at the Instrument was a young man, who, after he had run over the keys in a masterly way, began to sing, and, to my utter surprise, in a treble voice; still it was falsetto, but showed that he knew how to sing, which he did marvellously well. I concluded he was one of the Oxford Graduates who had attended more to music than to reading, for he evidently knew what he was about. It was an English air, delightfully sung. I asked young Pigott who it was. 'Mr. Foster,' said he.

"'What!' said I; 'was he ever at S. George's, Windsor?'" 'Yes,' said he. And then I discovered the early Paragon of excellence now transmuted into the young man of distinction. I instantly, when he had finished, went and told him what pleasure it gave me to see him again, and to hear him, to whom I had often listened with pleasure. He was very courteous, remembered me quite well, and asked most feelingly after Stephen, &c.; then he returned to the Instrument, and the apparent foreigner opened his mouth, and here was another prodigy. Well, if he did not sing with a sweetness and power and execution equal to the very finest of artists! Then Miss Pigott, a perfect singer, and Edward too. Oh, that you had been all there! It was as choice an impromptu concert as I had ever listened to, and your contribution to it would have greatly enriched it. Trust Mr. P. for having anything but of the first order. The foreign gentleman was an amateur of the name of Radford or Redford, and painted, I was told, as well as he sang. The party—it was now near midnight—were separating. Dear George had been lamenting to me that there was no family prayer since his mother's illness, and he could not obtain it. I asked him if he could not collect some of the family now, but he said they were all so busy, and it was so late, he did not think it was possible, and so, indeed, I thought myself. Well, they now dispersed, and old P. asked

me to come into his library and take a glass of ginger-beer, which I accepted, and George and the others came also, Edward, and Alfred the Roman. Mr. P. began talking of the value of the living, when I interrupted him by saying that was precisely the objection to it in my mind; that the association of filthy lucre with the work of Christ I considered dreadful, and I could not think of coming to that place on those terms; that I was now occupied in a place where there was a very great sphere for usefulness, but what was I to do in such a place as Kingston Seymour?

“P. replied with a seriousness and force which I had never before beheld in him, and said to the effect that if God made me that offer he did not see why I should refuse it. If I had asked for it, as so many others had, it would have been altogether different, but I had not done so. There were many souls in that Parish in the very lowest state of ignorance and darkness, and God sent me there to convert them; and so on, in a way I really had not expected from him. And when I thought that this was only for 3 years, it did, on reflection, seem over-scrupulous to refuse an opening which might certainly lead to invaluable results, and why might I not look on it in that light, as that God was with me in this offer, which might be very useful to us in many ways? and all the difficulty of a residence was met by our living, with the full leave of the Bishop, at Clevedon . . . at once a house to your hand, large enough to hold all our family without any inconvenience. . . .

“At length, at past one, we finally separated, and fatigued I went to bed, but slept poorly. In the morning George came to me, who clings to me as if I was his Father—I believe it would almost break his heart if I were not to go there. ‘Well, George, are they ready for Prayer?’ ‘I will get some of them, Sir, but they are very busy.’ So he went down, and dear George collected three servants and himself, and that was our morning’s congregation. Still it was an acknowledgement of God, which I know was pleasing to Him. Just as we finished young Foster and Mr. Radford made their appearance, and expressed their regret at being too late for our Prayers, but

Mr. P. had told them $9\frac{1}{2}$, and that was exactly the time. Miss P., a really sweet girl, did not make her appearance. Mrs. Barby made breakfast for us. Young Alfred made a sad complaint that some one had been into his room and had carried away his Crucifix. This led to a controversial discussion. Mr. P. talked quite gaily of his son's having turned Roman. It seems he was present at his boy's reception, and that he feasted with them on the occasion, and said: 'They do give you plenty to eat and to drink.' He constantly adverted to his being himself a Unitarian, but he had no objection to any one following his own inclination, believing that all ways were equally acceptable with God.

"After breakfast I prepared my things, and Mrs. Barby came about half-past ten and said Mrs. Pigott was ready to receive me, and downstairs I went, and found dear Mrs. Pigott and Agnes alone in the library. She was very pale and altered, much older, but looking exceedingly interesting and as if she well knew what sorrow was. She gave me the most affectionate and Christian welcome, and now for the first time I had something like a sober and serious conversation. She was exceedingly anxious for my accepting, and appeared to think it might be advantageous to her own family, and to Henry residing at Brockley Court, who appears to be very much attached to me, and strongly recommended my being offered it. I asked her about her having said it would require me to live in the Parsonage, when there was none. She admitted that; but thought some other house might have been obtained; and it was, I think, done with a view to saving me expense. . . . Mr. P. now came in, and we said everything about dilapidations; and that whatever improvement I might make, George should enter into a bond to repay me should he ever come into possession; 'and perhaps he never may, for he mayn't live, or he may change his mind; and then if you do live as old as Methuselah, no creature can take it from you—it will be yours as long as ever you do live.' His idea seemed to be that of completely rebuilding the Rectory. Dilapidations could only be claimed as to the present circumstances of the house, and that would

not exceed more than a few pounds comparatively. I do think, to a person living there out and out, it would be quite *tanti* to rebuild the Rectory, leaving the walls as they are, so as to preserve the present exterior of the House. The Church, also, must be thoroughly put in order, and Schools built; and it will be a blessed thing to make that moral desert bloom and blossom as the rose.

"Mr. P. said he believed there were persons in that parish who did not know the meaning of the word 'God,' and that the Bishop, to his certain knowledge, did not know there was such a place in his diocese, for he had told him so. Much he added respecting manorial rights, which the Rector is privileged to have, and at length we parted; he telling me how his sons loved me, and what a blessing it would be to his son Henry to have me living near him, and that he should go over and hear St. Paul preach, and that all the people from the neighbouring parishes would come and overflow the church to hear St. Paul, and there'd be nothing like me!!

"Poor man; to all this I had to listen, and he bid me farewell, begging me, as did dear Mrs. P., to make their kindest regards to all of you, and, whenever I came there, his home was open to me. And so I left him. George came with me in their carriage to the station. Oh! how he clung to me. He met at the station an Oxford friend of his, who took a second-class, and told him he much wished for a title to where there was Daily Service. He is a remarkably nice young man. More of him when we meet. He is to be ordained in Lent. A good name—Stillingleet of Brazen-nose. Poor dear George asked if he might venture to call on Emily and Harriet at Oxford; I feel much for him. And now, farewell. I have been writing for six hours, and am fairly tired. Adieu."

It was in 1850, or the end of '49, that Mrs. Pigott of Brockley Hall, in Somersetshire, had asked my father if he would hold the living of Kingston Seymour, near Yatton. My father agreed. There was, as his letter tells, no available

Rectory at Kingston Seymour, and, after spending a few months at Clevedon, my father took—what we all preferred to that pretty watering-place—a small country house, Claverham Court, about three miles from his parish. He had two carriages—a “Coburg,” as it was called, and a phaeton. The former was the one commonly used to take him and others of us over to the parish.

In the winter of 1851, we all went to stay with Stephen at Church House, which had been built by him at Windsor that same year.

My father had remained behind at Claverham for Christmas day, and his servant, by name George Odell, was in attendance upon him. And here there follows a letter from my father to the family at Windsor, which will partly explain itself. He had been in treaty with a clergyman, who was to have taken the duty for him at Kingston Seymour—Mr. Lousada. And two other names are mentioned in the letter—Mr. Symes, a very good kind friend and neighbour, a clergyman; and Mr. Barnard, a much younger man and Rector of the parish in which Claverham was situated.

My father's letter is as follows:—

Scene—My Dressing-room. Time, 9 o'clock A.M.

Dramatis personæ :

Revd. J. H.

|

George Odell.

Enter George Odell,—“Sir, there's a gentleman, a clergyman below, wants to see you.”

“Who is he?”

“The gentleman that's come to do duty for you, sir.”

“Oh, my; here's a pretty business.”

[*Exit* George Odell.]

Scene—Breakfast parlour.

Dramatis personæ :—

Revd. — Lousada.

Revd. J. H.

Enter J. H.

J. H. beholds a respectable clergyman with a disposition, a leaning, to a Puseyite coat.

J. H. "I am exceedingly concerned, sir, at the trouble you have taken. Did you not receive a letter from me?"

L. "No, sir." (With a lowish, sonorous, Oxford voice) "None."

J. H. "Dear me, sir, I wrote to you to say that through the letter from yourself to Mr. Prichard not having reached me until yesterday, I had made my arrangements, and requested you not to trouble yourself to come over. You should have got that letter last night; are there not two deliveries in Bristol?"

L. "Yes."

J. H. "What time did you leave this morning?"

L. "I left home at 7 o'clock" (in the dark, in depth of winter!)

Och hone! J. H.'s heart softens. The tall, respectable, Oxford-looking man has got a cold, he has walked all the way from the station, there being no Coburg there. Och hone!

J. H. flies to the sideboard, on which he happened to have deposited some money, takes up a sovereign and a shilling, immediately presents it to the Oxford-Pusey-looking man.

J. H. "Allow me, sir, to request your acceptance for the trouble you have taken!"

Oxford-Pusey Lousada. "No, sir, thank you; it was a mistake."

"Pray, sir, sit down and let me give you breakfast. Ah, sir, I see we sadly want a lady" (breakfast very scanty, for Xmas—a stale loaf of bread, butter, and tea. Bell rung).

"George, get something hot, tell Mrs. Wall."

J. H. continues to go over the same ground and breakfast

goes on. George brings in a steak, which is incorporated, but without appetite on either side. J. H. takes some medicinally. The morning frosty. He has already seen a parcel in white paper placed on the breakfast table. He opens it.

[Some warm-hearted words follow, which I will not suppress; though truly and sadly feeling how little my share in them, alas! was deserved.]

“Who, where is the Father who can look abroad, look around with a deeper consciousness of the honour he possesses as a parent, than the father of such daughters and such sons, and sons-in-law.” Breakfast has progressed; general subjects, Oxford, his position; learnt he had been for some two years the curate of Mr. Paul, the Incumbent of St. Augustine’s, who had resigned that post, preferring the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand, whither, at the age of 55, with wife and four daughters, he had gone, his wife (noble and illustrious woman, like another Lady Macbeth) having persuaded him thereto.

J. H. “George, get the coburg,” but previously, “well, sir, what do you propose?”

“Oh, to go with you.”

“Be it so.”

George. “Coburg ready, sir.”

We are in it and off, and we arrive at Kingston Seymour. . . . There being but one surplice, J. H. had not a second to offer to the Oxford-Pusey clergyman. The Church very fairly full, and modestly ornamented with sprigs of holly. The service went on. J. H. had no time to enquire about the Christmas Hymn, and so he gave out the first to Arlington, and chose an appropriate one for the second. The Communion was administered to 22, J. H. and L. not included. J. H. then exchanged a friendly word with the Denmeads, called on George Beauchamp, heard there were no casualties, all right and well, and so he returned with L.

“On our arrival—I now continue without the Drama—I found on the table two letters, one from F. and

one from Mr. W. There was also the enclosed note from dear Symes [it was an invitation to my father to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Symes] not over-welcome, for I would have preferred solitude, and besides I had a really good Christmas dinner, a nice piece of roast beef and your delicious pudding. I made L. acquainted with the note, and he urged me to accept it, and said he should only lunch with me, for he dined at home at six, and Symes' hour was precisely the hour of his going by train. So I gave in. Well, our delicious dinner came in. L. walked into it pretty generously, considering it was a luncheon. I, like a fool, who was really hungry, played with my knife and fork, and let our admirable Christmas fare pass away nearly untouched; but I cannot eat two dinners, and I gave the benefit to dear Symes. After lunch we discussed a little the future. He said he could help me a few Sundays, and I said I would call upon him on Saturday and finally arrange, but that as I was in correspondence with Mr. Dunn I could not then finally decide. I liked his spirit, and found nothing in his conversation objectionable. He is looking out for something near London, where his friends live. I took an opportunity of saying that though he would not accept any remuneration for his intended services, he must allow me to offer him for his travelling expenses, and I put half a sovereign into his hand, which he courteously accepted; and now it was time to go. So I took him to the train, and off he went, . . . and now I am at Symes's. The first thing the dear lady did [she was very deaf] was to say, with a screaming expression of emphasis—

“You are not to expect a Christmas dinner, for our dinner to-day is in the kitchen, and we have scraps. I always make the kitchen the dinner on Christmas day.’

“I got over this announcement pretty well, but—I thought of my own beautiful dinner, when I had an appetite, which went away untouched nearly. . . . We then spoke of my being here. . . . I spoke about the evening service, which I had not any intention of attending, and Symes said he did not always make it a rule to go, though sometimes he did; that there was always a large congregation there, and

that it was introduced by his predecessor, Mr. Clarke; and just then a messenger came from Mr. Barnard for Symes' candlesticks, immense golden ones, for the Communion Table as the Church was to be lighted. And then the thought came into my mind, why not go to church this evening, it will be a mark of respect and good feeling to Mr. Barnard, and I will go. So I told Symes, 'Well, I think I will go this evening.' He intimated that it was not at all necessary, though he rather seemed of the two to like it. And now the dinner came—a boiled fowl and a Don Pedro pudding. When it was over and the time was come for Church, we proceeded, and then and not till then it occurred to me, what if he should ask me to preach; but he won't, and at all events I am utterly unprepared. Still, I thought it well to tell Symes, who intended going to the vestry, that should Barnard say anything, he was to tell him that it was quite useless to ask me to preach, as I had gone without note or preparation whatever. He intimated there was no fear, for that the service would be begun. However, he forgot my message, it seems, or chose not to attend to it, for the service had not commenced, and on his entering into the vestry he said (I am sure by the way he recounted it to me afterwards) *significantly*, 'Mr. Hawtrey is in the church.' 'Mr. Hawtrey, is he? He must preach.' (Generous Barnard.) I had not entered my pew when a respectable man approached me.

" 'Mr. Barnard will be glad to see you, Sir, in the Vestry.' I of course, somewhat agitated, followed him—the Church looked really beautiful—well lit up, festoons tastefully arranged, and Christian ornaments, and filling fast, people looking at me, following my leader. I am now in the Vestry; instantly, with the most polite, courteous, and really *affectionate* address, Mr. Barnard accosted me, naughty Symes standing by. 'My dear Sir, I am truly glad to see you; I did not know you were here. I must request you will kindly preach for me'—to that effect.

" 'Impossible, my dear Sir; I am utterly unprepared.'

" 'No, you are always prepared.'

" 'I have not a note, nor anything to assist me.'

“ ‘You want no note.’ Naughty Symes, egging him on: ‘He has it all in his head.’ Barnard: ‘I never had the pleasure to hear you. I must request—my congregation are very plain, simple people—indeed, my dear Sir, I hope you will not refuse me.’

“Now, the fact is, I really was somewhat embarrassed, for my sermon in the morning did not seem appropriate for the occasion, and tho’ I had a nice sketch at home and one that would have suited me very well, yet I could not remember anything of the plan or mode of handling it that would have done, so I still fought off, and *they*, for faithless Symes was as urgent as Barnard, pressed me the more vehemently, and as I felt this was not my own seeking and that God had often remembered me in my low estate, my resistance was more feeble; more vigorously attacked, I gave in. I said:

“ ‘You must take the consequences.’

“ ‘Oh yes,’ said kind, good-hearted Barnard, ‘I am quite willing to take the consequences.’ ‘Oh yes,’ chimed in faithless Symes, ‘he’ll take the consequences.’ And behold me now in my gown, which Barnard attired me with, and bands (and with almost filial kindness and affection), on to my pew, every eye fixed on me. Barnard to the reading-desk, service began. I do verily believe the news went forth into the village, such lots of people came in after the service was well on. I had nothing for it but to meditate on my morning sermon, but it would not do. I knew it would be a lame business and a failure; what could I do. Service went on, ‘Proper Psalms for this evening’s service—the 89th,’ &c.

“The 89th? I have a text. I rapidly turned to the 89th and found it—that will do!

“*Ευρεκα, ευρεκα*, Laus Deo, Verses 14, 15, 16. [‘Thou hast a mighty arm, strong is Thy hand and high is Thy right hand. Righteousness and equity are the habitation of Thy seat, mercy and truth shall go before Thy face. Blessed is the people, O Lord, that can rejoice in Thee, they shall walk in the light of Thy countenance’].

“I soon got into the right train, sweet thoughts presented

themselves to my mind, and by the time the prayers and hymn were over, I was pretty well prepared. The singing was very fair, one voice remarkably good—and now I am in the pulpit. I began with the collect, the 7th after Trinity, and then having commenced made an allusion to the sweet sound of the church bells which I had heard at break of day that morning, ushering in so delightfully the blessed fact of that day (these were not the words, for I was most happy in the way the thought was expressed), and then went on to the other sound; showed from Luke xxiv. 44, that the Psalms were full of the Gospel, [*'All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Law of Moses and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms'*] that the sound was not only literally applicable to the year of jubilee, but to the Gospel, which was the joyful sound, as it was an exhibition of the—1st, Justice of God, 2, Judgement, 3, Mercy, 4, Truth.

“II. How was it to be known; how was the trumpet sound to be known. 1 Cor. xiv. 8 [*'If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle'*] it must be heard, listened to attentively, understood.

(“Much enlargement).

“III. How blessed to walk in the light of God's reconciled countenance—(Liberty).

“2. In His name rejoice all the day. (More enlarged, holy liberty.)

“3. In Thy righteousness exalted from earth to Heaven.

“Perfect freedom, yoke more than easy, burden indeed light.

“One hour to a minute.

“We met in the Vestry. Thanks many from dear, kind Barnard. Symes giggling. ‘I told you,’ said I, ‘you must take the consequences.’

“‘Consequences,’ somewhat gravely replied Barnard, ‘I shall be happy to receive advice and instruction from you.’

“We parted at the Vicarage, as he was afraid of coming to Symes' for tea.

"This morning the bath perfect;¹ full, flew over hatch, clear to the bottom, delicious. . . . To-morrow I go to Bristol and shall see Lousada and my brother. Many, many thanks for the delightful letters of this morning. . . . Send this off with the last to dear Montague, remember him in solitude. . . . And now farewell. . . . I have not time to read this . . . in ever dear love to you all.—Ever your PATER."

CHAPTER LV

WINDSOR AND CLAVERHAM

WHILE we were living in Somersetshire near my father's parish, Kingston Seymour, visits were paid from time to time to my brother Stephen's house in Windsor. While here my father ministered to those whom perhaps he regarded as the "brothers-in-arms" of his early days—the troops stationed in Windsor. He took the deepest interest in them, and his feeling was returned. More than once they showed this by gifts. At the close of his life, by the memorial which they placed in Trinity Church, and in other ways.

My sister Anna in the following letter gives an account of the presentation to my father of a beautiful Communion service, to be used in ministering to the sick.

"9 CLARENCE ROAD, WINDSOR,

"*June 29th* [probably 1852]

"MY DEAREST EMILY,—Now for a beautiful story. Some days ago Papa, Stephen, and Henry were invited to dine with the officers of the Life Guards; but a previous engagement obliged them to refuse. Colonel Williams then wrote to Stephen to say the officers were so very anxious that they should dine with them before they went, that they begged he would fix a day for their doing so. He fixed Thursday (yesterday) without an idea of anything more being intended.

¹ In the end of December! It was a large square hollow, scooped out in a field near the house over a spring.

They went. Dr. Hawtrey (Provost of Eton), and John, with themselves, were the guests. It was the first time Papa had dined with the Life Guards. The difference to him, from what the mess in his time was, was as striking as it was gratifying. If it had been a Visitation Dinner, it could not have been more correct, and the conversation quiet and sensible. . . . Dinner passed off most agreeably, and at dessert the door opened and a sight almost overpowering presented itself. Fourteen of the finest men that ever were seen, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Life Guards, marched majestically into the room, and formed a semicircle. The Corporal Major then advanced towards Pater with a morocco case in his hands, and, bowing, said with simple dignity—

“ ‘Reverend Sir, I am desired by the non-commissioned officers and Private men of the Second Life Guards to request your acceptance of this piece of Plate in token of their gratitude for the interest you have shown for their spiritual welfare since your residence in Windsor. That you may be spared for many years, and have health and happiness to enjoy them, is the sincere desire of the Second Life Guards.’ ”

“ You may guess what were Papa’s feelings.

“ He answered in a most feeling and interesting speech, especially alluding to his gratification at the selection they had made. It was a most beautiful Sacramental Service, and that he hoped, in administering from that service, the consolations of religion to many, he should never use it without remembering and praying for the Second Life Guards (my father had risen, and of course gave his speech standing). After a little the Colonel ordered a glass of wine to each of the men to drink Papa’s health, and then they left the room. The officers then spoke with the greatest interest of the way in which this had entirely originated with the men. For several weeks it had been their great object of interest, and tho’ ordered some time ago, it had only arrived one hour before dinner, and that they had all, officers and men, been in a state of the greatest anxiety lest it should not arrive in time. . . . The officers also spoke to Harry of the very great interest, the almost wonderful effect that Pater’s religious instruction had upon the men, both

in the Hospitals, the Prisons, the private instructions in the Barracks, and the public in Church. Stephen's health was then proposed with many kind expressions—'Our Chaplain.' He made a beautiful speech, as you might imagine, expressing his feeling at seeing his honoured father so honoured, and he took that opportunity for thanking the officers for the stained glass window which they had given to the Church. Then Dr. Hawtreys health was proposed, and he made a very elegant speech, alluding to Papa, to the Army, to Eton. . . . That though Montem was done away, he hoped there would be every third year a grand fourth of June to assemble old Etonians, and as the next was the 3rd since Montem, he requested every one present to dine with him on the next fourth of June, as a remembrance of this, the happiest day of his life (not that exactly, but something to that effect).

"I tell you all this second hand, so, of course, it is not perfectly correct. Stephen says:—'The only thing is, I have not done half justice to the whole. The Corporal Major's address was much more beautiful than I have made it.'"

FROM MY FATHER

"Claverham, Monday, Oct. 13, '51.

"BELOVED ANNA,—I am home again, and have learned this day that you and I, and Stas, were under the same crystal roof last Saturday! I was recognised by more than one—Mr. Bishop and his daughter, and a friend who knew every object in the place worth seeing, so that I was very advantageously led to the Californian Gold, the Negro Girl, and the American Reaping Machines—the 3 principal new additions since I was last there. The Negro Girl is to the very life, and, as I have seen them in the West Indies, I can attest to the wonderful accuracy of the likeness. . . . We had a very good day at K. S. yesterday. . . .

"Do not you think you ought to propose to Elizabeth to stay with her for some days, for she must very severely feel the loss of poor Laura. . . . I had a beautiful letter from D. H. to-day, enclosing the Inscription for poor Laura. Ever your loving
PATER."

FROM MY FATHER AT CLAVERHAM TO MY MOTHER
AT OXFORD (probably in 1851 or 1852)

“*Thursday.*

“MOST BELOVED,—Many thanks for the welcome letters of yesterday and to-day. I rejoice in your happiness, at which, indeed, I do not and cannot wonder. I went yesterday to K.[ingston] S.[eymour], and did good work, I trust. . . . I swam through the ice this morning, and took my header. . . . Flora’s garden finished and looks very nice. This is a really lovely place, and the two fillies are cropping before the windows. Yes . . . Darling Polly must come at Easter, and my own *ως δ’οτ*. I gave the flannel to Beauchamp and the shawl to Meads, and called on the amiable couple—the Veteran Brother and Sister—who were so thankful for your remembrance of them.

“We had a happy season¹ up above last evening, and now my work is done until Sunday. . . . Adieu, in dearest love to you all. Yours,
J. H.”

The following letter from my mother to my father was written on her birthday—November 25, either in 1851 or 1852:—

“MY DEAREST LOVE,—I received your most loving letter this morning, with your handsome present, and unbounded wishes for my good and happiness in this life and in the life to come. I earnestly pray that all your desires for me may be accomplished, and that the latter end of our long journey together may be blessed above any other portion. Though I call it a long journey, it seems but as a weaver’s shuttle swiftly passing. How blessed we are in our beloved sons and daughters. We only want you and dearest Nancy to make up our enjoyment, with the other dear ones in the course of the winter. Do not you think, my dearest love, you could give them a day at Oxford; I am afraid they will

¹ I think this refers to a cottage lecture and prayer meeting that my father held near his house at Claverham, with consent of the Vicar of the parish.

be very sad if you do not. . . . Trusting to see you so soon,
Beloved, I remain, ever your true and loving wife, for nearly
48 years. Ever, ever yours, A. H."

FROM MY FATHER AT CLAVERHAM TO THE FAMILY
AT WINDSOR

"*July 8* [1851, or 1852].

"DEARLY BELOVEDS, ALL,—I have little to say, except that I am too busy to go to K. S. to-day, and that I do not find, from Ann Davis, there is anything particular to require it. . . .

"A letter to-day, and a pair of black kid gloves, in memory of the decease of John Hugh Smyth Pigott!!

"I slept poorly last night, but had a delicious dip this day—the bath is considerably colder than the Thames.

". . . I conclude there is and will be a very great fall in the French Securities, but only for a time—when Russia has got a good and well-deserved licking, they will get up again. Meanwhile, let us trust in God, and walk with God in the beauty of holiness, and all will be well. . . . Mr. Gregory has sent me no meat, and it is now 3½ and nothing in the house, so I am not likely to dine much before bed-time. Never mind, all is well. Adieu, most beloved ones; may God come with you, preserve and bless you by the way, and for ever. Amen and amen. Your ever affect. J. H."

FROM MY FATHER AT CLAVERHAM TO MY MOTHER
AT WINDSOR (perhaps in 1851)

"*SOLITUDE, July 10th.*

"MY BELOVED,—We have had much rain, and my poor hay looks aught but gay. 'Tis very sad, and looks so bad. . . . I was very glad to see your handwriting, for it looked so friendly, and, much as I value a letter from dearest Anna, yet yours, my precious love, must ever take precedence of all others in this world, except those written by Paul, Peter, James, and John. And now, adieu, in dear love, to you all. —Ever your most affecte. J. H.

"You will let me know by what train on Monday, but should the weather be unfavourable, stay till it is fine, I beg, for this is very unsociable in wet weather. And, pray, when you come, bring the first two numbers of 'Bleak House' if you can find them. I hope you had all a happy day at the Grand Lodge yesterday. . . .

"Farewell, adieu—to be good is to be happy."

FROM ANNA TO OUR MOTHER

"CLAVERHAM, *Saturday Evening* [probably 1851].

"MY DEAREST MAMMA,—Uncle Stephen lying on the sofa, Aunt Mary Anne sitting in the window, Papa on the Lawn, rolling the newly cut turf. I say: 'Well, I think I will write a few lines to Mamma.'

"'Ah yes, do,' said Uncle Stephen. 'And tell her it is too much—all enjoyment, all treat, all feast from morning to night, no fast, one pleasure after another. It is all pleasure.'

"Aunt Mary Anne adds: 'And say as I was driving in the carriage I was taken up by thinking of two things: First, your great kindness in procuring me so much enjoyment, and, second, the goodness of God in giving me health and strength to accept it all.'

"To-day we drove to Kingston Seymour, and she was able to get out of the carriage and go over the Church, which was a very great pleasure to her.

"Uncle Stephen said, after Papa offered the £500, that his affectionate note had done them much more good than £500. And when I said, with reference to Papa's offer, we wanted them to be more than 'not inconvenienced for money,' they both said: 'Not another word; it is a great thing to have a Banker!' 'But,' said I, 'if you never draw upon him, of what use is he?'

"I am sure it is exceedingly good of them and generous, seeing how much poorer they have become, and how much richer we are since that took place. However, they insist upon it, that the subject shall not be alluded to ever again unless, as they say, they should be in want, and then they will ask.

"Uncle Stephen expounds every evening, and very good and interesting it is. He is so simply and humbly good, and so devotional in feeling.

"Aunt M. A. breakfasts in her room. We dine at two, then they all rest till half-past four, when we drive. At half-past six or seven we have tea, at nine prayers, and soon after they go to bed. He is so very guileless, there is much that is very beautiful in his character, and it is a real enjoyment to me to contribute to their pleasure. . . .

"Ever your affectionate

ANNA."

The following letter must have been written in the autumn of 1853. We had been for part of the summer at Tenby, and my father had a slight accident there. He slipped on grass and hurt his shoulder. He alludes to it in his letter, which is only dated

"YATTON, *Monday*.

"Thank you much, dear ladies, for your letters directed right by one who never does anything but what is right.

"Thank you for your kind sympathies about my arm. It is no better; but I ventured into the bath for the first time to-day, with some hesitation, as I had only one arm to swim with, and I managed famously and sponged the left shoulder, and perhaps that may eventually do it good. . . . I can safely say I have not been either imprudent or improvident ["I do not think," he had said in another part of the letter, "that I spend £20 a year on myself"], and I know that the sums I have yet to pay for the Taff Aberdare Line, the Waggon Shares, and the Law Reversionary, are very valuable and safe: and I think we may have, when all is paid, £700 a year; but that will be the outside. And if Stephen would sell or let the Church House, and I could get a Curacy of £100 a year with a house, we might do very well for the few remaining years of our life, and when you have the disposal of my income, see if you will do better with it than I have. . . . We had two very important occasions at Kingston [Seymour] yesterday.

"We have a lovely day to-day, and I would have you, by all means, continue at Penally. I cannot, on any account,

allow Anna to leave you. I am well off, with kind friends around me; and, Blessed be God, all is well. . . . It has rained, but is now improving. I take a present to poor dear Stephen of French beans, turnips, potatoes, a chicken, and some bacon. . . . And, now, good-bye.

"I conclude by the increased pain in my arm and shoulder, it must be rheumatism confirmed, coming and going as the weather comes and goes; it is very smart just now, but all is well. . . .

"Ever and ever yours,

J. H."

My father went abroad with his sons one summer while we were at Claverham (1851-53). After his departure my mother wrote as follows to her eldest daughter:—

"Dearest Papa is now off, but was so nervous the last hour that I felt most thankful that he had beloved sons to travel with him. I got agitated, and was very thankful to get the nice messages he sent back by my Flo, who went with him to the station. I trust he will be protected and blessed by the God whom he loves above all. I wrote a few hurried lines by him, with a bag for Stephen's 5-franc pieces. I trust he also has got into good spirits at the thought of this little travel. I suppose we shall suffer as to our share of the dear fellow's company. . . . Of course, I know he will want quiet to prepare for the next school-time, and do not let any of my children think that a selfish sight of them, when they have duties, should stand in their way. But it is different with respect to Harry. I consider it of real importance he should be here for the 15th. You will be welcome, my darling, at any hour you gladden our eyes. . . ."

One or two anecdotes of my dear father may be appropriately given here.

A little grandson of his, with his parents and others of the family, was staying with us at Claverham, from whence the foregoing letter was written. This little boy, who was both intelligent and very obedient, used to be closeted with his

grandfather day by day for half-an-hour or so, which did not occasion any special remark.

After about a fortnight, perhaps, of this intercourse, my eldest sister, Anna, was instructed by our father that at the evening meal on the same day she was to lead the conversation to the moonlight, and to Milton's lines upon it. We were all seated at the table, my father's little grandson (whose name Henry was abbreviated into Henny) on his right. Henny's father and uncle, both of them Oxford dons, and my two sisters, their wives, were at the table—my brother John, an Eton master, and the rest of us.

"How beautiful the moonlight is to-night!" said my father.

"Yes," responded my sister; "like those lines of Milton—

‘How sweetly sleeps the moon on yonder bank!’”

"And," said my father, "there are some lines by Homer on the same subject. Do you recollect them, Charles?" addressing the child's father, sometime Fellow of Oriel. "No," answered he, "I can't say that I do." My father appealed to his other son-in-law, a double Classman and Savilian Professor of Astronomy. "Can you recollect them, Donkin?" The answer again was "No." The Eton master was applied to, with no better result. Then my father turned to the little boy beside him and said: "Henny, do you remember those lines?" Without hesitating or missing a word he began and repeated the lines throughout—

“ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστροι φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ·
ἐκ τ' ἔφανε πᾶσαι σποπιαὶ καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ.
πάντα δὲ εἶδεται ἄστροι, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.”¹

The effect on all the party may be imagined—the amusement, the *surprise*, the gratification to the child's parents. It was delightful at the time, and delightful to look back upon, now,² when that good and docile child is himself an Eton master!

¹ HOMER, *Iliad*, viii. 555-9.

² In the nineties.

Another story connected with my father is the following. While staying at Windsor, as we have seen, he was in the habit of ministering to the troops stationed there; and on one Sunday morning was to preach at Trinity Church for his son Stephen, who, as Incumbent of that parish, was Acting Chaplain to the troops. On that morning, however, the weather was wet, and the soldiers, not being able to protect themselves from rain, were not present, and the galleries always reserved to them were empty. My brother, unwilling that the men should be deprived of hearing my father, wrote to the colonels of the two regiments (one of which attended a 9 A.M. service, and the other the 11 o'clock service), and said that as my father was only in Windsor for that one day, he had promised to preach in the evening as well as in the morning; and that as the soldiers were prevented from being at church in the morning, perhaps their duties might be so arranged as to permit them to come if they wished it in the evening.

My mother and I were entering the church for the evening service when I noticed two soldiers also entering by the same door that we always went in by, and one of them said to the other, "We can't get in to the gallery," and it crossed my mind that the galleries, not being needed for any but the morning services, might be locked; and that therefore these men were coming into the body of the church. We also entered, and then I saw what they meant. So full and crammed were the galleries with all the soldiers of both the regiments who could get in, that those two, and others, had indeed to be in the body of the church if they would be there at all.

It must have been a gratification that thrilled to my father's old soldier's heart—and it might be on that occasion that I was struck by his manner, as, addressing his congregation on some point, he raised his eyes to the galleries, saying, "you, my honoured Brethren," then, lowering them, he added, "and you, Civilians." The difference of manner as he said the first words to the fine men who crowded round him above, and as he spoke to the less favoured mortals below, I have never forgotten! and I am sorry to say this is the only part of that sermon—preached now some forty-five years ago—that I remember.

But those sermons and his ministrations in the barracks, and the guard-room, and hospitals and prison, made a wonderful impression upon the military of those days. "We are passionately attached to him," a corporal-major of the Life Guards said to one of our family; and when he died, some of them carried him to his grave, and others in full dress "kept the ground," and both regiments of the Life Guards combined to design and place in Trinity Church the monument to his memory near their gallery, on the south side of the chancel.

The work amongst them was not always without effort to my father. I remember once when he was going to visit a new regiment, I think of Guards (amongst whom as well as amongst the Life Guards, he was successful and much appreciated), he said to my mother and myself who were with him, "I feel nervous in beginning this new duty to-day. Will you both kneel down with me and pray that I may be supported and helped through it." And work undertaken in such a spirit prevails.

One morning while in Windsor, my father and his two sons, Stephen and Henry, went to bathe near Datchet Weir. My brothers perceived that my father had got too near the Weir, and was in some difficulty. Stephen went to, and tried to support him; Henry flew for a punt which he knew was not far off, but which was kept chained up. As he approached the spot, to his intense thankfulness, he perceived that on this particular morning it was unchained. He soon had it at the place of danger, and he and Stephen got my father—exhausted, but safely—into it. My brother Henry was speaking to me of this not long ago, and I said, "You probably saved two lives." "Three," he answered.

CHAPTER LVI

MY FATHER'S LAST DAYS AND UTTERANCES

THE following letter from my father to his son Stephen must have been written a few months only before his death. It is dated Tuesday, Sept. 26 (the year was 1853):—

"BELOVED STAS,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your truly kind and very sympathizing letter. I have seldom had more acute pain, nor has it yet wholly subsided [it was very severe toothache] but it is abating, and though it has considerably affected and even prostrated me, I am in some measure looking up again. My arm, too, is a sore thorn; little did I think that slip, when walking with dearest Anna, could have been followed by such consequences. I am unable to tie my cravat or put on and off coat and waistcoat without help, and every night I am awake with the pain, for this the remedy is *Patientia*—a word copious in meaning. I quite look forward, thro' the infinite merits of my blessed, merciful, and glorious Saviour, to that state where there is exemption from sorrow, pain, suffering—but how shall I, the chief of offenders, ever present myself before His Divine Majesty. It is *He* who must present this wretched barren polluted soul to Himself, washed in His own most precious blood, and this is my only hope, for what am I but the merest cumberer of the ground. This has been most powerfully impressed upon my mind by reading my early Wesleyan Brother Lawry's narrative of his efforts at doing good in the Friendly and Fiji Islands! He that can read that simple narrative and not see the hand of God, must be a blind prejudiced bigot, nor would I change places with such, whatever be their name and reputation—the Conversions are perfectly similar to those related in the Acts, and as extraordinary, never did I read or hear of Satanic possession more fully and fearfully developed; but then *pev pev*—Poor Lawry and his most worthy and heroic colleagues have not been ordained, and are not in the Apostolical Succession!!! Well, well, we must weep at follies we cannot cure, while He that sitteth in Heaven laughs.

"Dearest Mater is brave in health, she and co. set out for Bristol to-day in the little *voiture à deux*, and put back by stress of weather. . . . Are the admissions [at Eton] this time on a par with the last, and does the Headmaster keep up his popularity.

"How is *my* Pig at Jack's getting on? I shd. like to

know if it is thriving as much as its brothers and sisters with me.

"My head is affected, my ear, and my system. A letter, very kind, from Tynte; he sets off the beginning of next month for Spain, and wants me to accompany him, which I would gladly do if I could.

"And now, farewell; with most affect. love to you both. Is little Ralph still in the 4th Form, dear amiable child?

"Among other interesting particulars which dear Lawry relates is, that that heathen boy whom he brought to England in 1824, and was in our house at Portsmouth, and to whom we gave an orange to see how he would eat it—*now* is a Local Preacher."

I remember hearing about the boy and the orange. He ate it, *au naturel*, peel and all.

This letter was written at the end of September, and my father's illness, from which he never fully rallied, came upon him less than a month later.

He kept a journal all his life. A good deal of it was written in French, and all, except what I have here copied from the large MS. volume, was written in a series of small volumes, which he wished should be burned at his death.

I now copy from an account, written by my eldest sister, of the last days of my father's life:—

"CHURCH HOUSE, WINDSOR, *January 1, 1854.*

"On Sunday, the 16th of October, my Father was as well as usual—that is, as well as he had been for some months—for during that period he had not had his usual health. On that Sunday he took two full services, and visited some sick people in his Parish [Kingston Seymour], and then, according to his usual custom, he held an Evening Lecture [in Yatton parish, near his own house], in a crowded barn. He preached a particularly earnest sermon, at the close of which he said that 'Some who were very dear to him wished him to give up the Lecture, thinking it was too much for his strength, but that he could

not do so until it should please God to lay His hand upon him,' adding, at the same time, 'that it might be the last time they would hear his voice.'

"On Monday morning he went as usual to his bath, a few fields distant from his house, where there was a little bath-house, or dressing-room. He was absent much longer than usual, and my Mother and Emily went to meet him. As they saw him approach, they were both struck by the wonderfully beautiful expression of his countenance, radiant with love and joy, 'Oh, my darling,' he said to my mother, 'I have had such a time of blessed communion with my Heavenly Father, in my bath-house, that I could not come away. Such a glorious view of the goodness and love of God; of my adoption through Christ; of the love of God my Father to me; of the presence of the Holy Spirit with me. Such a baptism of the Spirit as I think I never before experienced in my life.'

"On the following day he wrote to me complaining of not being well, saying, 'My nights are very poor; my head is affected. I have felt the encroachments of age somewhat acutely within the last two months; the machine is out of order. Whatever the matter is I am not able to say. The will of the Lord be done.' He alludes to it in his journal, which concludes in the following words (he wrote in French):—'*En mauvais état quant à ma santé et ma force physique. Que Dieu soit avec moi. Amen.*' These were probably the last words he ever wrote, and thus ended a Journal kept for half a century.

"The next morning my Mother went to his room, and found him still in bed. He said he had suffered from headache continually all night, that he had not slept at all, that he had read two sermons, but that his head had become so much worse he could hardly bear it. My Mother got some restoratives, and stood by his bed, holding his hand. He suddenly fell back insensible. She rang the bell; they all ran up. Brandy was poured down his throat and he recovered consciousness. The doctor came, he was bled, &c., and a telegraphic despatch was sent for us.

“When we arrived in the evening he was better. I did not see him till the next morning, when he was so much better that he thought he could come down to breakfast; and he did come downstairs, but soon returned to his bed. When I went into his room, he received me with his usual tender affection, spoke of his illness as quite trifling, and only magnified by our affection. In the course of the morning he asked me to read to him the 14th chapter of St. John’s Gospel. He constantly responded as I read, by ejaculating, ‘Glory be to God,’ ‘Thanks be to God,’ ‘My blessed Saviour,’ and the like.

“When I had finished reading to him, he told me of that wonderful time in his Bath-house as something glorious beyond the power of description.

“At another time he asked me to read the 3rd of Philippians; on my finishing the third verse, ‘For we . . . worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh,’ he said, emphatically, ‘*none.*’

“He made constant remarks of assent, or praises to God, whenever we read to him. One of the first things he used to say in the morning was—

“‘Now, let me have my portion, my daily portion,’ or ‘I have not had my blessed portion for to-day yet.’

“I have a very clear remembrance of the way in which, on the second or third day of his illness, he made a kind of formal confession of his faith, beginning by expressions of the deepest repentance for sin—the little he had done for God in comparison with what he might have done, &c. At the same time he expressed the most entire confidence in God, as his reconciled Father, through and in Christ. . . . It was on this occasion, I think, that he said, ‘The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, and if children, then heirs—heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.’

“In the evening he asked me to bring his favourite Hymn-book and read a Hymn to him, telling me the page on which I should find it. I may mention that it was a frequent habit

of my Father to rise for an hour or two in the night or in the early morning for prayer, and he has often said those hours were the happiest and best in his life ; besides this he would often sit up in bed to read, and his Bible and Hymn-book were constantly placed by his bedside at night.

“On my turning to the page, and beginning to read, he took up the words before me, and began to repeat the Hymn as follows :—

“ ‘Omnipresent God, whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain.
Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours ;
All my enemies control,
Hell and earth and nature’s powers.

Oh Thou jealous God ! come down,
God of spotless purity,
Claim, and seize me for Thine own,
Consecrate my heart to Thee.
Under Thy protection take ;
Songs in the night season give ;
Let me sleep to Thee, and wake,
Let me die to Thee, and live.

Only tell me I am Thine,
And Thou wilt not quit Thy right ;
Answer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and visions of the night.
Bid me, e’en in sleep, go on
Restlessly my God desire ;
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free ;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to Thee.
In me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise ;
Let me Thee in waking feel,
Let me in Thy Image rise.’

"On another occasion I heard him repeating aloud—

"‘Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The God-Head reconciled.
That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven,
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of Heaven.’

While speaking of his favourite Hymns, I may add a characteristic fact. I find in one of them, which begins—

"‘Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine.’

In the last line the ‘if’ is underlined, and ‘for’ written in the margin.

"From the beginning of his illness to the end, it is impossible to say too much of the intense affection he expressed towards my mother, and all his children and grandchildren, but most of all towards his ‘Blessed Saviour.’

"I will here copy some of the words he said, as taken down at the moment: ‘My Saviour,’ ‘My Blessed Saviour,’ ‘My Rock,’ ‘My God in whom I trust.’ He suffered very much from headache, especially pain in the temple: on one occasion he exclaimed: ‘Oh, my head!’ ‘My temple!’ Almost immediately adding solemnly—

"‘His temples were torn, His hands and feet pierced, and He nailed to the tree. It pleased the Father to bruise Him, that He might ransom and redeem a whole world of sinners.’

"On another occasion, having said ‘Oh!’ at a sudden pain, he checked himself and deplored his impatience; on my saying his patience was very great, he added, ‘He opened not His mouth.’ His patience throughout his illness was wonderful, especially considering that through his long life he had known so little sickness, and that his habits were so active and energetic to the last. The chief feature of his illness was a succession of periods of wakefulness and sleep—the

wakefulness being intense and accompanied by a sense of the most distressing nervous restlessness. Almost the whole of these periods were spent in ejaculatory prayer, especially that he might not dishonour God by impatience.

“Besides the two states of sleep and wakefulness, he had what we used to call his well days, at which seasons he was comparatively free from suffering, and when his whole heart full of love was expressed towards us all and towards his many, many friends, and prayers were offered up for them as well as for all his attendants.

“One morning on awaking out of sleep he said—

“‘I know in whom I have trusted, who is able to keep that which I have committed to Him. I have committed unto Him my wife, my darling offspring, my children’s children, my Mary, my Ralph, my little Montague,’ three of the children of his eldest son. Subsequently he spoke in a similar manner of his other children and grandchildren. ‘Yes, I know in whom I have believed, and His love is as great as His power, and in the great day I shall look for my darlings and I know He will bring them.’

“On another occasion, when one of his little grandchildren was standing by his side holding his hand and looking up at him with childish awe, enquiry, and sympathy, he said: ‘Oh my Willy, . . . I have committed thee to Him who is able to keep thee till that day; and when my blessed Lord comes, I shall see Him lead thee by the hand shining like a little star—O, so beautiful.’

“Another time: ‘O my blessed Saviour, I know Thy promise is true, and Thou hast promised: “I will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Me.”’

“On one occasion after hearing a newspaper account of a shipwreck, he said—

“‘I suppose all these frightful accounts of accidents should make every one careful never to go on a journey unless they know it is a plain duty to do so, and then they may say’—And he then made a beautiful prayer, such as one in danger might offer up in case of accident.

“After expressing the fondest affection to one of his children, he prayed that the years which might yet be granted to her might be the happiest of her life, and that God might bless her, so that when in after years she looked back upon the years then future, she might say: ‘God blessed me eminently from that time.’ This was at a time when he believed himself to be quite convalescent. He constantly expressed the greatest gratitude to all who did anything for him—his medical attendants, nurses, and servants.

“His perfect acquiescence in taking whatever was offered him was very striking; the most nauseous medicine given by spoonfuls was taken as readily as the most agreeable nourishment, and it was his invariable habit whenever he took anything, whether nourishment or medicine, first to raise his hand and pray for God’s blessing upon it.

“An instance of the readiness with which on all occasions his mind turned to the word of God occurred when on feeling distressingly the want of sleep, he said to one of his medical attendants: ‘I want to fall asleep as I did when an Eton boy, after I had been snatching a “fearful joy” by a long run out of bounds.’

“‘Ah, Sir,’ answered his friend, ‘you want to be young again—no medicine will produce that effect.’ He instantly answered—

“‘Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.’

“Thus my dearest Father continued for about five weeks. The only earnest wish he expressed about temporal things, was that he might come to Windsor and be surrounded by his children and grandchildren. He seemed so far improved that it was thought that with the help of an invalid carriage he might do so. As soon as we began to talk of moving, he became anxious with his usual courtesy to send some message of thanks to the many who had made enquiries

after him. He always particularly desired to be told when any one came to enquire for him, whether rich or poor, and he dictated a note with the intention of having it sent round on his recovery.

“Anxious as we were to keep him quiet, we could not resist his earnest wish to see some of his friends. Having sent for one, in humble life, who was a constant attendant at his Sunday evening and weekly lecture, and who, being a great friend of several of the other attendants, might be said to represent that class, he addressed her most beautifully, with many prayers and blessings for her and all that little assembly, to whom he sent messages of affection. Two of the Farmers of his Parish having come to the house, he begged we would allow him to see them; and he exhorted them earnestly and fervently to give their hearts to God. When we feared he was exhausting himself, he answered he would gladly spend his last breath to benefit the soul of one of his parishioners. A little difference having occurred among some members of this family, he urged upon them mutual forgiveness. To the younger of the two, who had lately married, he made an earnest request that he never would allow a day to pass without reading a portion of God’s word to his family. Besides these he had several most touching interviews with his friends. One young man,¹ for whom from his boyhood he had felt affectionate interest, and who on his part was very fond of my Father, came to see him. My Father was much affected by this interview, he threw his arm round him to draw him round that he might see his face and said, ‘Oh, Henry, my dear Henry, meet me in Heaven—you must meet me in Heaven!’ He then described most beautifully the way in which a sinner on truly repenting might at the foot of the Cross receive full remission of all his sins. My mother feared the excitement for him, on which he said, ‘Oh, let me preach to the last! How can I be silent when I have such a congregation?’

“This occurred on Monday the 21st of November, the day before our intended journey to Windsor. On the same evening he asked my sister Emily to say the Evening Hymn.

¹ Mr. Henry Pigott.

He said a few words of the first verse with her, but when she began the second—

“‘Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,’

he joined with an earnestness and depth of feeling which were most affecting.

“On Tuesday the 22nd having had an invalid carriage sent from London, we were able with most wonderful facility to remove my Father from his own bed to the carriage bed, on which he was then carried downstairs and placed in the carriage. His calm composure, in the midst of the nervous dread we felt at taking this great step, was beautiful. Many, many prayers were offered up for us that day—prayers of young and old, for his son Stephen had written a prayer on this occasion for all the school-children, and John for his own little ones, that they might offer them up at certain times during the day, and most mercifully were these prayers answered.

“During his illness my Father had often said when he was lifted, ‘Oh, if I had my fine Life-guardsmen here, how easily they would lift me!’

“Remembering this, his son Stephen thought he would be pleased to find them waiting to carry him from the carriage to his bed, so he asked the Commanding Officer, who cordially consented. A great number of the non-commissioned officers volunteered, and the Corporal Major selected four from amongst those who had valued the lectures my Father had given at the barracks.

“They were waiting at the door when the carriage drove up, and they carried him to his bed. As soon as he was settled there he asked for his son Stephen, and said to him gently, ‘Thanks, my noble son, for having opened your heart and your house to receive us all.’

“On Wednesday the 23rd he began to fall into a sleep which lasted till the Sunday morning following, when he gradually began to awake; indeed, on the Saturday he had said a few words—‘O my blessed Lord,’ ‘O my Lord and Saviour,’ ‘My precious Master.’

"On Sunday afternoon we had the great privilege of receiving the Holy Communion with him. As he was frequently asleep during the morning, we feared he might not be quite conscious at the time, and it was with inexpressible gratitude that we heard his fervent '*Amen*' to the first prayer. When the service was over my mother said to him: 'You are conscious of what has passed, my love?' 'Perfectly so.' 'It has been a great blessing to us all.' 'Thanks be to God,' he replied. 'And has it not been a great comfort to you?' 'Very great.'

"After this he became more decidedly awake, and during the course of the evening or night he said: 'What a blessing to be able to go to Him with faith, nothing doubting, with all our petitions again and again, without fear of refusal; and to bring the friends who have asked for our prayers, without fear of denial.'

"On Monday, the doctor being announced, some one said: 'Tell Mr. Brown to come up.' '*Ask* Mr. Brown to be *so kind* as to come up,' said he. 'Let all things be done decently, and in the highest order.'

"On Wednesday the 30th he had been suffering from restlessness, and said: 'This cannot last long, and if I sink, may it be a glorious resting-place! and as I have tried to preach to others, may the same light shine upon my path.'

"On Thursday, Dec. 1st, he seemed rather better, and opened his eyes quite naturally. Some one said how nice it was to see his eyes open. 'May they but open to see the Lamb in His beauty,' he said, 'that will be a glorious sight.' He soon after said: 'Give my love to the friends who asked for my prayers.' I told the nurse how patient he had been for nearly 7 weeks. He said, 'Seven weeks of mercies, if I had only known how to improve them aright.'

"During the night of Friday the 2nd he prayed: "O Thou who hast passed through the bitter waters, be with me in that awful hour; and if I do not ask amiss, give me a sensible assurance of Thy presence, a baptism of Thy Holy Spirit'; soon adding: 'And may I pray for some we have known and loved in former years' (naming some old friends).

He then prayed for sleep, adding: 'And if my prayers should not be answered it will be because I have asked amiss, not being willing to bear this light affliction.'

"He asked me to repeat his favourite text: 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.' Having said that, he asked me to go on, but I could not remember what came next, on which he said: 'Ah, we do not know our Bibles enough—that blessed Book! How delightful in such times as these to have whole beautiful passages presented to our mind; let the young take advantage of good memories and store them well by learning the Bible by heart.'

"After this I do not find anything of consequence till Sunday the 11th, when he said: 'Enter not into Judgement with thy Servant, O Lord.' Then followed a prayer for 'the little flock in the country, whom Thou hast taken from under my care for a time,' and for him who was then doing duty there.

"He improved from this time till Monday the 12th, and we quite believed he was getting better, and that we should have him restored to partial health and spared perhaps for years to us; but on the evening of the 12th he began to get drowsy again, and fell into that state which appeared to us to be sleep. On being asked that evening by one of his daughters how he felt, he replied: 'As comfortable as you could wish.' These were his last words, except that upon his son John coming to his side, he said: 'My Jacky; my Jacky.'

"Day after day the same state of sleep continued, but we were able to give him nourishment and medicine. Though I use the word sleep, it was not natural sleep evidently, and we do not know how far he was conscious. He sometimes pressed our hands, and once made a slight movement of his lips to kiss me.

"On Friday evening my Mother and I were reading aloud the Psalms and Lessons in his room, and we fancied there was a little change in his breathing—a kind of effort to

attend (or betokening such attention as it was possible for him to give). We also read, between the Lessons, the 'Nunc Dimittis,' and in a very few hours after, the Lord did indeed let His servant depart in peace.

"The nurse and I stayed in his room that night, and gave him nourishment and medicine several times. The last that he took seemed to distress him. I sent the nurse for his man-servant to raise him. Not finding him much relieved, I called my brother Stephen, who sent for the doctor and raised my Father so as to sit upright, while he supported his head between his hands. This position relieved him. The doctor arrived. I called on them to notice how long he was in drawing a breath, and instantly we saw his countenance change. There was no appearance of distress, but that change of colour told too truly that he was dying. Stephen called my mother and sister, and then said the commendatory prayer, and the heart ceased to beat. We scarcely knew when the last breath was drawn, so very, very gently did the blessed spirit depart.

"It is impossible to express the beauty of the earthly tabernacle when he had left it—the noble features like chiselled marble with a saint-like expression of humility, meekness, childlike innocence, calm, holy joy, and with, and over all, an expression which I can only describe by the word majesty. Day after day passed and still no change took place, and many of those who loved and venerated him were permitted to come and take one last look.

"It was not long before his death that I found a MS. book in his handwriting, on the first page of which was written, 'Note-book referring to passages in the Holy Bible, instructive and explanatory. John Hawtrey, Capt. 25th Regt. Infantry. Limerick, August 10th, 1804.'

"This was in his twenty-third year. Thus for fifty years did he devote himself to the study of Holy Scripture and the Service of God.

"On reading this account it seemed to my brothers that I had not said enough about my dearest Father's illness, and

the effect which it produced upon his mental powers. I will, therefore, add that his illness began by an attack of congestion of the brain—arising from suppressed gout in the system,—the brain perhaps predisposed to the attack through previous exertions.

“From this time his powers both of body and mind were weakened; and in order to appreciate the evidence afforded by this record of his religious character, it is necessary to recollect that the things which he said in his illness are not to be considered as the expressions of a mind fully conscious of approaching death, and able by a voluntary effort to control the course of its thoughts, or in any way capable of being brought into a frame not habitual. . . . Thus all his religious expressions were evidences of what had been his ordinary state through life—the outpourings of a soul whose conversation had been in Heaven. His expressions were full of Faith, Hope, and Love, because thro’ the long course of his religious life his spiritual being had become impregnated with those divine graces.”

A letter from Provost Hawtreys on the death of my father (his first cousin):—

FROM DR. HAWTREY, PROVOST OF ETON

“THE LODGE, *Jan.* 25, 1854.

“MY DEAR STEPHEN,—Many thanks for both your presents of yesterday evening. The likeness is perfect and has nothing in it painful. There is no idea of suffering conveyed, but of a placid sleep, such as might naturally conclude a life of manly and Christian activity.

“Anna’s letter is all that it should be, truthful and unaffected. In general such narratives betray an over partiality which warps the judgment and leads to excess of praise and an exaggeration of detail, in which none but the very nearest in blood and affection can sympathise. There is nothing in her letter which will not be felt by all who knew your dear Father as a simple exposition of the truth of

the frame of mind and thought strictly consistent with all that they had themselves witnessed and loved.

"He had the most undoubting conviction of the truth of his faith and of his principles, and therefore the one always elevated and warmed the faith of his hearers and friends, and the other proved that consistent virtue was the necessary fruit, and—hardly less in a worldly than a spiritual sense—the profitable fruit of such faith.

"And when I say profitable in a worldly sense I do not mean—*μὴ γένοιτο*—that there was anything selfish in his principles. I mean simply that *Cura pii Dīs sunt* and *qui colunt coluntur*—'We were young, and now are older, and yet we never saw the righteous forsaken,' &c.

"One looks back on the last two months with seriousness rather than with sadness. He passed from us full of years, but yet not bowed down with weakness until the last short illness, and even then with no mental weakness, no diminution of earnest faith and attracting affection.

"He has left an undying memory of himself as of a Christian beloved of men of all parties, for the manifold fruits of Christianity. Fighting the Fight of Faith to the end, not for surplices and intonations, not for Gorhamism or Recordism, but for 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise.' . . .

"He visited the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and though never morosely separating himself from the world, he kept himself unspotted from it. And it is a blessed thing to know that he who lived thus shall never die, no, not in *this* world. His memory lives . . . a perpetual encouragement, an evidence of what Christianity can produce in the mind and of what a Christian with God's help *can* do. . . .—
I am, my dear Stephen, your affecte. Cousin,

"E. C. HAWTREY."

A LETTER FROM ROBERT BICKERSTETH,
AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF RIPON

“*Dec. 23, 1853.*”

“MY DEAR HAWTREY,—I have received with the very deepest regret the tidings of the death of your beloved and honoured Father. I always regarded him as one of my oldest and kindest friends. He was very kind to me at a period when to have such a friend was more than a common privilege, and during the many years and many changes which have passed since then, I have never ceased to feel towards him rather the affection of a child than that of an ordinary friend. It is a privilege which I much enjoyed to see him for a short time about ten months ago, when he kindly came to visit me in my then new parish.

“It is cheering to think of him as now in the presence of the Saviour whom he delighted to honour, partaking of the fullness of that glory to which I doubt not he has been instrumental to lead many who will be hereafter his crown and rejoicing.

“Ever, my dear Hawtreys, most affecly. yours,

“R. BICKERSTETH.”

I give here a few extracts from kind letters at the time of my father's last illness.

From one of the Oxford friends of the family, the Rev. C. E. Prichard :—

“... Few could be better prepared than he must have been for anything that God might send. His great kindness to me has always made me think of him gratefully, but I shall always think of him, too, as one of the best men and Christians I have ever had the privilege of knowing. I am sure numbers must think of him in the same way. Things I have heard him say years ago, have often been strengthening and refreshing to remember. It is a privilege to have known one man of such genuine upright character and such manly and affectionate piety.”

From Lady Alderson (mother to Lady Salisbury):—

“ . . . I should like, *so* like, to be remembered by your Saintly Father, to whom I send my kindest love. It would be a privilege to be thought of and prayed for by one so good.”

From Lady Cooper:—

“He is remembered here with sincere love and respect. He is also remembered by me every evening, when I read prayers to my little household, for after wishing to do so for many years, and feeling I had no nerve for it, he encouraged me to ‘*try again and persevere*,’ and I have done so . . . and I thank God and your dear Parent for having been the instrument in His hands which gave me courage.”

From Mrs. Kemeys-Tynte:—

“Every word of your letter was full of the deepest interest. How beautiful a picture of your dear Father’s heavenly state of mind! His eye seems to pierce within the veil, whither our glorious and Blessed Forerunner is gone before to prepare a place for His redeemed ones.”

From Mrs. Cunningham of Lowestoft:—

“ . . . It is a sorrow to have that fine noble soldier of the Lord’s army brought so low, and yet raised so high. What can we expect, and what must we look for, from the dust from which we were taken, and what may we not expect and look for from the ever-living soul which tabernacles in the body? Your Father’s blessed state of mind is cheering and delightful, and must shed a glow over his sick chamber.”

Later, from Mr. Cunningham:—

“Deeply do I lament the demise of your dear and excellent Father. It may truly be said, ‘a Prince and a great man has fallen in Israel,’ and his loss to the Church, of which he was such an ornament, and so zealous and useful a minister, must be greatly felt. . . . Oh, for a like meetness for the Heavenly inheritance!”

From Mrs. Babington:—

“One quite feels as if one of the old Patriarchs was gone—a gap made which no one can fill. One cannot realize that we shall never meet here again that fine, erect, beautiful figure, nor hear his words of kindness.”

From Mr. Haythorne, a neighbouring clergyman in Somersetshire :—

“You must be almost overwhelmed with letters on the death of your most valued and beloved Father. Still, I am unwilling not to tell you how we sympathize, for, tho’ we are assured of the eternal happiness and glory of your dear Father, it is not possible to lose one so excellent and amiable without deep regret.”

From Miss Hoghton :—

“... The intelligence was brought me by an attendant on your Father’s lectures, a young fisherman from Kingston Seymour, who always seemed to *love* his minister, spoke of him in the highest terms of reverence, and appeared this morning quite overwhelmed with grief.”

From Mrs. Cunningham :—

“... I am glad my dear Husband wrote fully to you. I do not know when I have seen him feel anything more than your Father’s death. He feels it such a privilege to have had his works and labour of love amongst us. . . . There are many there [at Pakefield] who affectionately remember you, and whom your dear Father was the means of gathering into the Fold.”

From Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford :—

“I did indeed most thoroughly and deeply respect your venerable Father. I had from . . . an hereditary love for him, and that ripened into personal affection when I became well acquainted with him.”

From the Rev. C. E. Prichard :—

“To have spent a long life so usefully, with so many blessings too, and to have had such a capacity for happiness, together with a spiritual mind, and to leave behind a name so respected and loved, and an example of good, which, I am sure, none can forget who ever knew your dear Father intimately—how much there is to be thankful for in all this! Of how very few can all this be said in so full a sense?”

From Colonel Hall, commanding one of the regiments of Life Guards :—

“I assure you that the Regiment at large is deeply sensible

of the kindness and attention which they always met at his hands, and his memory will long be cherished by all."

From Colonel B., lately commanding Grenadier Guards:—

"I will take the opportunity of expressing to you my sincere condolence . . . in which I am sure I shall be joined by all the Garrison of Windsor, who ever had an opportunity of profiting by the zeal and kindness always exhibited by your Father."

From Hon. and Rev. William Wingfield, an old pupil of very early days in Ireland of my father:—

"I loved and respected your lamented Father. . . . His Christian ardour in his Heavenly Saviour's cause did not burn out. I knew him first as a religious man, and that is upwards of thirty years ago, and I never heard of him or saw him but in connexion with the subject of religion. The time I spent with him was a happy time. I made more progress in study for the year I spent in his house under his care than during any other of my life. . . ."

I take the following, with some alterations, from the *Windsor Express* of December 1853:—

DECEASE OF THE REV. JOHN HAWTREY

"It is our duty to record the death of this zealous minister, which took place at Church House on the morning of the 17th instant.

"Mr. Hawtreys was well known to the inhabitants of Windsor, where he temporarily resided and discharged the functions of his sacred calling. . . . He was amongst the most favourite preachers with a large portion of the inhabitants of Windsor, and we are sure the following memoir will prove interesting to them. Mr. Hawtreys was born in the year 1781, and was the second son of Stephen Hawtreys, Esqre., Recorder of Exeter. He was educated at Eton College, which he left in the year 1797, having obtained a Commission in the 4th Dragoons. In 1804, being quartered in Ireland, he married the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Watson, who lost his life in repelling an

attack of the insurgents in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. From the time of his marriage—in his 24th year—he resolved to lead a strictly religious life, and adopted the practice of reading the prayers of the Church of England with his family every morning. This led to an interest in religion which he had not before felt. His naturally ardent temperament was singularly affected by the simple-minded and genuine piety of those of the early followers of the Rev. John Wesley who came under his notice.

“He watched with deep emotion the earnest labours of some private soldiers in his own Regiment, and others in humble circumstances, who belonged to the Wesleys, in visiting the sick and trying to reclaim sinners. He gave them every assistance in his power, and showed them all sympathy. . . . In this, as in all his subsequent life, was evidenced his singular affection and sympathy with all in whom he recognised the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who were zealous in serving Him.

“After being eleven years in the army, he left the service. He made considerable efforts at that time to procure ordination in the English Church, but having failed in this, he joined the Wesleyan Body, towards whom his earliest religious sympathies had been attracted, and in whose warm and ardent tone of piety there was much that was responsive in his own disposition.

“In Ireland, in Devonshire, in Cornwall, the scenes of his earliest ministry, his name was long remembered, and is still cherished by those amongst his hearers who still survive, with that devoted attachment which has followed him in every sphere of duty he has still occupied.

“After having been for some years in the Wesleyan Connection, the late Mr. Wilberforce and other friends exerted themselves to obtain for him ordination in the Church of England. He was ordained by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in the year 1832. His first sphere of duty was with the Rev. Francis Cunningham, in the village of Pakefield, where a brave and hardy race of fishermen listened to and loved him with the same affection that had been felt for him

by the Cornish miners. He next removed to London, where his church was St. John's in the London Road. From thence he was appointed to St. James's Church, Guernsey, which post he occupied for ten years. He was afterwards presented to the living of Kingston Seymour, in Somersetshire, which benefice he continued to hold during the remainder of his life. He was still in hale old age when summoned away.

"Among the varied scenes of usefulness in which Mr. Hawtrey's exertions were called forth, none engaged his sympathies more warmly than the work of ministering among the Regiments of the Household Brigade, which his occasional residence with his sons in Windsor enabled him to undertake, and amongst none will his memory be more cherished. We have had occasionally to notice the testimonials of respect which he received from different Regiments, and which he especially valued as evidences that those for whom he loved to labour were impressed by his ministry among them. He never came to Windsor without instituting special and additional lectures in the Barracks, with the hearty concurrence of the Commanding Officers; these, we are sure, are not recalled without heartfelt gratitude by those who attended them.

"It was intended by the family of Mr. Hawtrey that the Funeral should take place on Tuesday, but this was deferred to Wednesday. On this occasion, the troops of the Household Brigade were desirous of adding a final tribute of respect and gratitude to previous testimonials of their esteem which they had bestowed on their reverend minister during his temporary residence in Windsor, where he had successfully endeavoured by his manly and earnest eloquence to command the attention of his Audience, who by their frequent attendance at the Military Church of the Holy Trinity, in this borough, showed that his efforts were appreciated by those for whose spiritual welfare he laboured. Accordingly, they intimated to his family their wish to assist in the funeral ceremony, and they were permitted to form part of the funeral cortege. The following was the order of the procession,

which left the residence of the Rev. Stephen Hawtrej, Church House, shortly after eleven o'clock. The hearse, with ten of the Non-Commissioned Officers of the 1st Life Guards walking at each side, and by whom the coffin was borne to the grave; mourning coaches, conveying the family and friends, and followed by sixteen of the Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the 2nd Life Guards, from Regent's Park Barracks, who, at their own request, followed as a deputation from their Regiment. The Provost of Eton, cousin to the deceased—whose family has been connected with Eton for about 300 years—officiated. About half-past 12 the procession reached the Eton Cemetery, and the mortal remains of the deceased were consigned to their resting-place with the usual ceremonial."

But it was, in truth, far more than "the usual ceremonial," for the soldiers, who with such loving, dutiful feeling came from Windsor, bore him to his grave, and those from London "kept the ground." No one present could forget that beautiful, mournful sight. The newspaper account concludes:—

"Even at this point the gratitude of the soldiers has not terminated, for it has been determined to erect a tablet in the Military Church at Windsor to the memory of Mr. Hawtrej, the expense of which will be defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the Household Brigade."

The tablet is on the south wall of the choir facing west;¹ the inscription upon it is as follows:—

Sacred
to the memory of
THE REV. JOHN HAWTREY
Rector of Kingston Seymour
Who departed this life 17th December 1853
aged 72 years
This tablet is erected
By the Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates
of Her Majesty's 1st and 2nd Regiments of Life Guards
In grateful remembrance of his anxious solicitude and
zeal in promoting their spiritual welfare.

¹ Appendix G., p. 403.

CHAPTER LVII

EARLY LIFE OF STEPHEN HAWTREY

As my design is that the latter part of this history should be devoted to my brother Stephen, I will go back here to his early years.

He was born in Wexford on the 12th of July 1808. About this time his father left the army, and though Stephen's early recollections were of Ireland, his boyhood was spent chiefly in England and in France.

Some years after leaving the army, my father with his family came to live in Canterbury, and the elder boys went to the Grammar School there. My father, however, thought it would be well to secure for them the advantages which nearness to the French coast offered, and he took them over to Boulogne, and placed them at the school of Monsieur Haffreingue, as boarders.

About forty years later, in 1863, Stephen thus writes:—

“There is no painful feeling in looking back to the time spent at M. Haffreingue's School . . . At least what is painful is obliterated by bright and happy recollections.

“That which gave life to the School was this, that at the head of it was a kind, earnest, feeling, and I entirely believe, a most single-minded, pure, and holy man; and the character of the man was stamped on the work, and triumphed over imperfections inherent in the system or the religion. Through a long vista of forty years I look back, not without emotion, to his kind and benignant smile, his friendly word, or his laying his hand on my head as I passed him in the Playground.

“How very pleasant were those excursions to the houses or parishes of the Abbé's friends in the neighbourhood, and the long summer days spent in the woods in the vicinity of Boulogne! . . .

“How well I remember the curiosity with which I used

to stand at the window of the school carpenter's shop which looked into the playground, wondering what certain boards he was ledging together into the shape of round table heads, could be for. It was a secret—he would not tell me.

“Now a bright summer day came, and we were to have a long excursion into the country to the Parish of a friendly Curé. On arriving at our destination, while the other boys (being Roman Catholics) went into the Curé's Chapel for a short service, I wandered with my brother about the wood to await their coming out; and falling accidentally upon a long beautiful avenue in which the interlacing branches of the trees formed an arch overhead—there, the round ledged boards reappeared, as a long row of tables running down the avenue, loaded with bowls of creamy milk, light rolls, and cakes and fruit. Oh! the sweet surprise and the grateful emotion felt towards the benignant-looking Abbé, as he emerged from the Chapel at the head of his boys, and led them to the avenue to partake of the beauteous repast he had prepared for them.

“Another occurrence which, as showing the man, has made a lasting impression on my mind, is the following:—We had been taken, one afternoon, a walk altogether too long. The Masters in charge had wholly miscalculated. In vain they strove to be back in time. The strength of the younger boys was overtaxed, again and again they had to stop for the stragglers. The end of the matter was, that we were back altogether too late; the hour of the evening meal was past, and that of study was come. On entering the courtyard we were met by Monsieur Haffreingue. He was standing, looking solemn, on the steps looking to the Refectoire, and without speaking, he motioned to us with his hand to pass on to the Salle d'Etude. With downcast countenances Masters and boys passed on, and we set to our evening work. We had not, however, been half-an-hour so engaged, when we were desired to go and meet the Abbé in the Refectoire. He received us with a kindly smile and greeting—the tables were spread with an extra good warm and restoring supper. Having asserted the claims of discipline in this gentle manner,

he remembered our weariness and long walk. We sat down with grateful feelings. The fresh boiled trout and other restorative dishes, and the warm wine negus set up our bodies again, but my knowledge of human nature is at fault if they did not do our hearts more good still."

"While," to quote now from the short memoir of the Warden of St. Mark's, prepared for the School Magazine, "into the heart of, at all events, one of the party there fell a good seed of love and charity—of which we have all seen some of the abundant fruit. But indeed the seed fell into sympathetic soil. When Stephen was still a boy at home he got the name of 'the maids' friend,' because he would help, if he saw the servants were working hard; and if little sisters were fractious or ill, he would be kind to them. One of them, Harriet, afterwards the wife of Professor Donkin, remembered an incident of her very early childhood in which his kindness of heart was shown, and no doubt there were many such. The family were living at Perrier in Normandy, and all were going to a fair at Caen, herself excepted, as she was thought to be too young. She submitted without repining, but stood at the window watching while the others started. She watched till all were out of sight, and remained patiently standing there, still looking out. As she gazed, however, a boy running homewards came into her field of view; he ran and ran; and presently ran into the house and up to the room where she was, took his little sister on his back, and soon caught up with the rest of the party. I cannot tell how she enjoyed the fair at Caen. But this incident of her kind brother Stephen running back for her, and carrying her to join the rest, remained with her all her life.

"When at home for holidays, too, he would take some heroic story, and read or recount it to happy younger brothers and sisters. They would sit in a row or a circle before him drinking in 'Ivanhoe' or whatever the book might be."

And now I will give in his own words some account of another of his French schools. It may be remembered that my father and the family, after leaving Paris, came to Perrier in Caen, and that while there the boys were sent to the Lycée at

Caen ; except the eldest, Montague, who was at the Collège de Louis le Grand at Paris.

Many years later, Stephen read an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September 1863, by Mr. Matthew Arnold, giving an account of his visit to some schools in France. My brother, from his intimate knowledge and experience of French schools, could not but differ on some points with the views expressed by Mr. Arnold, to whom he addressed the following letter :—

“ETON, September 5th, 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,—An accidental return to this place from the seaside made me fall in with my *Macmillan's Magazine* for this month. The name of your article, ‘A French Eton,’ naturally attracted me.

“Your description of the school is true and lifelike. It brings back to me vividly the recollections of fully forty years ago. I was myself at a French Lyceum, or, as you call it, a French Eton. It was not at Toulouse, but there is such uniformity in French organisation that what is said of one Lycée is true of another.

“I observe a difference in the sleeping arrangements. At Toulouse, buildings which were already in existence being adapted to the school, the boys had no sleeping-places except large rooms. At the Lycée where I was, the buildings, on the contrary, being modern and erected in the time of the First Empire for the purposes of the school, there were beautiful airy dormitories consisting of grand corridors. In these corridors were rows of small rooms or cellules, of which each boy had one to himself. They were open at the top for thorough ventilation, and closed in front by a light railing called a ‘grille,’ the grille being opposite two high large windows that threw a flood of air and light into a spacious gangway in the front of the cellules.

“Nothing I have ever seen in the way of dormitories, no ‘Cubicles’ of St. Peter’s College, Radley, or elsewhere that I remember to have seen, are comparable, in my opinion, to the ‘Dortoirs’ of the Lycée at Caen. I can well recollect how charmed and full of admiration my Father was at the

arrangements for sleeping, when he first inspected the school with the view of placing us there. . . .

“The system of supervision was thoughtful and elaborate in the highest degree, as you will see when I describe one day:—

“We were awoke by a servant knocking at and unlocking the doors of our cellules, and presently the Master (Maître d’Etude), who presided in our room for study (Salle d’Etude) appeared, and walked up and down in front of our cellules, while we washed and dressed, our wash-hand basins being placed in the alcoves of the windows of the wide, airy corridor where the Maître d’Etude was walking up and down. . . . When dressed we fell into rank, two and two, and under the guidance of our Maître d’Etude marched to a long corridor in front of the eight Salles d’Etude, where the lessons were prepared.

“Here the different classes fell into their proper places, each under their especial Maître d’Etude; and, forming a long double line, we faced inward, the Maîtres d’Etude, joined now by the two officers who had the especial charge of general order and morals (the Censeur and Sous-Senseur), being in the centre, and thus arranged we knelt for morning prayers. Prayers being over, each class, headed by its Maître d’Etude, filed off into the adjoining Salle d’Etude, and here we were occupied for an hour preparing our lessons, the Maître d’Etude sitting superintending at a table in the centre of the room.

“The hour’s study being ended, we marched under his guidance to one of our spacious playgrounds encircled by a cloister, at the entrance to which were servants standing with baskets containing huge hunches of bread. Each boy in passing took a piece, and this was the whole provision for breakfast.

“The boys were allowed to have boxes near the Porter’s Lodge, and those who had indulgent parents had generally a little butter or jam or a baked apple to make their dry bread palatable; or those who had *sous* in their pockets, or credit with the porter, could buy these indulgences. Those who had none of these special advantages had to be satisfied with the

college fare of dry bread moistened by pure water, pitchers of which were arranged in order along the wall. We ate our breakfast walking freely about the cloister, but we were still under the eye of our *Maîtres d'Etude*, who were now joined by the *Censeur* and *Sous-Censeur* for the purpose of supervision.

"The time appropriated for breakfast and recreation being ended, we were again drawn up two and two, and marched under our *Maîtres d'Etude* to our several classrooms to be handed over to the Professors of the several classes. The *Maître d'Etude* opened and held open the door of the classroom, and we marched into the presence of the Professor, who was seated at his desk. And now leaving us with the Professor *en classe* for two hours' work, the *Maître d'Etude* had two hours' respite. . . .

"Had you been admitted into the classroom, you would have witnessed, very probably, good teaching and an average amount of attention on the part of the pupils, with perhaps (as might be expected in sharp and ingenious French boys) more than an average display of ingenuity to avoid labour. . . .

"But I have been keeping you too long in the classroom. The lesson is ended, and the door opens. It was opened by the *Maître d'Etude*. He again formed us two and two, and we walked back under his guidance to our *Salle d'Etude* for the purpose of transcribing notes perhaps, or preparing for the afternoon *classe*.

"When the dinner-hour arrived, our *Maître d'Etude* marched us to the *Refectoire* and took his place at the head of the boys who were especially under his charge, his dinner being sent up from the kitchen, while the boys were helped by the Monitor from a common dish. The dinner consisted of soup and 'bouillie,' then another dish, and then a plate of vegetables. My recollection of the dinner is mainly the daily recurring soup and bouillie and a plate of white haricot beans floating (if they did float) in a thin, whitish *purée*, not thick or deep enough to hide the dark colour of the pewter. . . . At least so it was with me when I sat at the end of the long table, the helping Monitor and his own immediate friends

sitting near the centre next beside the Maître d'Etude, and the plates being passed down to the end of the table. But I rather think that an honest man-servant who waited on us saw that I was not fairly treated, and got me transferred to another table, where I fared better, in fact, was made the helping Monitor myself. The servant's name was Foucher. In after life I have been to Caen, and tried to trace out 'Foucher' to give him a cordial token of my recollection of the only act of individual notice and sympathy I can remember to have experienced in the two years I was at the Lycée; but, poor Foucher! I never met him afterwards. I think I made out that he was dead. So I have never been able to discharge my debt.

"During dinner the Censeur and Sous-Censeur were present, walking up and down the Refectoire.

"Dinner being ended and the grace said, we marched, under the guidance of our Maître d'Etude, to the playground, the procession being headed by the Censeur and brought up by the Sous-Censeur. If the day was wet we went to the courtyard surrounded by the Cloister, where we had breakfasted; if fine, to a large turfed enclosure, where there was abundance of room for games, and, in addition, gardens, for the boys' amusement. In these they might cultivate flowers, keep rabbits and guinea pigs, &c., or build huts at their pleasure. Here our guardians let us go; but, separating themselves in knots of two or three, they would keep walking about, down, across, round the playground, to see that nothing wrong was done.

"After an hour's play, we were again assembled and marched, under the Maître d'Etude, to our Salle d'Etude to make further preparation, and get our books for the afternoon's *classe*. When the class-hour arrived we were marched, as in the morning, by the Maître d'Etude, to the classroom to be handed over to our Professor for two hours' instruction, and the poor Maître d'Etude had a second respite.

"But the two hours' instruction being over, the door again was opened, and there was the Maître d'Etude standing. Once more we passed, under his guidance, into the cloister or,

in fine weather, into the playground. And as we passed into one or other of these places of recreation, each boy took a large hunch of bread out of the basket of one or other of the servants, who stood on each side of the gangway, and ate his modest *gouté* as he walked about, under the joint supervision of the Censeur and Sous-Censeur.

“When we had eaten our food and played about for a time, we were again assembled, and, again under the guidance of our Maître d’Etude, marched to the Salle d’Etude to learn our lessons for the following morning.

“After two hours or so of study, he marched us once more to the Refectoire, where we had a supper of cold meat, rice-milk, cheese, or some such fare, the Maître d’Etude sitting at Table with us, and the Censeur and Sous-Censeur walking up and down the room as at the former meal. After supper we were marched two and two as before to the parloir, or some large room, where we played about, while the Maîtres d’Etude and Censeur and the Sous-Censeur kept guard, the Censeur in the room where the elder boys played, and the Sous-Censeur in the room where the younger ones were assembled.

“At the expiration of half-an-hour each class was again marched by its Maître d’Etude back to its Salle d’Etude, where we had, under his direction, a *lecture édifiante* for a quarter of an hour. We then filed into the corridor in front of the various Salles d’Etude, where we had prayers in the morning, and taking up our position, we fell in line with the whole school and knelt face to face, the Maîtres d’Etude, the two Censeurs, and I think almost always the ‘Proviseur’ himself, occupying the centre between the two lines of boys.

“On rising from prayers our Maître d’Etude marched us to our cellules, and the attendant servant locked us in. The Maître d’Etude walked up and down before the Grille till we were in bed; then he retired to his own room at the end of the passage. The lights were lowered, but not extinguished, and the place of our Maître d’Etude was supplied by a servant, who walked about the passages all night; till after awakening the Maîtres d’Etude and us, he would retire, and

the Maître d'Etude resumed his place to superintend us while dressing, as he had done the day before.

"This process was repeated five times in the week.

"On Sunday and Thursday there was no *classe*, only study; and in the afternoon of those days we used to walk out in procession, two and two, through the town into the country, under the Maîtres d'Etude and the Sous-Censeur. (The Censeur was too old a man for the walk.)"

I have given the above extracts as furnishing a peep into the early life of the subject of this memoir, but they would lack something if I did not add the judgment passed by himself, in his mature years, on the system described. He adds:—

"It is quite evident that all these provisions were thoroughly considered, and the organisation of the whole system was elaborated with much thought, and showed a great anxiety on the part of those who framed it to keep the boys from wrong. But, as may be supposed, it was an entire failure. This system of constant supervision was deadening, stupefying. The eye ever resting on us was oppressive to the last degree. . . . It induced a morbid habit of mind; we were oppressed by a morbid longing to *get out of sight*.

"I well remember one day, the Censeur, in going his rounds in the Playground, heard a sound of voices in what appeared to be a rabbit-hutch in one of the boys' gardens, and thus detected that there were boys inside. Upon this, he proceeded to demolish it. On his doing so, it appeared that they had scooped out the earth from the inside, and so deepened and enlarged it, that it contained room for five boys, who came creeping out as the edifice was tumbling about their ears. There they had been spending their play-hour, in total darkness, for no other purpose apparently but to escape the master's eye. It is painful to look back at the moral deterioration which this perpetual wearisome supervision produced in us. I can remember English boys gradually losing their freshness, and getting a love of mystery,

secrecy, and darkness. I can recall secret conferences and plottings to do what was forbidden, and elude observation. I remember dark stories of a cellar that certain of the boys professed to have discovered, connected with the crypt under an adjoining old Church. I remember their talking of secret-ing themselves there, and burning their watches with some powerful chemical compound; at least the ominous words *or fulminant*, and *argent fulminant*, have dwelt in my memory ever since. And when they had consumed their watches, there were still darker stories of rings taken off the dead bodies in the crypt. All this may have been, and doubtless was, mere talk; and I cannot but think that the morbid, unhealthy condition of mind that dwelt on contemplations and ideas such as these, instead of taking delight in the open, manly sports of youth, arose from the oppressiveness of the everlasting supervision.

"I remember, with regard to myself, that I used to sit, during a whole play-hour, at the bottom of a dry ditch that ran along behind the boys' gardens, modelling clay, in company with another little English boy of my own age (I was then twelve). I can perfectly well recall our standing on tiptoe at the bottom of the ditch just to look over the edge and see where the Censeurs and Maîtres d'Etude were, and our bobbing down as they approached. I am persuaded that the whole pleasure of the occupation was that we were out of sight, and that the masters did not know that we were there. . . .

"I have nothing to say against the manner in which the system was carried out; but the system itself was all a dull round of duty done mechanically. It did not address the heart; it took away all brightness and hope; under it there was no development of individual character, nothing to implant a manly, self-reliant principle, a generous sentiment, or a wish to do right. . . .

"My recollection of the Censeur pictures him to me an old man of seventy or eighty. It might be a very 'comfortable retirement,' for him, but he was hardly in his right place. I recollect once receiving a letter announcing the death of

a brother who had been with me at the Lycée for a short time. This brother's death was the first in the family. My parents were with him in England. I was a stranger in a strange land, and was overwhelmed on receiving the news with a burst of uncontrollable grief. Crying and sobbing, I went to the Proviseur, according to directions contained in the letter, to show him the sad intelligence. The Proviseur sent me to the Censeur's room (for comfort, I suppose). The old man told me to sit down in a corner of the room; and there I sat, crying my heart out, while he read his Breviary, or some book like it. At the expiration of an hour or so, the bell rang. He rose up, and closed his book. 'Allons,' said he, 'à diner.'

"That was all. In looking back, it seems to me very curious; the more so, when I look at Eton and observe the relation of tutor and pupil as it exists there."

The kind and friendly relations existing at Eton between tutor and pupils would, of course, afford a remarkable contrast to what is described above; and none the less would those truly paternal ties which bound himself to the boys entrusted to his care at St. Mark's.

A young lady who occupied a room above his in the warden's house was much amused once when staying there, at a little boy coming to her room—mistaking it for the warden's—to ask for help in dressing himself!

Having progressed well in his studies while in France, and become perfectly familiar with the French language, Stephen was yet to know other schools. He was at two at least after leaving France: one was the Manchester Grammar School, where he was under Dr. Prince Lee, the other was Sherborne. He considered himself much indebted to the excellent teaching of the headmaster here, and worked hard. There was a boy in his class, however, who kept ahead of him through a power he had of learning easily by heart. The "*As in presenti*" or "*Propria quæ Maribus*," parts of the Latin grammar as then taught—rules made into verses to assist memory—were fluently repeated by him; while Stephen, who did as well, or better, in

other respects, was always left behind by this repetition, which he could not master. But now his father, who was always much in earnest to get his boys on, promised Stephen five pounds when he should get to the top of his class. The family were not rich, there were the elder boys to educate, and little ones to maintain, so this five pounds was a serious matter, and there was the repetition always standing in the way. But the difficulty was got over, and in this way.

The young sister, who was a year older than himself, helped him. Every morning he and she used to come down early, before the rest of the family, and in the recess of the window they stood, both their earnest minds bent to overcome the difficulty; he repeating, she hearing him, correcting, helping. Their perseverance and determination did not fail, the difficulty was overcome, Stephen got to the top of his class, he received the five pounds from his approving father, and had the delight of spending it upon a riding-habit for the sister who had helped him to win it.

While at the same school he saw that there was bullying going on. There was a boy who was the butt of certain other boys—a harmless fellow, a tall, weakly sort of boy, less strong intellectually and physically than the rest. One day Stephen saw him surrounded by a ring of them, who were amusing themselves by flicking at him with a whip. The poor victim looked round with a sort of half-frightened smile, as if meaning, “Am I to take it as a joke?” Some of the boys may have been bigger than Stephen—one was nephew to the headmaster and a privileged person; but Stephen’s spirit was up: “If one of you touch Ned Evans again,” he cried, “I’ll knock him down!” “Will you, indeed?” said the headmaster’s nephew, and, taking the whip, he began flicking poor Evans with it again. Another moment and Stephen flashed up at him and gave him such a black eye as sent him staggering and astonished, and effectually released poor Evans.

But presently the headmaster came in, and without due inquiry his anger and his cane fell heavily on Evans’s avenger. Calmly he stood, while the blows fell fast upon his shoulders, with an accompaniment of such words as “cowardly,

mean, pitiful!" and no words escaped from him then or after; but so fully alive was he to the injustice which had been done him that for a time he never smiled at his master's jokes: that was all his revenge. At last, however, in a lesson there came a passage—translated, it was something like "forgive, if we have been unjust"; and in the master's eye, as he glanced at Stephen, there was an expression which might be taken to mean that he was willing to make the words his own; and from that moment all rancour passed away from his pupil's mind.

CHAPTER LVIII

UNIVERSITY CAREER

AND now the time drew on for Stephen to enter the University, and my father chose for his sons, Trinity College, Cambridge. I have already said the family were numerous and not wealthy by any means, and the University career of my brothers had to be economical.

Many years subsequent to the period I have reached, Stephen wrote a letter to a young relation, a nephew, who was in his turn just entering the University. It will give the history of his own career at Trinity, and is as follows:—

"MY DEAREST JACK,—Your father asks me to write to you on the important matter of honour reading or not.

"I don't know that I can do better than to set down my own experience, and leave you to think over it.

"I went up to college moderately prepared in classics, but entirely ignorant of mathematics—hardly knowing the multiplication table. We had to pass an important examination at the end of the first year. The number of men that used to enter at Trinity was about 150, and they, according to their getting up of their first year's subjects (which were, in my first year, the seventh book of Thucydides, *Æschylus'* play of the *Eumenides*, the *Georgics* of Virgil, and another Latin author; also six books of Euclid, arithmetic

all, algebra to the binomial theorem, and trigonometry), were divided into eight classes.

"From the first day I determined, though this was all new to me, by assiduity, to prepare it all if possible.

"I, therefore, never missed a single lecture throughout the year (we had two lectures every day—classical and mathematical).

"Having attended these lectures daily from 9 to 10, and 10 to 11, I occupied myself each day from 11 to 1 or 2 o'clock, with locked door, in going over all the instruction I had received in the morning, both in classics and mathematics, and copied all the grammatical and historical teaching and the translations; also the mathematical teaching I had had.

"I digested it into my manuscripts, so that I packed well away in my brain all that I had been taught by my admirable [teachers] tutors of the College, Higman and Thorpe, and by the end of the year I had my classical subjects well digested in my mind, and also the whole of the mathematics required.

"I then began a system of mathematical reading of the highest value to me. Every book I read I mastered and transferred in my own words to my manuscript, and it being entered there, I could take down the heading of what I had written, like the enunciation of a proposition of Euclid, and having torn a quire of large scribbling paper into quarters, I would write out—without looking at my MS. unless obliged—the article that I had carefully written in my MS.

"In the same careful and accurate manner I prepared and went over my written record of the teaching I had received in classics; and so carefully was this done, that, when my classical college tutor, Thorpe, gave us papers of questions or bits of translation, in order to test the care which we had taken to remember and treasure up the teaching we had received, his words at the end of my exercise or questions answered were—

'Very well me,
And very well thee.

T. T.'

So carefully had I prepared and gone over his notes, that he felt how good his teaching was and how well I had taken it

in. This preparation from notes of what I had been taught in mathematics and classics took me each day to about half-past one or two, and I then walked in the country till four¹ (the hour of dinner for Sizars—my father being poor, I was only a Sizar). After dinner, I would have a little reading of the paper till Chapel, which I never missed; then up to my room, locked the door, and made my tea, and then for a couple or three hours I prepared the work I was to have ready for the next morning's lecture; so that I always knew the propositions of Euclid, or the construing of the Greek play that would be required next day; so that never once was I obliged to say, what to other men seemed always on the tips of their tongues, 'I am not prepared, Sir.'

"Thus we went on from day to day. *No breakfast parties; no suppers ever.* Sometimes, and but seldom, a glass of wine with a friend after dinner.

"You may think this a dull life. Quite the contrary; it was as happy as the day was long. *Hope* was the parent of joy and peace. The result was that at the end of the first year I was high in the first class, amongst all the distinguished men of my year!

"Then began the second year. I went home for three or four weeks, and returned to College for July, August, and September, and I got my Father, promising to repay him, to give me a mathematical private tutor for the long vacation, and I spent those three months as I did in term time, going to my Tutor for an hour a day; and by this means I conquered trigonometry, which I had not time to read the first year.

"On returning to the College, after spending the first fortnight of October at home, I began my second year. Our number in College lectures was reduced from forty to four, but I never missed a lecture. We had a most dear and efficient tutor, Francis Martyn, who took the greatest pains to teach us; and again I had the joy of returning home at the end of the second year first class man.

¹ When my brother went up to Cambridge, he was introduced to Mr. Simeon; and one bit of advice Mr. Simeon gave him was, "Get a walk every day; and if it rains cats and dogs, go out and catch them!"

"Again I returned and spent my next long vacation at Cambridge, and again never missed a lecture, and in May I gained my Scholarship at Trinity, and at the close of the year came out the third time first class man.

"Once more I returned to College for the third long vacation. I never had a doubt about doing so, it was such a happy and profitable time. And this time I had a most distinguished tutor—Hopkins. My father still provided the tutor, which expense, I am happy to tell you, I repaid him faithfully.

"In January I took my degree, and came out eleventh Wrangler; and well do I remember at the back of the colleges I met my old tutor, Thorpe. He left the Dons he was walking with and came over to me; he grasped my hand before them all, saying, 'Mr. Hawtreys, I have marked your career. Yours is the right way—steady attention to the instruction furnished by your college has led you on to a first class every year, a scholarship, and now an excellent degree.'

"And the result was not only the repayment of all the expense my Father had been at for me at College (for being a Foundation Sizar, it was not much that I spent), and besides, I was able to maintain a younger brother at Eton, and afterwards at the University.

"Such is the history of my College life—a more quietly happy and hopeful one I cannot imagine. And oh! those forty, fine, gentlemanly men, who began with me three years and a half before, shall I tell you of their sorrow and vexation when they called on me, a Scholar of Trinity and first class man all the three years, and when they felt that their *not reading for honours* had caused them to lead a life of self-indulgence, in some sad instances of profligacy, which they never recovered. And, take my word for it, the steady reading and self-control of a career such as I have drawn out, not in order to exalt myself but to stimulate you, was a life of happiness to me, and instead of dulness, it ended in honour, and in the being able to help my Father—not in the disappointment and vexation which I saw in the faces of others."

Mr. Edward Young, when headmaster of Sherborne School, wrote to my brother Stephen to ask the dates of his going to the University, his degree, &c., with reference to a tablet which he wished to put up in the Sherborne school-room, with the names of old Sherburnians. My brother answered him as follows:—

“I went to Trinity in October 1828. I became Scholar of Trinity in 1831. I took my degree (Eleventh Wrangler) in January 1832. I was first class man in my College Examination each successive year, 1829, 1830, and 1831, which, Archdeacon Thorpe, stopping me in ‘the back of the Colleges,’ said was the true road to success.

“Also, one thing that was of great use to me was that all through my three years of Lectures in College I never once (through God’s mercy in giving me good health and a spirit of perseverance) was absent from a single lecture.—I am, dear Friend, yours truly,
STEPHEN HAWTREY.”

CHAPTER LIX

STEPHEN HAWTREY’S EARLY CONNECTION WITH ETON AND WINDSOR

WHEN Stephen left Cambridge he became tutor to the sons of Mr. Balfour, and, as we have seen, used to pass by the coasts of the eastern counties in going by sea from London to Scotland. But he also sometimes visited his family at Pakefield. On one occasion he gave a treat (or “frolic” as it was called there) to the village children in the schoolroom—built some years before by the rector, Mr. Francis Cunningham—a long, not very wide, whitewashed room. The days of pretty paper flowers and gas or electric lights for such rooms had not dawned, but some ladies in the village cut out flowers in beetroot and turnips; these, with green leaves, decorated the walls, and there was a narrow ledge put up all round the room for candles, the wicks of which were just touched with turpentine, so that the lighting up was done with great speed and brilliancy. I believe the tea and the

entertainment altogether were very acceptable, and the next day one of the little guests said to her mother, "Mother, will Heaven be as beautiful as Mr. Stephen's Frolic?"

We have seen something of his intercourse with his family, when they were living at London and he at Eton. During that time he was befriending and coaching his pupils at Eton. These were Mr. Balfour's sons, and the young Pigotts, his own brother Henry, and also one who became a great favourite with him, a son of Lady Blantyre, whose father had lost his life very sadly by happening to look out of the window of a hotel in Brussels during an *emeute*, when a chance shot ended his life. This party, as well as I remember, were Stephen's charge at Eton in the days when he was private tutor, before becoming an assistant master. One of them, his own younger brother Henry, has told us of duty undertaken by him, over and above the care and coaching of his pupils.

"The special work to which, in a most unselfish and conscientious manner, he devoted himself was ministering on Sundays to the poor in the Hamlet of Dedworth and in the Poor Houses, then at the bottom of Sheet Street. Many a Sunday do I remember how he would gather all his numerous party of private pupils together in his sitting-room, and having provided them with lemons, sugar, and boiling water and gingerbread biscuits, would recount to them, chapter after chapter, the remarkable events in the lives of the people in the Poor House, and some were very curious and interesting indeed.

"He was exceedingly fond of music, and regarded it as a great element in education, and with a view to raising the psalmody at Dedworth, he had the voices of sundry of the Windsor National School boys tried, and selecting the fittest, put them under the instruction of Mr. Bambridge, who taught them to sing from the Hullah music sheets. For that time, this was a wonderfully forward move."

The living of Clewer was at that time sequestered, and the rector lived in France. The church was damp and mouldy; the straw hassocks within the communion rails were

dilapidated. In this parish he worked alone, and a tradesman, afterwards speaking of that time, said, "and the work was never better done." His sister Anna came to stay with him one winter and they cut out clothing for the poor, and odd bits of cloth left over were shaped into soles to fit into and warm the poor people's shoes.

In a postscript to an account of St. Mark's School, published in 1859, he tells of what those early days and ministrations led on to:—

"About twenty years ago," he writes, "the Bishop of New Zealand¹ was curate of Windsor. One of the plans he devised and carried out for the benefit of the parish, was to erect a schoolroom to be used as a chapel on Sundays, in the outlying hamlet of Dedworth, then attached to the vicarage of Windsor, though separated from it by the parish of Clewer, and three miles distant from the [Windsor parish] church.

"When the chapel was built the maintenance of the service was entrusted to me.

"It will be within the recollection of many how very badly the singing in church was performed, for the most part, some twenty years ago . . . It was submitted to with patient solemnity, doubtless because it formed part of Divine Service, but if performed under other circumstances, it would have been felt to be intolerable.

"Feeling that this was altogether wrong, and that Christian Psalmody ought either to be dispensed with or performed in a very different manner, one of the first things I did, with a view to the proper performance of this part of the divine worship in the little chapel at Dedworth, was to look out for some efficient way of teaching the children to sing with propriety. While I was considering what was to be done, I fell in with a copy of Hullah's Manual at Parker's shop in London, then just printed by him, under the direction of the Privy Council. I eagerly seized the book, and found in it exactly what I wanted—a method by which, from a sure foundation, the superstructure of a sound knowledge of

¹ George Augustus Selwyn.

music was gradually built up. I was fortunate in having associated with me, as clerk at Dedworth, Mr. G. Bambridge, a thorough musician. We went to work at the manual and found out its meaning, or if we failed to make out any of the directions, I wrote to Mr. Hullah (to whom I was then personally unknown), and he explained with ready cordiality what had puzzled us.

“Having mastered the book, and had our minds opened by attending the first choral meeting of Hullah’s classes in Exeter Hall, we obtained leave to teach music from notes, after the regular school hours, to those of the Windsor National School boys who showed a disposition to learn. We steadily persevered through the course, and our perseverance was fully rewarded. I shall never forget my surprise and exultation, when, after duly practising the intervals, I found that one and another, and another, of the boys were able to sing off at once music which they had never seen before. The best of them were now formed into a little choir, and accompanied me each Sunday to Dedworth.

“This was the first nucleus of St. Mark’s School. For some years we continued to go Sunday after Sunday to Dedworth. There was an afternoon and an evening service, and as the distance was too great to return to Windsor between the services, we had tea together every Sunday before the evening service; in the summer, under the shade of the trees in an orchard adjoining the chapel. This meal taken in common, the walk in the adjoining forest after the afternoon service, the seeking the primrose bank in the opening spring or the bed of wild violets, the Sunday story-book read out as the party sat in a social circle on the new-mown hay, or gathered in the heat of summer under the shade of the oak trees in the forest—all this was doing its work. It was working into the boys’ hearts a humanized, affectionate, family feeling, which has never gone out of the school. To this must doubtless be added the effect upon themselves of the music they practised and sang, still affectionately remembered by the inhabitants of the hamlet.

“In process of time the full design of the Bishop of

New Zealand was carried out. . . . The hamlet of Dedworth was united to the Parish of Clewer, and that portion of the Parish of Clewer which lay within the Borough of Windsor, was formed into a distinct Chapelry, and a Church¹ built in it, of which I was incumbent for the first seven years. On its consecration, the choir was transferred to the Church thus built, which henceforth became their Parish Church."

CHAPTER LX

BEGINNING OF ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, WINDSOR

I CONTINUE in my brother's own words:—

"Some difficulty at this time supervened about the continuance of the musical lessons which had hitherto been given at the National School, and it became necessary, if the character of our singing was to be perpetuated, that we should have a separate school, in which singing should form part of the school business. The idea that they might possibly have a school of their own was discussed with very lively emotion at one of our Sunday teas (which have now continued for eighteen years), and the question arose, where could the school be held? One of the boys remembered that there was a washerwoman's cottage, with a small drying-ground attached, at the junction of Clewer and Goswell Lane, which had been for some time vacant. The next morning he came with tremulous eagerness to say that the board was still up giving notice that the cottage was to be let. We took it, and began with nineteen boys.

"They entered on their domain, and set to work themselves to prepare the place—uprooting the straggling cabbages and gooseberry bushes, levelling the ground, spreading and rolling the gravel that was carted in.

"The bathroom was fabricated out of a little duck pond, the adjoining dressing-room out of the pig-stye. Another shed was converted into their carpenter's shop and tool-house.

¹ Trinity Church.

A little locker was put up for every boy; each one had also his separate hat, cloak, and towel peg.

"The cottage consisted of four rooms—a kitchen and small bedroom, and two fairly sized rooms all on the ground floor. A labouring man, lately disabled from work by an accident, and his wife, were given house room in the kitchen and small bedroom. Their duty was to boil the kettle and perform the domestic duties which the social character of the school called for. The two other rooms were for the purposes of the school.

"When all was ready, we received our first schoolmaster from St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea.¹ His abilities were excellent, but it was not his ability, but his *truthfulness* of character that I look back to as being of unspeakable benefit to us. He left us in time for a more important position, but before he left, he had stamped upon the school the character of truth which, by the blessing of God, it has never lost.

"The master and his boys first met at Church. The hour of Morning Service was seven o'clock. After Church they walked together to the school to breakfast. The master's breakfast was laid on a table in the middle of the room, and the boys took their seats at the tables ranged round the room, facing him. Each boy took out of his little bag a slice of bread and butter which he had brought from home, and a basin of milk and water or cocoa was provided for each. Thus they began the first day, and each successive day was like it. After the school had been in operation about two years, a curate (Mr. King) came to assist me for a few months. The school interested him greatly. He often joined the social meals, and found the intercourse with the boys to be (in his own words) 'a source of much personal enjoyment to himself.' He also saw a good deal of their parents, and learnt the feelings they entertained for the school; he learned, too, how many other families wished to send their children there. Accordingly he proposed to me to raise the number from 20 to 50. I hesitated for a time, fearing the effect of the influx of so many new boys.

¹ Mr. Charles Morgan, afterwards Archdeacon Morgan.

“He spoke, however, so confidently of the soundness of the work, and felt so convinced it might safely be done, that I consented. The result proved that he was perfectly right. Within a month the number was raised to fifty—that is, was more than doubled—and the change has only produced good results.

“This was ten years ago.¹ The numbers that have pressed for admission since that time have been such that the two rooms have been thrown into one; the man and his wife have had to seek lodgings elsewhere; and kitchen, bedroom, and even the dressing-room and bath-house, and a neighbouring cottage have all been gradually taken up, and are now crowded with boys; and still the character and tone which it acquired at the first setting off is maintained.

“The moral seems to be this: begin with a small number, get a good tone into the school, and the incomers will pick it up.

“It is now eight years since I resigned the Incumbency.² On my resignation it was given to my younger brother, but the school has not been the less prosperous since then.

“Mr. Morgan remained with us long enough for the boy who took his place at the head of the Boys’ table, on the first morning the school was opened, to go through his training at St. Mark’s College, Chelsea, and return to us as Master. Since he was nine years old, I have watched over him with something of paternal care, and now he repays me by the loving spirit in which he carries on for others that system of training which formed himself.”³

¹ *i.e.* 1849.

² In 1851.

³ Now the Rev. R. Blythe, rector of Ogbourne St. George, Wilts, in 1900.

CHAPTER LXI

PAROCHIAL WORK AT WINDSOR

SOON after entering upon the incumbency of Trinity Church, Stephen wrote a letter to his parishioners. I give here some portions of it:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—My Reverend brother and predecessor in labouring among you, the Rev. J. R. Gould, established a custom, which I think I cannot do better than follow, of addressing to you a letter at the beginning of the year.¹

“First, I would call on you to observe that the year which is now closed has been a most eventful one for Windsor; at the close of it we have bright and joyful hopes for the future. In God’s mercy He has so appointed it that there are now six clergymen engaged in the work of the Ministry in the town of Windsor, and you, my dear friends, whom I am especially addressing, have been brought together as a separate parish, family, and brotherhood, and have a House of God erected in your midst, and three clergymen appointed to watch over you, whereas formerly the same district was a part only of the cure of one Minister, who had all the country part of the parish of Clewer, besides. . . .

“Now let me tell you the principle upon which we wish to carry out the work of the ministry among you; it is simply this—to do what we are ordered by the Prayer-Book, and what we solemnly engaged to do when we were ordained to be ministers in Christ’s Church, for the edifying of the body of Christ, and with the blessing of God to give meaning and reality to the various institutions and ordinances of our Church, by endeavouring to carry out the intention with which they were appointed.

¹ Mr. Gould was curate to the Rev. Isaac Gosset, vicar of Windsor—before the separate formation of the parish of Holy Trinity.

“For instance, the curate that ministers in any Parish Church, being at home and not otherwise reasonably hindered, is ordered to say the morning and evening prayers in the church where he ministers, and to cause a bell to be tolled thereunto a convenient time before, that the people may come and hear God’s word and pray with him. It is in obedience to this, that in the morning at 8, before the business of the day begins, and in the evening at half-past six, when the labouring man has returned from his work, that the Church bell is tolled to invite you to come to God’s House, and to pray with your Minister; and be assured, my dear friends, that you will find it an unspeakable blessing to begin and close every day with the worship of God.”

He then speaks of holy baptism, urging upon communicants to take on themselves the duties of sponsors, where the parents of children were not able to provide such; undertaking a great deal of co-operation with them—in their efforts for their children—on the part of the clergy.

He tells his parishioners all his plans for them: a class of catechumens to meet weekly; a missionary meeting in connection with the S.P.G. every month; catechizing every Sunday; a class for those who desire to become communicants:—

“I now turn to another class of my Parishioners in whom I feel the deepest interest, but whom I know by far the least—I mean the young men of my Parish, and the Fathers of families. The Mothers we find at home, and the children at school, but the young men and fathers are all day at their shops, or at their work, and we have no opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, unless we can meet in a friendly way after the business hours of the day are over.

“This I am very anxious to do, and for this purpose to find some common sources of interest and instruction to engage our attention; for instance, a Library of entertaining and useful books to which you can have access in the evening; Lectures on History, especially Church History, and other subjects of a like nature, and during the Eton vacations I may perhaps be able to give you an insight into

the Elements of Natural Philosophy, with experiments . . . for the summer evenings we shall look forward to promote among you manly and athletic sports, or the cultivation of the allotment gardens we hope to procure for you. In the meantime, as a common and improving source of interest, we do not think we can do better than establish . . . classes for singing. . . . I take it to be a lamentable sign of a worldly, irreligious age . . . that while the greatest pains and labour are bestowed upon music, when used as a means of gratifying the senses, when used in the worship of God, anything is thought good enough ; no systematic pains are taken to make it good, so that it is not too much to say that in very many churches, it is positively disgraceful, and can only be considered tolerated, either from reverence for God's House, or because custom has reconciled us to it, or because no interest is felt in it.

"It was with a strong feeling of the dishonour done to the Almighty in not 'giving of our best to God,' that I determined that such a state of things should not exist in my Church, at least from want of painstaking ; so that long before the Church was consecrated, I began to make provision on this head, and the result is that . . . the singing is said by all who are competent judges, to be solemn, devout, and very good indeed."

Towards the end of the letter he explains why the surplice is worn in preaching :—

"The first thing to be said, is simply that it is so ordered. After the Nicene Creed it is said: 'Here followeth the Sermon,' and after that 'the Priest shall return to the Lord's Table and say one or more of the sentences following, after which he shall say the Prayer for the Church militant.' . . . I appeal to you whether the habit pursued in opposition to this order has not the direct tendency of fostering in the minds of members of the Church a deplorable mistake—I mean, that they may turn their backs time after time on the Lord's Table. If the clergyman closes the service and dismisses the congregation, and then retires from the church, and only returns, and that in a different dress, after the congregation is gone, and the communicants alone remain—has

not this a tendency to foster this error? Whereas if the clergyman, when the sermon is finished, returns as ordered to the Lord's Table those who go away must feel they are going in the midst of a service which is not concluded; they see the officiating priest standing at the Lord's Table to which he has invited them, and they perceive that the service is only suspended on account of the noise and confusion they produce in leaving God's House. Now a custom which acts as a standing witness against a most fatal error, cannot be an immaterial observance. Still . . . it is unwise to make any change in the established usage of a church without fully explaining the grounds of it . . . but in our Church the correct usage was established from the beginning. . . .

"There is much unhappy division in the Church of England—to all of you I would say, above all things cultivate peace, and pray for peace—for myself I can truly say there is nothing, short of principle, I would not be disposed to give up for peace. . . ."

I believe the surplice was actually given up "for peace" for a time; but people's views about these things were advancing, and it was only for a time, and probably only for a short time. He tells his parishioners that his two curates would live amongst them. The one was the Rev. J. Skinner, the other his own brother, Henry.

"For myself," he concludes, "except during the Eton vacations, our intercourse will be very casual, as I have my professional duties to attend to; but be assured, I shall always hear of your welfare with the liveliest satisfaction, and shall pray for your increase in the knowledge and love of God. My last words are, 'Live in peace, and the God of all peace be with you.' Your very affectionate minister and wellwisher,

"STEPHEN HAWTREY.

"*January 1st, 1845.*"

An autograph letter from Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, to Stephen, will testify to some of the trials that beset him, when, having been inducted into what was then the "Perpetual Curacy of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor," he tried

to introduce a fitting, though very quiet, unostentatious mode of conducting the service. There was an excellent lady living in the parish, who could not bear what to her were Romanizing tendencies, and it seems she brought before the Bishop one or two practices, VI. and VII., which she regarded with apprehension.

The Bishop's letter is as follows :—

“ Private.

“ CUDDESDON PALACE, *Dec. 14, 1840.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have a letter of complaint, touching the Services; &c., in your Church. The points alleged are these :—

“ I. That you have erected a High Altar, which, about 2 years ago, was raised 2 or 3 steps higher, and disrobed of its red covering.

“ II. That the Communion rails were removed.

“ III. That the Reading-Desk was removed.

“ IV. Preaching in the Surplice.

“ V. Entoning the Service. [These being very unwelcome to the bulk of the population.]

“ VI. Circulating on last National Fast Day a paper urging Christians to pray for the dead.

“ VII. Practising Auricular confession.

“ Will you give me such information as may enable me to reply?

“ The writer's name is Charlotte Raine. Who is she?

“ You will feel the need of cautious gentleness and forbearance to give no offence, that the Ministry be not blamed.

—I am, ever yours most sincerely, “ S. OXON.”

I think his correspondent was able to satisfy the Bishop, if not Miss Raine.

FROM ONE OF STEPHEN'S CHURCHWARDENS TO BISHOP
SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, OF OXFORD

"WINDSOR, *Janry.* 9, 1851.

"MY LORD,—I feel very deep regret that any Parishioner of the Revd. Stephen Hawtrey should have applied to your Lordship to interfere in the mode of his conducting the services of the Holy Trinity Church, as he has always, from the formation of the Parish, been exceedingly desirous that they should be performed in the most edifying and feeling manner to his congregation. I, therefore, in my judgement, think there is no cause of complaint. And, as to the second enquiry, I most firmly believe that any interference of your Lordship between him and his flock would grieve and annoy them sadly.

"To these answers, my Lord, permit me to add my testimony to the sacrifices, both pecuniary and personal, that the Revd. S. Hawtrey has made for the good of all his parishioners, especially those of the poorer classes. I am vain, but pleased in doing so, as there is no one in such a position as myself to speak to the extent of them as myself.—I am, my Lord, your most humble and obedt. servant,

"JAMES JENNINGS,
"Churchwarden, Holy Trinity, Windsor."

This good friend was not altogether sympathised with by his brother churchwarden, who therefore wrote a separate letter, on the same occasion, as follows:—

"9th *Janry.* 1851.

"MY LORD BISHOP,—As my colleague, Mr. Jennings, and myself do not quite agree respecting the answer to your Lordship's letter of the 3rd inst., I have thought it better that we should each address you upon the subject, and feel bound to say, that I do think the complaint is not altogether without foundation.

"I cannot, however, see any advantage that would arise

from any interference by your Lordship, because I apprehend the views entertained by Mr. Hawtrey are those in which your Lordship entirely coincides, and under that view of the case, I think it would be causing an unnecessary agitation, which could not end in any practical results.

"I wish your Lordship distinctly to understand that I entirely concur with opinions entertained by your Lordship in reference to the zeal, benevolence, and excellence of Mr. Hawtrey.—I have the honour to be, my Lord Bishop, your obedient servant,

THOMAS ARTHUR MOORE."

While at Eton, Stephen had added to his work of private tutor, that of mathematical master, giving lectures first in his private rooms, and afterwards in the octagon building which he erected, and where he had rooms, which he occupied for many years of his life, promoting the education of his dear Eton mathematical pupils, and encouraging and winning them by all manner of devices, by lectures and entertainments, "assaults of arms" by the noble Life Guards, concerts and theatrical entertainments, and by rousing the spirit of emulation among the younger, to enter the race for the *μύσται* goal, that is, the conquering (by thoroughly understanding) the fourth proposition of Euclid.

In 1848 Guernsey ceased to be the family home, and Stephen's parents and unmarried sisters came to Windsor. His life at Eton had been happy and independent, and it is not every one, perhaps, who would have exchanged such days for a life to be given up in a measure to family claims, with the large-hearted love and willingness that he did. He took the greatest interest in the voluntary work which his father now undertook amongst the soldiers, his own position as acting chaplain to the troops stationed in Windsor, giving his father every facility for so doing.

Later on, as we have seen, the family home was in Somersetshire.

A LETTER FROM STEPHEN TO HIS SISTER ANNA ON
HER BIRTHDAY

"Sept. 8, 1851.

"MY BEST BELOVED ANNA,—My dear companion who is travelling on beside me, if the sincerest love of a brother, who knows your value, is a comfort to you, and if his best wishes and prayers can invoke a blessing upon your head for this and many years to come, it is yours. May you be blessed in blessing—for that has been the character of your life. To none have you been a greater blessing than your loving but unworthy brother Stephen. I send you on the other side a little trifle to enable you at any time to do any little kindness you may have it in your heart to do, but where you would be stopped for want of a little means. I am in a difficulty. I have asked dear Charles and Emily to Windsor. I fear you must come and furnish. I am helpless without you—more than ever because the mathematics practically will keep me and do keep me. I am giving things over to Henry."

This letter was written in the same year that Church House was first built and inhabited, and about the time when mathematics—the study of which had previously been voluntary—were made part of the school business at Eton; and he himself becoming one of the assistants of the headmaster, resigned the living of Holy Trinity, Windsor, which, upon his resignation, was given to his brother Henry.

I have another fragment of a birthday letter, which I will add here, though it is undated.

"My darling Sister Anna will remember the basket of peaches are all her own—my birthday present to my long-loved, faithful, devoted, true-hearted, just, righteous sister Anna. May God bless, preserve, and keep you, prays your loving
S. HAWTREY."

It seems there was some doubt, about the time Church House was built, whether Stephen might not have to give up

the scheme of living there, in order to undertake one of the boarding-houses at Eton.

He writes as follows, on November 5, 1851, to his sister :—

“MY DEAREST ANNA,—I have your loved letter, and my heart blesses you for all your sympathy.

“I have written the enclosed to Dr. Hawtreys, with a view to an amicable settlement. I hope you will approve. . . . At any rate we will, please God, have one happy, very happy winter together. If our vision of future years is then to be dissipated, still [we may have] this next winter, in the house rendered sacred to us by the copper plate placed by beloved Mother . . .

“The paper has been down upon me these two last weeks—last week about St. Mark’s [the school founded by him], saying I must have some underhand Jesuitical intentions.

“The house goes on very nicely—a capital range from Newcastle. God grant us happiness and peace and love. I am now about to prepare for taking the sermon to-night.

“In the meantime, I am, your most loving, S. H.”

“I told Harry,” he writes, “that one drop of comfort in the dashing to the ground, one after another, of the hopes cherished through 14 years, is that if I have a house at Eton perhaps I may be entrusted with one or other of my most beloved, cherished nephews to educate and care for.”

His hopes of living at Church House and of maintaining connection with the parish of Windsor were all carried out; and from Church House he fostered St. Mark’s School. He also for a time had a small house in Keats Lane at Eton, and there received his eldest nephew, Ralph Hawtreys.

His brother Henry had been his curate from the first, and succeeded him as incumbent of the parish, and this arrangement allowed him still to do occasional work there.

CHAPTER LXII

SWITZERLAND

IN 1852 my father, now rector of Kingston Seymour, in Somersetshire, persuaded Stephen to accompany him on a visit to Switzerland, being himself a great lover of that country. His son's heart was much in his own work in Windsor, and my father had some little difficulty in persuading him to come away, but Stephen rejoiced afterwards that he had gone. His father's views as to some church matters, and his own—though strong natural affection existed between them—did not altogether agree; but Stephen used to say that from the time of their Swiss expedition not a trace of want of harmony remained. And many a time has he recounted how, on the way from Geneva to Chamonix, where the scenery is most magnificent, his father said to him: "Stephen, did I say too much?" and how he replied: "*Not half enough, sir!*"

Stephen often visited Switzerland in the years that followed, and I will here bring in some portions of letters written by him thence to his family in England. Out of many, I have one or two to give which show the same appreciation of scenery, the same aptitude to enjoy and to give pleasure which his early letter from the English Lakes tells us of.

In 1855 he went to Switzerland with two Eton pupils. For part of the time they were in company with his brother-in-law and his sister (Professor and Mrs. Donkin), and Mr. Philip Pusey, from whom he and his pupils were to part on Monday, the 21st of August. They were all together at Hotel du Lac Vevey on the previous day:—

"It was a lovely evening. We sat out watching the mountains. The next morning Harriet was early sketching them. After breakfast we took a boat, for the boys and Philip to see the Castle at Chillon. We had to row hard to be back for the 2 o'clock steamer, at which hour we were to leave each

other. It was very interesting the crypt where the prisoners were kept, very striking and solemn.

“Back—raced the steamboat, pulling manfully; and now followed a Stephanic accident. From the boat I jumped upon the steamer, which we boarded. Harriet had just got on board before we came alongside. I saw Philip safe up; sprang off to bid her good-bye where she was sitting; saw a boat disgorging its passengers and luggage; calculated I had yet a minute or two; no sound of ‘Now, gentlemen, for shore,’ but round went the paddle-wheels, and we were off. It was in vain I entreated the Captain to stop. No, I was down two leagues before I was landed at a place called Cully. However, it gave me a pleasant talk with William and Harriet and Philip. William lent me money to get back to Vevey. I landed, and immediately started, walking along the vineyards beside the lake, to Vevey. It was tremendously hot, but I did not care about it. Half-way, I went into a cabaret and had a couple of glasses of the most refreshing cool *vin du pays*. There was a capital article in the Berne paper which lay on the table about the Swiss Legion and its popularity and efficiency. So, as there were a number of men taking their wine, I thought I had an opportunity of doing my country some good, so I read the article aloud *con gusto*, and was greeted with very satisfactory exclamations—‘Ha! quel fameux Pays! C’est bien!’ So I hope I gained some recruits. When I got to Vevey I found the boys had taken their places in the coach for Martigny. I had just put the things together in my sac, as I had said something about walking, but there was another place in the coach. I took it. At half-past eleven got to Martigny after a very close, unpleasant drive. At St. Maurice, however, I had such a refreshing tea, I look back to it with composure and thankfulness. I had had nothing since the early morning; light breakfast; had rowed hard to Chillon; back harder to Vevey; walked in the broiling afternoon sun from Cully to Vevey; got in just in time to start for Martigny, so you may suppose that at 10 (P.M.) I was quite ready for a refreshing tea, and I got it, and a couple of chops. It was exactly what I wanted, and it did set me up. One hour more

got us to Martigny, and we took beds at the Cygne. The next morning I proposed starting at 5, so as to get over the Col de Balme and down to the Tête Noire and back to Martigny, but J. was not up to rising so early. This brought us in the heat of the day half-way up the hill (towards the Forclaz)."

He met old friends on the way—the girl who once had *contre gré* carried his knapsack, and whom he had won over by his kindness; the old custom-house officer who sold "Limonade Gazeuse," and he goes on:—

"Off we were again, and got down into the valley of the Trient, and turned to the right towards the Col de Balme. There was a woman with raspberries, strawberries, cream, &c. We bargained; 10 centimes for this, 20 for that. She thought we were terribly sharp. It all came to 1f. 75c, and I said: '25c. pour amitié, fait deux francs.' She was astonished and delighted, and I told her: 'Ce n'est pas toujours les chiens qui aboyent le plus fortment qui mordent le plus gravement.' She caught the meaning, and we parted and toiled up the Col de Balme. There was not a cloud in the blue, blue sky.

"I proposed, as we were approaching the height of the Col, that we should walk three abreast that we might see the view at the same time. We had hardly so arranged ourselves when the top of a solitary white dome shot up over the greensward. 'There he is! there he is! that's him!' I cried. They were all attention and amazement. Then, after a few steps, another and another object came into view. 'There's the Dome du Gouté; there is the Aiguille du Gouté, there is the Aiguille du Midi; there the Aiguille Vert, Aiguille de Dru!' Now we looked into the valley. 'There is the Glacier des Bossons. There, at the head of the Glacier, you see five rocks; they are the Grands Mulets!'

"So we went on, as you may imagine—but you cannot, till you see it—imagine the glory of the view. I that have seen Mont Blanc from every point of view on the Chamonix side, was astonished at its magnificence. Never had I an idea how grand it would appear from this point of view. Its vastness and its majesty come out so incomparably from this point.

Its height above the dome and Aiguille du Gouté, hardly perceivable from Chamonix, now became manifest as we see them all in a line at right angles nearly with the line of sight.

"As we were sitting on the bench outside the inn, looking at the sight and eating the bread and cheese we had brought, the man of the inn came, and, struck with our satisfaction and enthusiastic admiration, asked us where we were going to sleep. 'At the Tête Noire,' was the answer. 'Les effets des Messieurs sont là?' 'Non,' said we. 'Comment!' said he, 'vous allez vous ensevelir à la Tête Noire? Je vous assure, vous n'avez encore rien vu, c'est le coucher et le lever du soleil qui est beau, si vous restez ici, et montez là haut' pointing to a knoll about half-an-hour's walk, 'après avoir vu le coucher et le lever du soleil, vous direz que vous n'avez rien vu de si beau.'

"Now although I guessed he was prompted in his remarks by the prospect of having us as inmates, still I said to the boys: 'I have a great mind to stop here.' They were quite willing. We determined to have tea, but as the day was still early and the milk not yet come from a neighbouring chalet, we had some hot brandy and water to comfort us, for the ascent of the Col de Balme is not nothing, and went up to the knoll, and there sat for about an hour and a half, and an hour and a half's greater enjoyment from things seen, I don't remember. At first there was the beauteous rich golden light of the afternoon sun on the soft fields of snow, the Peaks and Domes still throwing comparatively short shadows. As the day declined the shadows lengthened, and the lengthening of the shadows being in proportion to their height, every five minutes changed the appearance of things. The clear outline of the ridge was seen in the shadow beautifully, and the peaks opposed to the sun shone out with effulgency as he approached the horizon. It was quite a succession of never to be forgotten changes, setting off the old monarch as he lay there enthroned, and now a first hue of rose is seen on the tops of the glaciers. It spread until all Mont Blanc shone in the most beautiful varying hues of rose.

"We look round us; there was a panorama. Looking

back we saw the Jungfrau and Blumlis Alp; forward down the valley, but far away, the Bedford ranges, and immediately before, the Buet, the Brevent, the Dents ranges to the right, the Prarion Hill at the opposite end of the valley, then on the left the Mont Blanc range.

“While I am writing this, imagine the changes creeping on, a deeper tint of rose, getting more and more beautiful till the moment of dissolution, and looking round on the whole horizon, there was a succession of tints, from gold through rosier and paler tints of rose to violet, and at last to softest green. Now one part died, then another, then another. Now the head of Mont Blanc alone is rosy. Now, even that has changed, and the whole mountain is dead! We stayed for a few moments looking, but not speaking. We all felt, how beautiful, how solemn.

.
“I told the host that I found his words quite true. It was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.”

Later, after a very hot day's journey, the party arrived at Zermatt (Hotel Monté Rosa)—

“And had a jolly refreshing tea altogether in one of our bedrooms, where, owing to my determination about having a kettle and spirit lamp, we had tea that thoroughly set us up. The next day was Sunday.

“I heard [he continues] there was to be service at the other hotel, and found the clergyman one to whom I had given a cup of my refreshing tea at St. Maurice, when he had waited for his coffee till the coach was going off. He asked me to take the prayers. The congregation was small—ourselves, the Malcombes, and one or two young men. After the service we had some talk with the Malcombes. I found that he was proposing the same excursion as ourselves for to-day (Monday), namely, going up the Cima di Jazi, and being an old traveller in this district had his old guides and friends, and therefore we judged that he would be a valuable companion to us, so I determined if possible to do as he did. His plan was, leaving his party at Zermatt, to come up to the

Riffelberg Hotel in the evening, sleep there, and be ready to start, Monday morning at 5. Everybody was against our going. The guide prophesied a break up of weather; the Hotel-keeper, that there were no beds at the Riffelberg; the muleteer, that the animal had not been fed; but in spite of all we determined on going, when we heard Mr. Malcombe was going, or gone.

"Just as we were ready, Chapman (an old Etonian), and a Mr. Smythe, a tremendous mountaineer, passed us, saying they had altered their intention, which was to go somewhere by a Pass that (there was a legend) had once been crossed, and to come with us; only, instead of returning with us to Riffelberg they intended going on to Macugnaga by a road which was nothing but a ridge of a house, called the Arrête Blanche. Up we started with them. They walked a tremendous pace, and beat me, but D. kept up with them. J. was riding the horse behind. I kept up as well as I could, but was quite distanced, and, not to be much beaten, I kept up at a killing pace.

"I reached now the highest châteaux; a woman told me this was the right way. I pushed on. It had got dark. The road became less marked; led to the side of a stream. I thought I saw a path on the other side, but all was very indistinct. The moon would not rise over the brow of the hill behind for hours. I crossed the stream. I presently lost the path, went on, and found a precipice before me: at least so it looked. I thought I must be wrong, and ought not to have crossed the stream, so I returned; still was unsuccessful in finding a path, though I saw a house on the top of the hill I was on. I made up to it. It was a deserted châtlet. Saw some trees; made for them, as they looked like civilisation; got deeper into darkness and discomfort; took a large circuit to try and find a path in vain; tried to recover my way to the stream—could not; thought I heard a sound of running water far below. Where had I got to? Got my glasses out; peered into the darkness; thought I discovered the Riffelberg on the opposite hill, where I first thought it was, but how was I to get to the ford of the stream and then over the precipice beyond. Where could the mule path

be? Where was J. and the guide. I had heard no sound of them. I was full of trouble, knowing the confusion that would arise if I did not appear before the arrival of the horse. I was thoroughly puzzled what to do, so shouted as loud as I could. No answer; again, no answer; again, after a while, when, oh joy! far up the height a voice replied: 'Oh-yo!'

"At the same moment I recovered the sight of my stream pass far below. Down I went, and judge, with my mouth now clammy and dry, how I fell upon the water and drank two leather cups full! Then I went on, occasionally calling out—the friendly voice answered, every time nearer, till at last we met. It was the guide of one of the party, who, knowing by the shouts that some one had lost his way, came gradually towards me guided by mutual sound of voices. I was heartily glad to meet him, for the rest of the way up to the Hotel was so steep and undecided, that I should have had the greatest difficulty in the dark in tracking it. I put off my things to be dried, had a cup of tea, and was soon in bed. General orders were given to be called at 4, as at 5 it was determined to start all together *en caravane*. I was in the same room with Chapman (it is a little place, rather better than the Faulhorn Hotel). I did not, I think, lose consciousness all night. At 4 our guide came, and we were soon stirring. The first to start was an old chamois hunter, then Mr. Malcombe and his Chamonix guide, Chapman and his, Mr. Smythe, a queer but very skilful mountaineer, D., and myself. . . . It is 5 o'clock, and we are under way. . . . At first we mounted over the peak and rounded a point which brought the great Gorner Glacier on our right. We gradually then made for the Glacier. It was a *mauvais pas* style of walk, but not difficult. At length we got on to the Glacier, and walked up it. It was slippery at first, but when we got on the centre, easy enough; many crevasses, but all easy and narrow; the glacier quite flat, not at all like the Bossons and Mer de Glace. . . . And now we left rocks and glacier and entered a vast field of snow. Along this we pleasantly advanced, the air bright, keen and racy, the sky cloudless, as we went for miles over this snow-field. I had taken a tallow

candle from the bedroom, and ever and anon kept giving my neck and cheeks a rub with it. I could not keep the veil down, for I wanted every atom of the oxygen of the rarified air, but I drew the veil so as to be two or three folds thick over the eyes. On and on we went, and now were getting very high. At last we came to the point where the two who were to go down the *Arrête Blanche* parted from us. We all stuck our batons to make a circle in the snow, and stood round and drank each others' healths in cognac and snow; and so we parted.

"In the meantime Mr. Malcombe had gone forward with his two guides, and D. had followed them. We were now come to the bottom of the ridge, very steep, which led to the Cime. Mr. Malcombe did not seem 'far up the height,' so I said, 'I will catch him up,' for our guide was beat, tho' apparently a strong man, and was far behind, but it was an unfortunate move of mine. I walked about 20 or 30 paces briskly along, and was then suddenly beat—breath seemed gone from me. I was obliged to stand, stoop down, and recover, but it was all up with me; that rapid move had done for me. It was, for the rest of the way, ten steps and a rest, and so slow, the air so rare. I caught sight of Mr. Malcombe supported on each side by one of his guides, and the luxury of crowning the height in that way seemed very great. D. continued slowly toiling up a good way in front of me, and I, as I tell you, still moving slowly after; however, suddenly, and before I expected, I saw them seated, a little from me, on the Cime itself, and in a few minutes I was there; and here was a trouble—our guide had our mackintoshes, coats, and provisions, and was nowhere in sight. I was obliged to lie down on the snow, crouched up, to recover breath. Mr. Malcombe warned me against it, and told me to make D. and the old guide sit closer on the alpenstocks, which were laid alongside one another, and to sit with them. As I was moving to do so, my stock began to move, and faster and faster it went; and now was exhibited a feat of activity by B. Coutel, as sharp as anything I ever saw. He saw the stick going, and off he started; the stick went faster

and faster, and he faster and yet faster still—he flew down the mountain side, was clearly gaining on the stick, seized it, and in a few minutes brought it back, and very awkwardly situated would I have been if he had not got it for me. I got out a franc, and shook hands with him and slipped it into his hand. ‘*Vous êtes trop bon,*’ said he, and I think gave a hint to Mr. Malcombe, who had not realized our condition, that we were without our coats and without meat and drink, for presently he came with a bottle of cold tea in which he poured some brandy, and soon after half a chicken and bread. There was then a consultation whether they should go in search of our guide, when we caught sight of his head. B. Coutel went to meet him with a brandy flask, and relieved him of his load. The poor guide looked terribly bad, his lips blue. I made him sit down, gave him some wine and some of our provisions; he drank the wine, but could not eat. And now I began to look about me—to look for the view that Ferrers had extolled so deservedly. There lay Italy in all its beauty and loveliness before us, Lago Maggiore, and the smiling plains of Lombardy,—but we saw them not; a deep mist shut out everything on the Italian side. It is a proverbial uncertainty to get that view; the old man had come up 5 times in one year, and only caught the view once; our guide had been up three times, and never saw it; Mr. Malcombe never. There were clouds on the other side floating about, and the effect was very fine—at one moment we were in the midst of thick clouds, so that we could hardly see our next neighbour, then it passed away and uncover’d a glorious snow mountain or rugged peak, the sun brilliantly shining out. We stopped 25 m. or half-an-hour on the Cime. We found we had been 4 hours in ascending, perhaps if we had taken 5 it would have been better.

“Well, now, we are on our return. The snow was softer and down we went semi-glissade fashion and rolling about; put a leg in, down it went, you did not care, hoping to roll round the other way the next; then a long slide. On the whole, we kept upright marvellously well, and thus we passed

the snow-fields. Then we went down the ice-walls, and then got on the rocks. We had not very much noticed the difficulty of this part in coming up, but now that we were going down, with the difficulty of our way our presence of mind and strength of limb returned. I said to D.: 'This might be called a *mauvais*'—not *mauvais pas*, for *pas* there was none—it was very hard. We got on to the glacier again, then wound up the rocks, and here D. asked to rest as we were going to ascend, for we had to ascend out of the glacier; so I proposed we should take a long rest, and so we remained for half-an-hour. After this, without further incident, we wended our way to the Riffelberg Hotel."

Later on in the letter, he writes: "You cannot think how I enjoy getting on the ground on which we were together, and talking to those who talked to you. . . . And how I think of Windsor, and of meeting the beloved lady [our mother], sitting in her own place, the chief ornament of the drawing-room. Her picture has accompanied me in all my wanderings, and has been my no small comfort and delight."

This letter is dated at the end—

"St. Nicholas, *en route* to Stalden and Saas,
"Wednesday, 29th Augt. 1855."

Continuation.

"After finishing my letter at St. Nicholas we got under way for Saas.

"The road had slipped down many feet, I should say 6, since we passed before, and such scrambling we had thro' the midst of the *débris*; and large blocks of stone lying in the road, which had fallen since the morning, all made it very terrible, and we passed in solemn silence with a quickness and vigour in our onward step that was truly observable. Well it was passed, and thro' Divine mercy, in safety; and now the road divided, one way led over a bridge and went along the left bank of the river, the other, an old path, went

along the right. I had observed it as we passed before, but the guide said it was only a shepherds' path. Now he paused a moment at the bridge and said the latter path would shorten our way to Saas by one hour. 'Was there danger?' 'No.' 'Did he know it?' 'Yes.' So we turned to it. If you look at the raised map you will perceive that by this path and skirting the edge of the mountain we could avoid going as far down the valley as Stalden and so shorten our way to Saas. Well, on we went; he (the guide) lost the path, went up and down and found it again, but it was very faintly traced, and so I suspected we were not on the right tack; at length we came to an abrupt termination. This break I had observed in the path when coming up the valley, on the other side, so I knew we were in the right path, but I also knew we had a *mauvais pas* to go over; it was very bad, not caused by the tremblement, but by the constant falling of débris. After a while we got to a little village called Clas, and saw Stalden below us about 2 miles off; there was here no place for refreshment, so our guide made up to a respectable old peasant, and he had out a bottle of the country wine, which we partook of, and while we were drinking and wishing health to the old man, I perceived a discussion was going on between our guide and the old peasant [and thought] he was against his having brought us out of the regular road, and was opposed to our proceeding—the guide was of a contrary opinion.

"But whether I was right in my conjecture, or whether the difficulties were passed, or to come, I did not know, and so as the old man did not speak a word of French, I had only to proceed and hope all was well. We now had a steep scramble, and came to a little beautiful aqueduct, which appeared to be carried along the mountain side at a high level for the purpose of irrigating the lower part of the mountain, and this was very pleasant, for it was of course on all but a dead level, and there was a little firm pathway by the side, I suppose for the man principally, who keeps the watercourse in repair, and perhaps also the peasants who pass from St. Nicholas to Saas. However, the path at times

became very queer. At one part the watercourse was carried along the side of an overhanging rock, thro' the hollowed trunk of a long and large tree, the two ends of which rested on two projecting masses of rock—the only way I saw for it was to go on hands and knees thro' the water, for the rock was overhanging, one could not stand upright; the guide, however, called my attention to a path, at least steps cut in the rock by which this obstacle was surmounted, and we passed without difficulty, only by attention to our footing. But we had afterwards a worse *pas*—the tree for the watercourse was laid from one rock to another, no defence on either side, but a strong beam about 9 inches or a foot wide, went along the watercourse. The distance below was perhaps fifty feet—quite enough to do for us if a *mauvaise tête* got the better of our steadiness. I thought of the rope dancers passing high thro' the air over a tight rope, so I poised my staff as a balancer, and having ascertained that J. and D. had *bonnes têtes*, I entered on the trajet thro' mid-air, and turned the rock at the extremity; J. was after me very shortly, and safe on the rock at the end. The guide had come between him and me; we met, waited a moment, looked back, there was no sign of D.—it was a moment of great suspense—the guide looked up full of anxiety and leaned forward—

“ ‘Allons, Monsieur D.!’ he called out, and was passing by J. to go back, when to our great relief we saw D.’s head emerge from behind the rock on which the end of the trunk rested. We knew he was safe over, and so ended our *mauvais pas*. About a mile or so farther on, we fell into the regular path, we going horizontally, the regular path rising abruptly from the village of Stalden; but the careful walking over a peculiar and little frequented road detained us, and we were still a long way from Saas. J. was terribly hungry; a piece of bread was obtained at a peasant’s, with a piece of cheese from an old woman whom our guide employed to carry our knapsacks, but the cheese was not eatable, and the wine offered we did not venture on, and so, fortified with a piece of bread, J. rose up, and we

started once more for Saas. Now night was coming on and the way became more and more wild and desolate. After nightfall we struck into a pine forest, which made it all the more gloomy, and now each one buckled on his strength, the guide leading the way, and we advanced thro' darkness up a gradual rise, a brawling brook far below seen occasionally (as it leapt from rock to rock), by the white foam; a mountain before us, an abrupt descent on our right, darkness about us, and as J. pointedly added, '30 miles behind us.' On we went, the pathway seemed to lengthen as we advanced, at length, when we had almost given up hope of reaching our resting-place, we arrived, and right glad we were. We had got now completely out of the beaten track, and the Inns were corresponding. This Inn belonged to the curé of the Parish, a famous chamois hunter. He did not profess to be the master and live there, but was, as our guide Hildebrand Imboden expressed it, 'le chat de l'auberge.' However, he was away at a conference at Sion, and all we saw were a queer old man—an Italian cook—and some grim women. Our accommodation was a passage room for two of us, and an inner room for D. It was a large room and we had tea there; it was rather Nanty Ewart fashion—a large clean saucepan was put upon the fire, a large plate full of tea was presented to me out of which I put a sufficiency into the teapot, and the boiling water was ladled out of the saucepan upon it, and though the method was rough, the tea was delicious, and with eggs and good bread and butter we were invigorated and had a jolly tea. Our guide told us we should want a second guide or porter going over the Col the next day, because we should have to carry our provisions, and the queer old man, for the time the ostensible head of the Hotel, very much wished to come with us. I said we only wanted some one to carry our provisions. He said he would do it as cheaply as any one else; in a word, he was not proud, and we agreed to give him 5 francs and 5 to come back. We were early stirring—the knapsacks turned up in the morning, the old woman had arrived, but not knowing the locality, had taken refuge in a loft by the

wayside, and slept there. Two knapsacks, and some meat, bread, cheese, and hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of wine, were packed in a basket for the old man's back. The guide carried one knapsack, and we with our sturdy alpenstocks prepared for a hard day's climbing.

"The way for some time lay in the valley, gradually rising, but wilder and wilder it grew and a beautiful grand glacier came to our side, the more to be admired because few were the eyes that rested on it. The day seemed to grow more unpromising, the Mischabel was wholly concealed by brouillard, and so we went on till we came to the gloomiest and most melancholy sight we had seen—5 men in this far away, gloomy spot, building an Hotel! A little farther on were the last human habitations, a few *châlets*, occupied for about 40 days in the year, while the cows are eating the scanty herbage of these high lands. There appeared to be no inhabitants, but there must have been at least one, for the guide got us some milk, and then, choosing our resting-place, we opened our provisions. It is astonishing how good the hard-boiled eggs seemed. When we had eaten, we put our knapsacks in a row, and wrapping my Scotch plaid round us all, for the atmosphere was very cold and the wind keen, we went to sleep—the guides also were asleep; but after a while I sounded *reveillé* and got the caravan on the march again, for we had yet two full hours to the top, and most of it on the snow, and the look out was more and more forbidding. Shortly after we set out, the guide looked up, and implied that he thought we might have to spend the night in the *châlets*, but I said 'Oh no! on to Macugnaga!' And we breasted the ascent, which now began to be very steep. The character of these snow walks is mostly the same—first, when you are about to leave *terra firma* you have to skirt, and rise by the side of a glacier on rocks more or less precipitous; then the rocks are interrupted from time to time by steep declivities of snow which fill up any chasm or fissure in the rocks affording a lodgement for snow and a place for a mass to accumulate, which therefore remains after the snow melts from the precipitous rocks.

“Two or three of these we had to pass—very steep; so that it appeared to me, if we lost our footing, we should be carried right down on the glacier, and a very ugly, gaping sort of *crévasse* there mostly is, between the snow and firm glacier. Putting my feet exactly in the footprints of the guide, I brought down my foot with a stamp, which at once strengthened my own grip of the snow, and also left a surer and solider footing for those who came after—and so we passed in safety and are now on the snow-field above the glaciers, rocks, and everything but snow. What the guide feared was a snowstorm on this part of our journey, which might have bewildered and driven us back, but there was only drenching, drizzly mist and we plodded on our way to the top, the snow soft, and so more difficult to walk on.

“We got to the Cime, and there was the cross stuck into the rock, which indicates the boundary between Sardinia and Switzerland, but there was no fear of custom-house officers up there to search us! We stood for a moment on the ridge; before us was a rapidly descending, most abrupt field of ice, the mist was so thick that everything was shrouded in it.

“We had no time to wait, the old man, who was thoroughly at home, led the way, and putting his stick behind him he slid away down, down, getting more and more out of sight each minute. I followed as I best could, the others followed and so we went on, sliding and walking till we once more got upon the rocks. There we stopped to take a cup of wine, and then began the most abrupt descent I had ever made and this continued till we reached the verdant vale—the Val d’Anzasca. The mist cleared away as we descended, and we had some good views of Monte Rosa and, close nestling under it, the Cima di Jazi. . . . And so we got down into Italy. We did not stop at Macugnaga, but went for 10 minutes more and arrived at a nice little Inn kept by two brothers, chamois hunters; it was still all rustic. We were welcomed as having done something of a feat, and precisely were as comfortable as dry clothes, good tea, omelette, &c., could make us.”

After visiting the Italian Lakes, seeing the sacred memorials

at Varallo and Orta, and falling in with Mr. and Mrs. Freshfield and "their little boy," they came homewards by the Convent of St. Bernard, where he had an interesting visit to the monks; by Lucerne, and by the Rigi, from whence the last letter is written home. It contains these words:—

"How much of my happiness throughout this tour has arisen from recollections connected with, and thoughts clinging to those I love best, it would be hard to say."

Mr. Charles Harris, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar, was touring in Switzerland this same year. In one of his expeditions (he told some friend afterwards), "I came upon two young Englishmen, their sturdy Swiss guide in front; as I came nearer I saw it was Stephen Hawtreys and two Eton pupils with him!"

CHAPTER LXIII

INTERCOURSE WITH BISHOP SELWYN

I GIVE part of a short letter from my mother in 1854, as it speaks of the Bishop of New Zealand and preparations which Stephen, his early friend, meant to make at Church House for a meeting on St. Barnabas' Day—the day always observed (since the Bishop had sailed for New Zealand) by his friends in England, to commemorate him and the Mission:—

"Had Anna been here last night, she would have gone to a large party to meet the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn. He is looking remarkably well, and, it is said, is going again by Christmas. . . . Stephen went in at 10 o'clock. They met most kindly, but the crowd interrupted.

"The Selwyns come back on the 4th to stay a week. Such a meeting as it is to be this year, to welcome the Bishop, will be wonderful. Stephen is going to lengthen the awning and to have a longer table. It will not be for some days after the right time, as Ascot will be going on and making a great dust. . . ."

I think, after all, the meeting was held on the right day—June 11, though I am not sure; but I well remember how the Bishop stood in the open window of the drawing-room, at Church House, his auditors being, some in the room and the rest on the terrace, beneath the awning outside. And there he spoke to them in his easy, friendly, powerful way, telling of his experiences among the islands; how he would approach in his boat, and, when he perceived a number from the as yet unknown shores swim out to reconnoitre, he would draw off, so that all the less competent would go back and only the strongest would venture on. “And I find,” said he, “the best swimmer is generally the man best worth talking to!”

We saw him again that year before he sailed. We were all, one winter's evening, at St. George's. After the service he shook hands with us, saying: “This is a good place to part in.”

CHAPTER LXIV

FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS AT ETON

AN interesting place to ordinary mortals was, on occasions, that “Mathematical School,” sometimes called “The Round School,” which Stephen built at Eton, about 1845.

This school was planned like a little theatre. The class occupied the “stalls” (so to say), “dress circle,” and “gallery”; and the person teaching, the stage. But it was not used exclusively as a lecture room for the study of mathematics. There were delightful lectures given there by Professor Pepper, on chemistry, with interesting and amusing experiments. Also, there were concerts—some given by the choir which Stephen had gathered together at Trinity Church, partly and chiefly composed of St. Mark's masters and boys, with some additions from the town; such as are recalled to mind by the names of Bambridge, Lester, Wheeler, and others. I remember hearing a performance of the “Messiah” there, with, I think, piano accompaniment, which first made me appreciate that great and wonderful work.

Besides these entertainments there were others (which, in later days, were held in the great school at St. Mark's, not yet in existence in the days I speak of), when the parents of the original St. Mark's boys sat round the semicircle, their children occupying the stage. And these latter gave recitations and received prizes; and on one delightful occasion, under the guidance of their dear Head, and with assistance from his nephews, acted the Battle of Inkerman, as a charade.

But in the autumn term of 1855, the room was devoted to a different purpose. Through mutual friends, my brother invited Fanny Kemble to come and give readings from Shakespeare to the Eton boys; and she consented, but upon the condition (so great was the interest and pleasure to her of reading to them) of no payment being made to her. But great as was her interest in the young, this gifted lady did not care for grown-up people, as a rule; and her auditors were to be the boys. However, a very few ladies were admitted, and, among others, my mother and I were present, and another of my brothers; Mrs. Goodford, the headmaster's wife, and a few more. So that I had the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of being present at these readings.

Mrs. Kemble called at the Mathematical School in the afternoon of the day on which the first reading was to be given. A mathematical lecture was just over, and even as the boys departed, Stephen was himself helping to prepare things for the evening.

"What are these boxes for?" enquired the lady, who was now, as it were, looking round upon her own domain.

"Those will be made into steps for you to mount to the stage on!" answered my brother. Mrs. Kemble was perhaps mollified at perceiving the trouble that he, the owner of the room, was with his own hands taking, in the desire to make everything comfortable for her. But the reading desk that he had thought to prepare, she did not care for; "an ordinary table," she said, "is all that is necessary. I make my own desk by placing the one volume I am reading from, upon the other." And so, when the evening came, she, beautifully

attired, sat at the little table with her two large volumes of Shakespeare—one laid flat on the table, the other open, and resting partly upon it.

"The *dramatis personæ* are," so she began. "The Tempest," her favourite play, was first read. I had read it over at home to my mother a few evenings before, and I took calmly enough Miranda's expostulation to her father on seeing the shipwreck; but when I now heard that same passage read by Mrs. Kemble, it was as if *she herself* had gone through the horror of seeing the gallant ship go down!

Later on in the play, the reader herself was perplexed by something in the audience. They were unaccountably amused when "Stephanos" comes on; an audible smile ran round the audience. The reading was almost interrupted as Mrs. Kemble glanced round seeking an explanation, which Stephen hastened to give her by a whispered "*Stephanos is my nickname!*"

This incident is mentioned by her in her Autobiography, only she there makes the mistake of calling him the Provost's younger brother.

There were three readings given by Fanny Kemble in three successive weeks, and she appeared each time in a different and beautiful dress. There was a doubt as to what the second reading should be, and it was put to the vote of the Eton boy audience. Two plays were suggested to them, "Hamlet," and the "Merry Wives," which latter won. The third play read to them was "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

This was the last evening that she was to appear among and charm them; and when she had ended, the cheering was from their hearts. She stood and curtsied, and it went on; at last she raised her hand, and all was still.

Then she spoke. And through all these many years, I have kept, I think, a pretty accurate recollection of her words. (It should be remembered that she was about to leave England, and, in some measure at all events, cease to give readings.)

"It is a great pleasure to me," she said, "that in exercising my vocation for the last time, I should have had the

opportunity of reading to you. God bless you, and make you worthy Englishmen !”

If they had cheered before, they cheered if possible more lustily now, and from hearts which for the moment were all her own.

And so ended her last reading at Eton, and soon after she sailed for America. But not before some very friendly correspondence had passed between her and my brother, and between her dear Eton boys and herself. She had told my brother that “The Tempest” was her favourite play, and he wished to see her interpretation of it in writing. She sent it to him in the form of notes on the play, and with her leave he had these printed. Besides this, the boys combined together to present to her a beautiful gold necklace, with a ruby pendant and an inscription.

She replied in a letter to the captain of the school ; and to my brother, she wrote as follows :—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I sail for America on Saturday, and among the crowd of interests and emotions with which days of departure are always filled, my last relations with Eton mingle very delightful feelings of pleasure and gratitude.

“Thank you for the ‘fair outward character’ you have bestowed upon my poor notes. I wish they were worthier of being thus preserved, but in reading them over, I can only wonder at the impulse which prompted me to lay them before you.

“I wished you to have some idea how I loved my work, how deep a source of noblest suggestions it was to me. Alas ! to make that apparent only seems to me more impossible each time I attempt it. But, dear sir, my notes are infinitely improved by being made readable, at least in one sense, and I thank you for having endowed them with that quality. I have neither Prologue nor Epilogue to suggest, but that they are a fragment of some notes on ‘The Tempest,’ which the Eton gentlemen have honoured me by wishing to possess.

“May I not tell you how charmed I have been by the kindness, and how womanly delighted by the beauty of the

memento they have bestowed on me. I shrank extremely and with great pain at first from the idea of their seeking to add payment in any form to the great pleasure I had received in reading to them; but, reflecting upon the bounteous disposition of youth, which bestows even more willingly than it receives, I perceived how ungracious it would be to refuse their gift. When it came I was enchanted with it, and inexpressibly gratified by the kind words engraved upon the jewel.

"My life, very full of heavy sorrows, has had some compensations of infinite sweetness, not a few of which have been very touching incidents connected with my readings from Shakespeare. Among these, my visit to Eton will ever remain one of my most precious reminiscences, and those three plays will always bring back to me the sight of that fair assembly, and the sound of those dear young voices.

"Accept once more, my dear sir, my sincere thanks for all your kindness to me, and believe me to remain—Your most truly obliged,

"FANNY KEMBLE.

"EDWARDS' HOTEL,

"GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQUARE,

"Tuesday 13th" [May 1856].

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S NOTES ON "THE TEMPEST"

" 'The Tempest' is my favourite of Shakespeare's dramas. The remoteness of the scene from all known localities allows a range to the imagination such as no other of his plays affords—not even the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—where, though the *dramatis personæ* are half of them superhuman, the scene is laid in a wood 'near Athens;' and Theseus and Hypolite, if fabulous folk, are among the mythological acquaintance of our earliest school-days.

"But the 'uninhabited island' lost in unknown seas, gives far other scope to the wandering fancy. As the scene is removed from all places with which we hold acquaintance, so the story, simple in the extreme, has more reference to past events than to any action in the play itself, which involves but few incidents, and has little to do with common experience.

"But chiefly I delight in this play because of the image which it presents to my mind of the glorious supremacy of the righteous human soul over all things by which it is surrounded. Prospero is to me the representative of wise and virtuous manhood in its true relation to the combined elements of existence—the physical powers of the external world, and the varieties of character with which it comes into voluntary, accidental, or enforced contact.

"Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the densest and Ariel the most ethereal extreme, Prospero is the middle link. He—the wise and good man—is the ruling power, to whom the whole series is subject.

"First and lowest in the scale comes the gross and uncouth but powerful savage, who represents both the more ponderous and unwieldy natural elements (as the earth and water), which the wise Magician by his knowledge compels to his service; and the brutal and animal propensities of the nature of man which he, the type of its noblest development, holds in lordly subjection.

"Next follow the drunken, ribald, foolish retainers of the King of Naples, whose ignorance, knavery, and stupidity represent the coarser attributes of those great unenlightened masses, which in all communities threaten authority by their conjunction with brute force and savage ferocity, and only under the wholesome restraint of a wise discipline can be gradually admonished into the salutary subserviency necessary for their civilization.

"Ascending by degrees in the scale, the next group is that of the cunning, cruel, selfish, treacherous worldlings, Princes and Potentates—the peers in outward circumstances of high birth and breeding with the noble Prospero—whose villainous policy (not unaided by his own dereliction of his duties as a governor in the pursuit of his pleasure as a philosopher) triumphs over his fortune, and, through a devilish ability and craft, for a time gets the better of truth and virtue in his person.

"From these, who represent the baser intellectual, as the former do the baser sensual, properties of humanity, we

approach by a most harmonious moral transition through the agency of the skilfully-interposed figure of the kindly gentleman, Gonzola, those charming types of youth and love, Ferdinand and Miranda—the fervent, chivalrous devotion of the youth and the yielding simplicity and sweetness of the girl are lovely representations of those natural emotions of tender sentiment and passionate desire which, watched and guided and guarded by the affectionate solicitude and paternal prudence of Prospero, are pruned of their lavish luxuriance, and supported in their violent weakness by the wise will that teaches forbearance and self-control as the only price at which these exquisite flowers of existence may unfold their blossoms in prosperous beauty, and bear their rightful harvest of happiness as well as pleasure.

“Next in this wonderful gamut of being, governed by the sovereign soul of Prospero, come the shining figures of the Masque—beautiful, bright apparitions, fitly indicating the air, the fire, and all the more smiling aspects and subtler forces of nature. These minister with prompt obedience to the magical behests of science, and, when not toiling in appointed service for their great taskmaster, recreate and refresh his senses and his spirit with the ever-varying pageant of this beautiful Universe.

“Last—highest of all—crowning with a fitful flame of lambent brightness this poetical pyramid of existence, flickers and flashes the beautiful Demon, without whose exquisite companionship we never think of the royal Magician with his grave countenance of command. Ariel seems to me to represent the keenest perceiving intellect, separate from all moral consciousness and sense of responsibility. His power and knowledge are in some respects greater than those of his master; he can do what Prospero cannot; he lashes up the ‘Tempest’ round the Island; he saves the King and his companions from the shipwreck; he defeats the conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio, and discovers the clumsy plot of the beast Caliban; he wields immediate influence over the elements, and comprehends alike without indignation or sympathy—which are moral results—the sin and suffering of humanity. Therefore, because

he is only a spirit of knowledge, he is subject to the spirit of love, and the wild, subtle, keen, beautiful, powerful creature is compelled to serve with mutinous waywardness and unwilling subjection the human soul that pitied and rescued it from its harsher slavery to sin, and which, though controlling it with a wise severity to the fulfilment of its duties, yearns after it with the tearful eyes of tender human love when its wild wings flash away into its newly recovered realm of lawless liberty.

“F. K.”

“Some of Mrs. Fanny Kemble’s Eton audience expressed a wish to possess the foregoing observations on ‘The Tempest,’ and, with her permission, they are printed.”

CHAPTER LXV

ST. MARK’S AND H.M.S. “PEMBROKE.”

ABOUT this time, or shortly after, Stephen collected subscriptions from many to whom his educational views strongly approved themselves, and with the money thus collected, and about £2000 from himself, the present great school at St. Mark’s was built.

The headmaster of Eton thus writes:—

“ETON, *April 2, 1858.*

“MY DEAR STEPH.,—I have read your letter with deep interest and great delight, though with the sad reflection that, as I believe your remarks to be *true*, and in strict accordance with the only sound method of education, I trace more clearly than ever the departure in our Eton system from the good old ways which used to produce such grand results. We have given up, of late, the teaching how to learn, for the attempt to teach many things; and in proportion as we have done this, so our results must prove less satisfactory in the long run. Our boys for some time past have not known what it is to do the *hard work*, however little, which you so

rightly allude to, as forming *the* valuable part of education. They know more than they did, but are not so good scholars. That is the character, I understand, we bear at the University, but it won't do. . . .

"I shall be very glad to give you £20 whenever you wish to have it, with my best wishes for the success of your undertaking. Yours sincerely, E. BALSTON."

I think the following letter was from an old Eton pupil, and son to Bishop Blomfield of London. What he says explains my brother's hesitation in appropriating the writer's gift to the school.

"S. FINSBURY CIRCUS, 7 Dec. 1858.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,—Do not be so scrupulous, but at once take the cheque out of hiding place, and turn it into money. For I have read your book with much interest and pleasure, but am not yet wholly convinced that the system and not the man makes your school what it is. . . . Yours most truly, FRED. BLOMFIELD."

There were letters—far too numerous to insert—from other contributors. These were many; the contributions being rather *many* than large.

VISIT TO H.M.S. "PEMBROKE"

An episode in Stephen's life which greatly interested him is partly given in the form of a letter, addressed to a nephew:—

"PAKEFIELD, LOWESTOFT, Sept. 5, 1858.

"You know, perhaps, that I let a party of St. Mark's boys come here this summer for a fortnight. It was very amusing. They came by cheap excursion train; the fishermen's wives received them in their cottages, and they met for meals in one large room. The seashore afforded never-ending enjoyment. Many had never seen the sea before.

"During their stay, a man-of-war, the *Pembroke*, sailed by, and anchored at Yarmouth. I heard that the Captain's name

was Charlewood, and that visitors were allowed to go on board. So I wrote and told him I had brought some 20 boys from our parochial school at Windsor, and would be very glad to show them a man-of-war.

"Last Wednesday we went alongside. I told the boys, as we had been told when children, to take off their caps when they stepped on the quarter-deck, and, as I had written to the Captain, I told the officer on watch I wished to send my card to him. He took it, and asked me to accompany him to the Captain's cabin."

[He was kindly received by the Captain, who asked if any of the boys would like to see a Captain's cabin.]

"On this I called to two of them; others followed; and quite a large muster of them clustered inside the door. He kindly showed different things; presently he asked if they had ever tasted the Queen's biscuit. On our saying 'No,' he ordered some, and told his little children, who were with him, to offer some to the boys.

"Before leaving the cabin, I asked if they might sing something to his children. He consented, and they sang—

'Oh weel may the Boatie row!'

"Many of the visitors, hearing the singing, now crowded outside the door; also, the Captain beckoned to some of his officers to come in, so there was quite an audience. The singing seemed to give pleasure; and I said they would very much like to sing 'Rule Britannia' on board a man-of-war.

"'By all means,' he said, 'but they must have an accompaniment,' and sent for his bandmaster, who brought two or three of the band, and they had a brilliant accompaniment. After this, they sang 'God save the Queen.'

"While the singing was going on, Mr. Coplestone, an old Eton friend of mine, had some conversation with the Captain, and explained to him who I was and who the boys were. When 'God save the Queen' was ended, I thought it was time to retire, and asked to be allowed to see the ship. But the Captain had not done with us yet: 'What o'clock must you be on shore?' said he. I told him we proposed to be

back by the 2 o'clock train to Lowestoft. 'Must you go by that train?' he asked; 'the fact is, I should like to give the boys a little food on board, and I must send on shore for something.'

"I was quite overpowered, and felt that to such kindness every other arrangement must give way, and said we would wait till four o'clock. He seemed pleased, and said, 'In the meantime you shall see the ship,' sent for the ship's corporal, and desired him to show us every part. We began with the guns—the corporal got a tube or two, to show the boys how they were fired, and so they went on through the ship, having everything explained. When they reached the galley they found the cook most humorous and hospitable. He got them basins and spoons that they might taste the ship's soup, which they found excellent. In the meantime, the First Lieutenant introduced himself to me as the son of Mr. Ward of Upton Park, close to Eton. So we were friends at once. He took me into the ward-room and ordered sherry and biscuits, that he might talk to me about the school, while the boys were going over the ship.

"On deck the grog was being served out. We all surrounded and watched the operation. A glass of it was presented to me. I took off my hat, drank 'Prosperity to the *Pembroke*,' and handed it to Mr. Coplestone, and then, like a grace-cup, it was handed from one to another all through our party, each drinking prosperity to the ship.

"While we were thus engaged, the Captain came to me and said: 'Is there no train after four? because the boat has not come back yet, and I fear you may be late.' I begged him to give himself no further trouble about us. We had had a most memorable morning. 'And now,' said I, 'let us go.' 'Come into my cabin,' said he, 'and see if you must go.' So I went with him, and found the whole dining-room hung round with flags, and the table beautifully arranged and spread for all our party (23). Servants were going about joyfully and festively arranging it, while Mrs. Charlewood and the children were looking on and partly directing with interest. I was convinced that we must not go indeed, but must take an omnibus for Lowestoft if late for the train.

"The boat arrived, all was beautifully arranged, the Captain seemed bent upon making every one happy, and a most merry, happy, and memorable dinner we had.

" 'There is one toast,' he said, 'we always drink in Her Majesty's Navy—"The Queen."' Directly every one stood and said: 'The Queen, God Bless Her,' while the band outside played 'God Save the Queen.'

"Then I rose, and tried to describe our gratitude, and said it was a day never to be forgotten, and proposed Captain and Mrs. Charlewood and their Family.

"The Captain returned thanks, and then said: 'I had only intended two toasts. Mr. Hawtreys has made them three. But now, boys, let me tell you why I have received you at my table, and thus entertain you. It is to show my sympathy with your patron who is taking such pains to bring you up. I have heard by a side wind all he is doing for you, and how much he cares for you; and I know how you must look up to him, and how grateful you must feel towards him. So now I call upon you to drink his health with all honours.' So up they all rose and drank my health, and when they had exhausted their musical hurrahs, 'Now,' said the Captain, 'for a *Pembroke* cheer,' and he led them himself, and a more ringing, melodious, glorious hurrah I never heard but once, and that was from the Eton boys on the day of the Queen's marriage. I had then to reply, and now I told the boys to try to sing some glees from memory. They did so, and sang once more 'Rule Britannia' and 'God save the Queen.'

"While the boat was getting round the Captain let the boys go where they would. In the meantime, he asked me more about them, and said: 'What do you do to give them that open, intelligent, guileless look; they have all got it. Are they picked boys?' I said: 'No.' He was really delighted with them, and said he must come to Windsor and see them again.

"The sea was now high, and there was some difficulty in getting the boys into the cutter, but the crew of 14 men managed it. Then with a cheer we let her go, and bounded over the waves merrily. The boys shook the coxswain heartily

by the hand, so they did all the crew, jumped on shore, and cheered a farewell as the men put off, and so finished one of the pleasantest days we ever passed."

This memorable visit led to further intercourse with the kind Captain of H.M.S. *Pembroke*. He came to Windsor in the autumn of the same year, and spent some hours there. And I must again quote from an account written by my brother of what passed then and afterwards :—

"Captain Charlewood observed that the day the boys had spent on board had done real good to his men. He regretted that the Chaplain of the vessel had not been on board the day we spent there. He was anxious that we should become acquainted with him. In a word, he invited us (he was kind enough to say for the good it would do to his ship's company) to spend a week on board when his ship was laid up for the winter in the harbour at Harwich.

"It took some time to realise so exciting an invitation ; but gradually the plan formed itself into shape, and, as the Christmas Holidays approached, thrilling expectations filled the boys' minds.

"The difficult work of selecting the highly favoured ones who were to go was accomplished, and I must say for the boys, well and easily. The best voices had the preference, but three little singers contentedly gave way for three of the elder boys whom I wished to take on account of their position in the School.

"And now the Examination at the close of the School time is over, the little sea-going kits are ready, and the managers of the Great Western and Eastern Counties Railway have made very indulgent arrangements for transporting the party.

"Most of the boys had gone to bed at six in the evening, and were called at two next morning ; and, soon after 3, a happy, joyous party began to accumulate as they passed down Windsor Hill and through High Street, Eton, and at about a quarter to four on Friday morning, the 17th of December,

they assembled on the platform at Slough, and the names were called over. There were 18 boys; masters, pupil-teachers, and two or three old scholars made the number up to 25. Three were to follow next day. This made the party, exclusive of myself, 28—our number on board.

“In due time we found ourselves in London. A cab was hired to convey all luggage; one went as a guard to it—the rest started merrily on a five miles’ walk through the almost noiseless and deserted streets to Shoreditch. At the Eastern Counties’ Refreshment Rooms a cheering cup of coffee, by previous arrangement, awaited each of the party.

“At noon we arrived at Harwich. ‘A boat, sir? a boat, sir?’ ‘We are going on board the *Pembroke*.’ The boatman fell back. ‘They will send to fetch you, sir.’ Presently we see the barge put off, with its twelve oars, to take us on board. In the meantime the Captain’s gig is alongside, the coxswain of which came up to me. ‘The Captain, sir, has ordered his gig to be at your disposal during your stay on board.’ So I went off ‘alone and in my glory.’ The rest followed in the barge. Stepping on to the quarter-deck, I was received by the Captain with his usual cordiality. He took me to see the arrangements he had made. We entered, first, the cabin memorable for the hospitality we had enjoyed there last summer; the cloth was already laid. ‘Here,’ said the Captain, ‘I propose the boys should take their breakfast, dinner, and tea. And this,’ said he, taking me into his after-cabin, ‘I propose to be your room, where you may enjoy quiet when you like.’

“With regard to my messing, the Captain said I could either have my meals in his after-cabin at what hour I liked, or become an honorary member of the wardroom mess, which latter alternative, of course, I chose. It was now half-past one, and the bugle sounded for dinner. The Captain waited to see the party seated, and named to them the deputy-steward, who would attend to them and the party; and the crew of the gig, who would sling their hammocks and otherwise see to them. ‘I think everything is provided for now,’ said he, turning to me, ‘but the Captain must think

of everything;' and we felt that nothing, however minute, had been overlooked.

"The 25 happy guests who sat round the Captain's table will not soon forget the comforting basin of soup which warmed the hearts of those who had been on foot from 2 o'clock in the morning. Then followed what proved to be their daily fare—noble roast beef and plum pudding.

"They always chanted the grace before and after all their meals. The sound penetrated some way along the decks; and the men liked to hear it, if I may judge by the way those who had opportunity would draw near when the meals were placed on the table.

"As soon as the boys were dismissed after dinner, there was a general rush to the cockpit to choose hammocks, and when I went down soon after, the whole party were in a state of screeching delight, rocking themselves in their hammocks, getting in at one side, and tumbling out at the other, and so forth.

"The first evening's entertainment was to be an exhibition and explanation of the astronomical slides I had brought. The place of exhibition was the quarter-deck. A lofty and magnificent awning covered the whole stern of the vessel, as far as the mainmast, and we were as comfortably housed as though we had a permanent roof over our heads.

"Artificial flowers and evergreens, from friends on shore, were formed by the nimble fingers of the seamen into beautiful ornaments for what I may call the assembly room on the quarter-deck.

"I did not join the dinner-table in the wardroom the first day, as I had so thoroughly enjoyed the soup and roast beef at the boys' dinner. I asked to be excused in order to arrange the slides that were to be exhibited.

"The First Lieutenant now called for the screen, and asked me to say where it should be hung. On the place being pointed out—with that readiness which no one can remain many hours on board a ship without feeling that sailors possess beyond all others—the transparent screen was wetted and fixed tightly in a frame extemporised for the occasion.

"As the hour of exhibition approached, the men's wives began to take their seats. The back seats were arranged tier above tier. In front of these, chairs were placed for the officers' friends, who, night after night, were received on board with unbounded hospitality.

"And how were these guests of all classes—two to three or four hundred and more—conveyed to and from the ship? Not a shore-boat was employed. The ship's boats, the barge, pinnace, cutters, were manned by willing crews, and kept plying to and fro. This continued to be done with an alacrity so unabated, that when, on taking one of their last trips on shore, one of our lads said to the coxswain: 'This work will soon be over now.' 'We could go on for a year,' he answered, 'and be glad of it, too.'

"I have exhibited my slides very agreeably to myself on many occasions, but a more attentive and intelligent body of spectators I never saw gathered together. The silence was so great that in the dark one might have thought the place deserted, had it not been for the hearty bursts of applause at exactly the right moment, showing that it was the silence of deep attention.

"To the astronomical, succeeded humorous slides, and none who heard will soon forget the hearty peals of laughter which greeted the 'tale of the tub'; 'the man and the ass'; 'the tiger's head' making his grim and gigantic revolution round the sides of the awning.

"The boys helped from time to time to enliven the entertainment by singing, but, hardly awaiting its conclusion, they dived into the cockpit, eager beyond measure to turn into their hammocks.

"After a refreshing night's rest, enjoyed by almost all, they assembled right joyously, and had each their story to tell of this or that adventure. The table was studded with ship biscuit, loaves of bread, butter, &c. Presently the steward placed on it dishes of most inviting-looking stews; in the meantime, the attendant crew of the Captain's gig set before each boy a jorum of cocoa, such, as I venture to say, their eyes had never looked on before.

"When breakfast was over, each boy got out his prayer-book, and we read the Psalms and the second lesson for the day, and then a selection of the Church prayers, adding, as we invariably continued to do at morning and evening prayers, the two Collects appointed to be used in Her Majesty's Navy every day, only changing 'us' to 'them.'

"Learning from the Captain that there would be no objection to the boys being allowed to wander about the ship as they liked, I let them go. I very soon found that they were met on every side with that frank, warm-hearted manner for which sailors are proverbial, but which, on board the *Pembroke*, seemed to pervade the whole ship, from the highest officer to the humblest boy. The goodness of heart of the crew impressed them beyond measure. A boy had but to cry out that he had lost a shirt or a pair of stockings, and the whole stock of a good-natured master's assistant was forthwith at his disposal.

"During the morning several of the boys went ashore for a walk, saw the Redoubt and Dover Court, and (some of them) the scenes that were being painted for Tuesday's theatricals.

"In the afternoon I was mostly occupied in arranging the views of the Holy Land and other slides that were to be the Saturday evening's exhibition. At five, the 'Roast Beef of Old England' called simultaneously the boys to their tea, and me to the wardroom mess-table. And here I must pause to say that never did I derive more pleasure from social intercourse than during the week that I was honorary member of the wardroom mess. Open, frank conversation, enlivened with genuine humour, brightened every meal.

"'Growling,' of course there was. I suppose the wardroom mess-table would not have been perfect without it. They used to joke about it themselves. Every one knew a case of flagrant injustice; every one had his own view of things, and a perfect remedy for all that was wrong in the Navy, if only it was adopted. But though they growled, the first thought of every one was their duty; while to their friends, and between one another, there was an un-failing, overflowing current of the kindest feeling.

“Nor ought I to omit to mention the beautiful little pets of the mess-table. Who of the party will ever forget the two canaries, Bobby and Billy, and how at the dinner-hour their cages would be opened, and Billy would fly out, perch upon the table, and be naughty, till Bobby joined him, and then how they would race each other round the table, fluttering with delight? How Billy would settle on his master’s head, and sing as though his throat would break; or, in answer to a call, would hop upon his hand, and being lifted up, would raise his little beak to his master’s mouth; or, when told to go upstairs, would rise from finger to finger of the upraised hand? It was remarkable to see in the cabin of a man-of-war, with the terrible engines of destruction drawn up on each side, a gentleness, tameness, and docility which might be in vain sought elsewhere.

“When the officers had gone on deck to receive their visitors, I returned to the Captain’s cabin, to get all ready for the Lecture. The steward, who began to know my likings, had a delicious cup of tea ready for me before I began.

“If I was pleased with my audience the day before, I was more so this time. It was more numerous, and with that instinctive reverence for holy things which one ever finds in simple-minded Englishmen, their attention was fixed upon the pictures rendered sacred by Scripture history.

“At appropriate places, the boys sang suitable airs, such as ‘Jerusalem, Jerusalem, enthroned once on high,’ or chanted to Purcell’s minor chant, ‘By the waters of Babylon.’

“As on the preceding evening, a selection of miscellaneous slides formed the second part of the entertainment. I told the men that Carpenter and Westley had lent me a box of slides especially for them, including a beautiful picture of the Queen, also Nelson crowned with laurel, together with a new set of slides called ‘Do what you are bid, or Pussy’s road to ruin.’ There was a peculiar interest in showing views of the Crimean War. I had often shown them, and had sought to awaken interest for those who had been actors in the scenes, but now I was exhibiting them to those who had been themselves the actors.

"On Sunday, the main deck, beautifully decorated under the direction of the Chaplain, was arranged for service. Nobody was allowed to come off from shore for the morning service, but in the evening, any friends of officers or men were allowed to be present.

"The pulpit was placed at a point that seemed to command the whole of the ship's company, and seats were arranged, two facing two, that the choir might sing from side to side. 'Sleepers, wake,' was sung as an anthem, a favourite 'Sanctus' before the Communion, and the Advent hymn, 'Lo, He comes' before the sermon which I preached. They listened with great, I may say, surprising attention.

"In the evening the deck was lighted up, and there was full choral service. The chanting sounded very full; I think many must have joined. The anthem was that beautiful one for treble voices in the Elijah, 'Lift thine eyes,' followed by the chorus, 'He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps.' You might have heard a pin drop while the unaccompanied trio was being sung.

"It was wished that I should preach again in the evening, and I took for my text 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' As the men seemed to enter into what I said, I will tell you the line of thought I pursued:—

"That the last Revelation which came by Jesus Christ was supremely a revelation of Love, manifested in living acts. As we were approaching Christmas I spoke chiefly of the Incarnation, and told them it was the teaching of Scripture that 'We love Him because He first loved us.' Passing on to our relation to our fellow-men, I added, that not only was this the principle of the heart which drew the affections from earth to Heaven, it was that which was to hold societies together on earth. It was not only the essential principle of all real education, it was the principle by which those in any command would be best able to govern. I quoted the grand sentence of Professor Stanley: 'Sympathy is the secret of power. No artificial self-adaptation, no merely official or pastoral relation has an influence equal to that which is produced by the consciousness of a human and

personal affection in the mind of a teacher toward his scholars, of a general toward his soldiers, of an apostle toward his converts.' I told them, ever since this principle had been acted on in the great public schools of England, the excellence of the training given in them had been more and more acknowledged. It was everywhere known that clergy had influence with their people in proportion as they showed interest in them. In like manner, landlords and manufacturers who established schools for their tenantry and work-people, and took pains to provide them with good dwellings and healthful enjoyment, were repaid by the dutiful regard of those who were the objects of such care. But in no class of the community was the growth of this principle and the value of its exercise more appreciable than in the army and navy. I had no hesitation in attributing to the influence of the sympathy between officers and men in both services that high moral, and even religious tone which the country was, at the beginning of the Russian War, surprised to find existing in her seamen and soldiers; and the unflinching fortitude with which they invariably did their duty in the face of all difficulties. But this was a part of the subject which, on board this ship, I could safely leave to their own experience.

"I could see in the eyes of the men that they responded to what I said. I ended by observing that England in all its ranks and conditions was becoming every year more and more like one large family, and that this was England's best hope for the future, whatever it might be, as it gave promise of internal prosperity and strength, founded on a Heaven descended principle. For 'God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

"The subsequent behaviour and observations of the men showed, I am told, that they were very much impressed by the Sunday services. Attendance in the evening was voluntary, but not a man who had opportunity for being present was away. The numbers who came from shore was such that much against his will the Captain was obliged to stop the boats from bringing more.

"The next morning the Captain said he had something to ask. It was that we should stay one day longer than we had intended, namely, till Christmas Eve, but for many years it had been the business of the boys to put up the evergreens in the church on Christmas Eve. However, the Captain put the matter very kindly, saying that the boys had done so much to give pleasure to those on board that they wanted to give them a Christmas tree on the quarter-deck, and have Christmas games for them: none to be present except themselves and the ship's company. So I said we would stay, and wrote to Windsor about putting up the evergreens.

"This being settled infinitely to the satisfaction of the highly favoured boys, they sat down after breakfast to a rehearsal for the 'Messiah,' which they were to perform on the eveng. of this day.

"To-day, the boys were permitted to dine in the ward-room. The Chaplain received them and the officers stood round prepared to wait on them. It had been intended that afterwards they should have a pull in one of the ship's boats, but they had not finished the excellent dinner prepared for them, and had their glass of wine to drink the Queen's health, before the shades of the evening of the shortest day in the year began to draw on, and the row was deferred to another day.

"When the hour of the concert approached, I sent the boys down to the cockpit for a good lathering, and to put on their best clothes. And when at the time appointed they came on deck, a sight awaited them which they will not soon forget. The arrangements and the audience, hardly perceptible on the magic lantern nights, were—now that the whole place was illuminated—fully visible. All down the port side of the vessel, in five or six rows of seats, were the bluejackets; below them, their wives and friends mingled with but little distinction with the families and friends of the officers.

"The concert began, and as this was the first time, I suppose, that the 'Messiah' was ever performed on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war to the ship's company and their friends, I thought it would be well to explain to them the nature of the work they were to hear.

"By this means a short respite was afforded from time to time to the singers, and the seamen were better able to follow the development of Handel's grand conception.

"This they apparently did with great interest, for they seemed to examine the books of the words intently.

"With regard to the style of the performance, of course it wanted fulness, but it was evident that it gave great satisfaction. Indeed, it was not the men only that were pleased: I learned afterwards from the officers' friends who had had many opportunities of hearing the Oratorio perfectly performed, that there was quite a new and peculiar charm in hearing it sung by boys in whose simple countenances there was no appearance of self-consciousness. Observing the kind interest the audience felt in them, I took the opportunity of the performers' absence (between the parts) to explain who they were, and how they had been brought on to sing such music as they had just heard. The boys, said I, are of the class which gives scholars to our National School. There are soldiers' children among them, the children of mechanics, and of widows even, who support their orphan children by their labour. And how has the result you have witnessed been attained? The secret is contained in a word—by sympathy. There is not one of them who does not know he is loved and cared for. Hence they become true-hearted, and try to do their best.

"But what *instruction* do they receive? Education means bringing out, and our aim is to bring out their faculties. The experience of successive ages is that this is best done by studying the structure of language; so their chief study is grammar. To this is added geometry as soon as they can understand it. It is not much that is reached, but it is solid. Little and sound, and to begin at the beginning, this is the method. It is thus they have learned to read music. They began by learning their notes, and practising their intervals.

"I was able to assure my audience that while such training would render boys well-conditioned, it would not unfit them for that state of life in which God had placed them. More than a hundred had gone forth from us and the

unvarying testimony of their employers was that they were all doing their duty faithfully and well.

"It was now time to return to the Oratorio. The singers were again called on deck, and we proceeded with the work.

"In the second part I told them that we were reminded that our Saviour came not only to teach, but to offer Himself a sacrifice for us—that in it we follow Him even to His death, His resurrection and ascension, when the attendant angels are represented as singing at the Gate of Heaven: 'Lift up your heads, O ye Gates!'

"The next division of the work, I told them, describes the spread of the Gospel, and its ultimate triumph—'Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

"I said it was reported that the first time the Oratorio was performed in London, it was in the presence of King George II., and that at the first burst of the Hallelujah Chorus, the King and all the audience rose simultaneously, and that ever since it had been the custom for the audience to rise at that chorus. So, of course, at the first note, uprose all the seamen, impressed and thoughtful.

"After this I said we now entered the last division of the work—our resurrection through Christ. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' 'As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' And in the last chorus, we were carried beyond the present scene, as it were into Heaven itself, for Handel had set to strains of the most sublime music, that song which we are told would be sung by the redeemed before the throne of God.

"I shall never forget the earnest countenances of the men as I developed the meaning of the work.

"At the conclusion a clergyman who was present rose up to thank Captain Charlewood and his officers. He added some kind words in reference to myself, he being the father of an Etonian who was one of my pupils. After this Captain Charlewood said: 'Mr. Hawtrey, in my own name and that of my Brother-Officers and Brother-Sailors, I rise to thank you for what we have heard this evening.' He proceeded in

a few forcible and pregnant words to express his feeling. He was evidently much moved—everybody was so; all seemed overpowered by the sublimity of the ‘Messiah.’ So, when after saying a few words he repeated twice, ‘May God bless you, Sir—may God bless you!’ a thrill went through the whole audience. They were felt to be no unmeaning words; they came from the depth of his heart.

“And when the audience rose to separate there was a stillness that spoke more expressively than any sounds of applause could have done.

“I may here mention a circumstance which came to my knowledge afterwards, showing the effect of the Captain’s words that evening.

“A seaman, one from whom such an expression was quite unexpected, was seen that night to stand for some time beside his hammock in silence, which he broke before he turned in by saying: ‘Well, I say so too, what the Captain said—may God bless him!’

“The next two days passed very pleasantly, partly with kind people on shore and partly on board. One evening there was acting; and in it there was plenty of melodramatic action. The English sailor, strong in vigour of body and sturdy honesty of mind, always at hand to rescue the weak and injured, and at last triumphant over all the toils and deceits of villainy. The little singers of the preceding evening were now in the front row, and they gloried in the triumph of their beau-ideal, the English tar.”

The next day there was a trip to Ipswich, partly perhaps to get the boys out of the way while their Christmas tree was preparing. It was a wet day; but he writes:—

“For myself, tho’ the rain was falling, and everything looked as gloomy as possible, I would not have missed this journey to Ipswich on any account, for it enabled me to have a conversation full of interest with a most intelligent petty officer who was going on leave. His remarks let me into the men’s minds and feelings more than I could have expected.

"The impression conveyed to me was that the visit had been a source of brightness and happiness to the whole crew, far beyond anything that had happened to them before. Their feelings of gratitude and devotion to the Captain and officers, but especially to the Captain, for providing all this for them was unbounded. And he added: 'Not only have I enjoyed myself as I never did before, but, now I am going home, I expect as much pleasure in telling it all to my wife.'

"With regard to the Oratorio, he said it brought to his mind one time when he was in London, and had had an opportunity of taking his old mother to Exeter Hall to hear the 'Messiah.' 'When it was over,' he said, 'my mother made the observation: "Well, if the music in Heaven is like this, it would be worth while trying to get there, if it was for nothing else."' I felt,' he added, 'just the same when the music ended on Monday night.'

"It was, however, in describing his feelings and those of the men towards the Captain that he was most eloquent. 'To think, Sir,' he said, 'of his looking round upon the quarter-deck and calling us his brother-sailors. Did you notice that, sir? You cannot think,' he added, 'how the men feel towards him. He might pipe all hands on deck at midnight for anything he wanted and there would not be found a single man skulking in his hammock! If all ships were like ours, there would not be a bluejacket wanted for the navy.'

"We now returned, and were once more in the Captain's cabin. It was near five, and a most cheering tea was set out, which the party did full justice to; I hope with thankful hearts, for, indeed, the unceasing forethought and kindness they met with called loudly for it.

"On this day the Captain was invited to dine in the ward-room—a formal and grand entertainment. I was placed on one side of the President, the Captain on the other.

"After the cloth was removed and the Queen's health had been drunk, the First Lieutenant referred to our visit, and proposed my health in very kind words.

“As this was my last evening on board, and last opportunity of addressing those I had spent so pleasant a week with, I expressed to them the unmingled feelings of satisfaction with which I contemplated what I had done. Friends had held up the finger of warning at my throwing a set of inexperienced boys amongst the crew of a man-of-war; but that I always had great faith in the visit to the *Pembroke*. I did not perceive that it had done the slightest injury to the boys, and that the reality had far surpassed my expectations. I said they could easily imagine what a delight it afforded me to discover that the principle I always advocated was the main-spring of the discipline on board this ship, and had proved successful in controlling and raising the moral tone of a man-of-war’s crew.

“It was now my turn to propose the Captain’s health, and we shortly adjourned to the deck, where the tree in its dazzling splendour awaited us, and the boys were sent for.

“While admiring the brilliancy of the tree, I was taken aback by observing one of the petty officers advancing in front of the ship’s company. He held a large letter in his hand, containing, as it appeared, an address, which he asked leave to read and present to me in the name of the ship’s company. The officers were all taken by surprise equally with myself, not having an idea of the men’s intention. He then proceeded to read the address, and afterwards put it into my hands.

[The address was as follows.]

“‘H.M.S. *Pembroke*, Dec. 23, ’58.

“‘REV. SIR,—We, the Petty Officers and men of this ship, humbly beg to return their sincere and heartfelt thanks to you for your noble endeavours to instruct us with your lectures, and amuse us with the performances of your clever, well-behaved, and well-conducted little flock, and words cannot express our delight for the holy and sublime thoughts you have been instrumental in sowing in the hearts of many of our crew. We are now about to part, and there are many of us that may never meet you again, and may never have the

happiness of receiving a smile from your benevolent countenance in this world, but we hope and trust that we shall all meet you again in that happy home where all sorrows are at an end, and where every weary traveller is at rest; then we shall all join in one Hallelujah for ever and ever. Our hearts are too full to say more. May God bless you—may God bless you. Farewell, farewell.'

[This is signed by ninety, and at the end is added: "The remainder are on leave."]

"To say that I was deeply moved by the substance of the address and the manner of presenting it would be to use very weak words. Such an occurrence is worthy to be reckoned among the events of one's life.

"Taking the address, I held it up, saying that as long as the name of Hawtrey lasted, that address would be preserved among the precious heirlooms of the family.

"Turning to the men, I said the one thing which had gratified me beyond all others was that the Captain had told me that during this week, though the crew were released in a great degree from their usual duties, and might have taken advantage of the general relaxation, not one man in the ship had done so; not one single complaint had been brought to him of the slightest misconduct.

"While I congratulated them on such high testimony to their good conduct, I could not but add that this fact told clearly that the discipline of the ship was maintained on the soundest and truest principles.

"With regard to those little boys, I added, whom you mention so kindly, I may tell you that whatever others might have thought, I never had the slightest fear of bringing them amongst you; and the reason is, that I had learned in one happy day's sojourn among you last summer what that principle was by which you were ruled and influenced.

"For myself, I shall never cease to rejoice in the happy fortune which gave me opportunity of making with your Captain an acquaintance which fast ripened into a friendship

to be maintained, I trust, to the end of my life. And this day gives me a great accession of friends, for you tell me all the ship's company have, or would have, signed the address. Then I am bound to you all by the possession of this precious document, which I shall keep to my dying day, and then pass on to those who come after me.

"Coming forward once more, the same petty officer spoke again—apparently they thought it would be wrong not to express their obligations to him who had been the origin of all the pleasure they had enjoyed—so they asked leave to present an address to their Captain.

"For two successive nights he had sat listening to the performances of his crew, encouraging them with the utmost condescension, but now he said: 'My men, don't misunderstand me when I say I cannot receive an address from you. I know you are prompted in offering it by the best motives, and it is not indifference that makes me decline it; but remember, I am your commanding officer, and it would be improper, whatever you might feel, that you should express any opinion as to my conduct. Be assured I will do all I can to make you happy; but I hold the Queen's commission, and I must remember that the pennant is floating over my head, and nothing must be done inconsistent with the rules of the service.'

"These words were spoken at once with the kindest feeling and the highest dignity.

"The men felt the force of his words, and a cheer broke out which seemed to say they submitted cheerfully to his view of what was right. In the meantime, standing among the men, I was able to congratulate myself that no pennant floated over my head to prevent my receiving and treasuring the address they had presented to me.

"This last evening passed very cheerfully, the boys receiving handsome presents from the Christmas tree, the kind sailors scrambling for showers of sugar plums to amuse both them and little children who were also present.

"All was life and merriment, but the happiest enjoyment must come to an end.

"Before leaving for shore the Captain sent for the boys to his after-cabin, and, as they stood before him, spoke words of affectionate advice, which I trust they will never forget; certainly he put into the hands of their master a moral engine of untold power by telling the boys he had all their names, and would always hear with satisfaction any account of their future good conduct. He gave them his best wishes, and bade them farewell, as he would not be on board before they started in the morning. As a memorial to keep in remembrance of the ship, he gave to each a real sailor's knife, with the ring and lanyard attached.

"It remained to pack up and to turn in for the last time. Breakfast was ready at a quarter to seven; the barge was to be manned at half-past seven.

"We left the cabin for the last time, met all the officers on the quarter-deck, bade farewell to each; then we passed a double line of sailors, each stretching out a hand, and saying an honest word of kindness.

"We are now putting off, and what do we see? above a hundred men in the rigging, and clustering like bees in the shrouds; and, oh! the cheer! the glorious cheer!

"It was answered by our little men as well as they could, but their hearts were in their throats, and tears were in their eyes.

"Again the cheer was taken up in the rigging, and the last sounds we heard were still the same cheers, borne to us more and more faintly, but we heard them floating after us, the never-to-be-forgotten cheers of the gallant crew of the *Pembroke*.

"So finished 'the wonderful week.' I feel how imperfectly I have succeeded in my attempt to give you an idea of its indescribable charm. To judge of it you must see the grasp of the hands of any two, be they gentle or simple, who spent that week together; you must watch their meeting eyes saying unmistakably: 'We that have been on board the *Pembroke* together, have felt something which the outward world knows nothing of!'"

* * * * *

Long after those happy days I had the following letter from Admiral Charlewood:—

“ 24th June /90.

“Old times return to me again when I think of the *Pembroke* days. My lot since then has been very trying, and my head became affected, but now, in my extreme old age, it appears to be entirely relieved, contrary to the predictions of all the medical men whom I consulted.

“With regard to my connection with your brother, it has been so fully described by him, he has left nothing for me to add; but I have often thought some people might consider it strange, my having him with a number of boys on board without any previous knowledge of them. The fact is, that in my younger days I was for some time ruled with a rod of iron, and well nigh ruined by it. This, no doubt, made me more alive to the good feeling and trust which existed on both sides between Mr. Hawtreys and his boys—so totally different from my school experiences. It at once made me feel that in Mr. Hawtreys I had fallen in with a person whose principles and actions were in entire accordance with mine, and therefore an example was now afforded me of proving the correctness of them to my officers and ship’s company. I need not say how successful the result proved.

“How pleasant it would be if your brother was now alive to have a chat with me about these old times! . . .

“Believe me, very sincerely yours,

“E. P. CHARLEWOOD.”

Some remarks that were made upon the “Visit to the *Pembroke*” (which appeared in the form of a pamphlet printed for private circulation), I will add here:—

“The most delightful description of the most interesting scene I can remember to have read,” writes Bishop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David’s.

“The week on board the *Pembroke* has the amusement of a fairy tale, with the advantage of being true.”—A. Beresford Hope.

“I read the week on board the *Pembroke* with extreme interest. Reality, they say, is stranger than fiction. I am

sure it is far more interesting."—The Rev. Wm. Butler of Wantage.

"The pamphlet touching a certain visit to the *Pembroke* man-of-war I have read with an intensity of delight. It is truly *aureus libellus*, a treasure worth more than a whole waggon-load of controversial divinity—I might say, homiletical divinity! Would that it might be scattered over the whole length and breadth of the land."—The Rev. W. Le Bas, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Principal of Hailebury College.

There was a second happy visit to the ever-hospitable man-of-war in the succeeding year, and a visit to Pakefield, records of both of which are also in print. If any one who has read the account of the first and naturally the most memorable visit would care to see these, and will let me know, I shall be most happy to send them copies, as of these I have many, but of the unique "First Visit" very few.

Stephen wished to forward the promotion of his kind friend Captain (afterwards Admiral) Charlewood, and sent the interesting account of his "Visit to a Man-of-War," through the Dean of Windsor, to the Duke of Somerset.

The Dean writes:—

"Nov. 25 [1861].

"MY DEAR HAWTREY,—I did not answer your letter at the time, but waited till I had an opportunity to give your book to the Duke of Somerset. I have given it to him, with an explanatory statement of the matter, and your wishes about Captain Charlewood. The Duke answered all that I could expect, that he would give the subject his consideration. I recommended the book to him as interesting, and, in short, have done all I can. But you must not expect promotion will be obtained except by fairly ascertained merits. The Duke, however, is a very fair man.—Yours truly,

"G. WELLESLEY."

The Duke's own letter is as follows:—

"Nov. 25/61.

"DEAR MR. DEAN,—I beg you will thank Mr. Hawtreys for the book he has been so good as to send me. I am glad that he and his school should have derived so much pleasure from their visit.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

"SOMERSET."

CHAPTER LXVI

SYMPATHY

A LETTER FROM LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR

"Feb. 21 [1859].

"DEAR MR. HAWTREY,—Though I wrote some little time ago to thank you for the little book you sent, I cannot forbear, now I have read it, writing once more to tell you with what feelings of deep interest I followed you and your little charges through the week of happiness and goodness you describe. Arthur¹ has read it too, and announced emphatically that he liked it "*very much indeed*," and truly I do not think any one, old or young, could do otherwise. It is a pleasant thought and suggested to me by an excellent Christian whose fight is now over, that God adds to His other goodnesses, that of making His creatures the channels of His blessings to one another, instead of sending them straight down from Himself. So He blesses both giver and receiver. It is not given to every one to be the channel of blessing to so many. And since the good work has thus prospered hitherto, I cannot but hope and believe that it will still be taken care of, and that its prosperity will depend, not on outward circumstances, but on its continuing to add its measure of good seed to be scattered in due time throughout the country.—I remain, yours faithfully,

BLANCHE BALFOUR."

¹ Our present Prime Minister.

FROM SIR JOHN BOILEAU

“KETTERINGHAM PARK,
“WYMONDHAM, 30th Nov. '59.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Absence from home has prevented my sooner expressing to you my thanks for sending me the account of your St. Mark's School, and the story of a week spent on board the *Pembroke* by you with the school.

“You tell me you have read the account which I printed some years ago of the Normal School at Lausanne. You *must* therefore be convinced of the joy and thankfulness it gives me to know that under your guidance the same principles have been carried out in practice in our own country, and that the result has been so satisfactory. My persuasion has long been that our system of education is very imperfect, owing, 1st, to the teachers not feeling sufficiently the sacredness and nobleness of their ministry—that of training their young fellow-creatures for earthly utility and happiness, and for eternal bliss; and, 2ndly, to their inability or inattention to establish *sympathy* with their pupils, and make *this* the foundation of their authority and influence. May the Divine spark you have lighted spread through our Fatherland!

“Your story of a week on board the *Pembroke* I read aloud to Lady Catherine Boileau and my daughters, and with most sincere pleasure to us all. It is as graphic and spirit-stirring as the ‘History of Lieut. Vickers,’ which our book-hawkers sell in such numbers, and leaves the mind in the same peaceful and uplifted condition.”

A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER STEPHEN

“ETON, Jan. 24th, 1860.

“MY DEAR MR. JEFFERSON,—My Brother has told me you would like to see one of our books for the last school time. I send one with pleasure.

“He tells me, too, you would be likely to look with interest into an attempt of mine [that] I have been carrying

on for the last 13 or 14 years with great comfort to myself—to bring the working classes, in their rank, up to a moral standard corresponding to that attained in the higher rank by the gentry of England, owing, I consider, in a great measure to the public schools of the country. In fact, I want to show that there may be Etons for the poor, as well as for the rich—and that the same *principles* of training, applied judiciously to their condition, will produce manly, simple-minded, true-hearted men.

“See the story of my experience. You will see, too, my wants. As yet, the cottages in a back lane in Windsor have been the scene of our operations; but before I die I do wish to put the school on a firm basis, and make it a model for, and parent to others. If this method was generally practised, we need not be afraid of extended franchise. These young men are all loyal-hearted, and above the influence of prating demagogues . . .

“I hope you will be pleased to see in the subscription list, how many connected with education (poor men working for their bread, many of them) have given in their adhesion to the principle. The correspondence has not been less cheering than voluminous. I have just received a charming letter from Miss Nightingale, corroborating all I say from her own experience, and enclosing £20 for the building fund. It is delightful to get the sympathy of those whom one has been used on other grounds to look up to. I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

STEPHEN HAWTREY.

“ETON, Jan. 24, 1860.”

FROM MR. VANSITTART NEALE

“WEST WICKHAM, LONDON, S.E.,

“May 13, 1860.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for two interesting pamphlets—that containing the account of your school, and the story of your second visit to your excellent naval friend.

“The account of the principles of your system (*principiæ* in both senses as a beginning and a *norm* of action) is specially

attractive to me. I certainly will do what I can to call attention to them.

“In my judgment they are exceedingly deep, though, from your narrative, you seem to have arrived at them by the instinct of reason, rather than to have adopted them as the results of conscious theory. But that does not make them the less profound.

“The Gospel tells us that ‘he who will do the will of God shall know the way,’ and that way must have very deep foundations, though the man who walks upon it may not see how deep they are; at least, till he finds by trial how solid the road is.

“It would take a great deal more than the space of this paper to set forth, with any completeness, the intimate relations of the principles of your system of instruction to the constitution of human nature, as I seem to myself to see them. In summary, I may, however, say that your principles appear to me to be expressible somewhat as follows:—

“Man can be truly educated only by *simultaneously* awakening his intellect and his affections, and each of these processes must be conducted according to *its own law*. You cannot awaken the intellect by cramming it: to awaken it you must make men *think for themselves*; they must go through the tough work of overcoming difficulties, and understanding (*standing under and dissecting*) their own thoughts. You cannot awaken their affections by commanding them. To awaken them, you must exhibit *love in action*; you must make men feel that you love them by *sympathizing* with them in the true Greek sense—taking interest in their wishes; not *requiring* that they should take interest in yours. And you must not suppose that either operation will succeed thoroughly without the other. You must not imagine that you can educate men by *making them think only*, without calling their affections into action; or by *arousing their affections only*, without making them think. It is true that you cannot altogether separate what God has united.

“Common observation testifies to the essential unity of Love and Thought, when it describes a *loving* nature, as

thoughtful and *considerate* ; but you may try to do this, and by the trial defeat your own object. A great deal of the failure of the attempt of good men to educate the poor arises, I apprehend, from this attempt. They have been afraid of making them think, and have, besides, endeavoured to *make them love*, by telling them that they ought to do so. On the other hand, we have now an influential school of educators whose maxim seems to be—only make men *think*, and you have done all that is wanted ; and this they often try to do by examining them.

“The great success apparently attending on your efforts I conceive to be due to your happy union of the two principles, and the more I think of the matter, the more I am satisfied that herein lies the true educational *εὐρηκα*.

“I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

“E. VANSITTART NEALE.”

The example set by St. Mark's bore fruit. Mr. Currie became acquainted with my brother, and adopted his methods in schools in which he was interested in Bromley ; and it was arranged that the Bromley School should come and pay a visit to St. Mark's. Of this I find an account in a lithographed paper, headed—

“OCCASIONAL PAPER.—ST. MARK'S CLUB

“Whit Tuesday was the long-looked-for day in which St. Mark's and his young, but magnificent child, St. Michael and All Angels, Bromley, Middlesex, were to meet and spend the day together.

“We had been at work at St. Mark's, more or less, since the preceding Saturday, in preparing the school for our expected guests, as well as in organising arrangements for the great tea-party, which was to bring our social meetings of the Club to a close for the present season. The two events were purposely brought together, as the band-playing, &c., of the Bromley School, in conjunction with our own, could not fail to interest the friends of the members of the club, while the

social gathering of friends interested in both schools, and the entertainments which enliven our social meetings, promised to give life and variety to the evening.

“The tables were arranged in the form of a horseshoe in the great school, the high table at the top for the patrons of the schools and their friends, the rest of the tables for the bands, and the guard of honour that was selected from the St. Mark’s Rifles to welcome our guests. Covers were laid for 120. At ten o’clock A.M. the band, joined by some of its old members, assembled at St. Mark’s, and marched through the town, heading the guard of honour, to the Great Western Station, where Mr. Currie and his party were to arrive. It was a lovely morning. We had not to wait long before the train arrived, and out jumped the Bromley Band. They showed that they had been well looked after; their discipline was capital, their appearance neat and smart, and their bearing soldierly. They fell into rank as if it came by instinct, and, having been saluted by our guard of honour, they led the way and played in excellent style as we returned to St. Mark’s. The drums and fifes were now put aside, and after a few minutes given to looking about the school, the party started off (the two schools mingled together, and making friends with each other) to see the castle.

“Mr. Seabrook kindly arranged all for their convenience, and himself accompanied them through the state apartments. They then visited the stables, and returned to St. Mark’s to dinner. It was pleasantly got through. One toast afterwards, ‘The Queen,’ and then the whole party got in order to proceed to the Great Park for an afternoon’s enjoyment under the shadow of the great elms in the Long Walk. The afternoon’s stroll and lounge proved most enjoyable; the bands played alternately, and afterwards under the trees practised together pieces that they proposed to play in the evening. It was intended that those who liked should go at 4.30 to the service in St. George’s Chapel, but the shade of the trees in the park on a day of great warmth and the brightest sunshine was too inviting, and the attendance at St. George’s must be for the next visit. The Long Walk

was in its greatest beauty, with virgin foliage. The boys from the east of London found themselves in a scene hardly to be surpassed for beauty and grandeur, and they seemed fully to appreciate and enjoy it. The friends who remained at St. Mark's were in the meanwhile busy in preparing the room for the evening entertainment—the great tea-party. Twenty tables were laid out, each capable of accommodating fourteen guests. As many ladies had been found, kindly disposed to superintend each table. The six three-gallon percolators did their duty to the satisfaction of every lady. The tea was an entire success. After tea the bands went out into the playground (the sun had not yet set) and played, while the guests walked about or stood round the players. In the meantime the tea things were removed from the tables.

“On returning to the school the choir and the bands took their places on the orchestra, and the guests and members of the club found places either in the gallery or round the tables, and amused themselves by conversation between the different speeches or songs which were provided for the evening's entertainment.

“The Rev. Stephen Hawtreys began by explaining what the meaning of the day was, and how it came to pass that we were favoured with the presence of the gay band of Londoners whose music we had been listening to. He gave a sketch of the wonderful success of the Bromley School, and Mr. Currie's interest in it. The point of interest and union was that Mr. Currie attributed the success of the Bromley School to the fact that it is conducted on the same principles as St. Mark's; in fact, with great kindness, he was pleased to call his school ‘a child of St. Mark's.’

“Glees and songs followed. Mr. Blythe's songs were encored with boundless enthusiasm. Mrs. Binfield most kindly accompanied the songs on the piano. The bands played occasionally. The Rev. R. Simpson gave us a most able speech, tracing the power, efficiency, and popularity of both schools to the true cause, the thorough sympathy which knit together all who were brought in relation by them. Mr. Currie also, and the Rev. Mr. Holmes, the incumbent of

Bromley, both addressed the meeting, speaking most warmly of the happiness of the day; in fact, all seemed to enjoy the evening thoroughly. The Rev. H. C. Hawtreys wound up the whole by observing that the success of the Bromley and other similar schools was a complete answer to those who contended that the success of St. Mark's was due to the originator; a similar success following everywhere the application of the same principle, showed that the success was due to the principle and not to the individual."

I have introduced many letters from my eldest brother, Montague Hawtreys. I will add a few lines from him, written on the 18th of December 1861, in which he gives his conception of the character of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, who had died four days before:—

"2 Sam. iii. 38.

"The feeling that I have is this: That England has lost the *best king* that ever ruled it. A great unknown, silently working monarch *in spirit*. His *grandeur* veiled his *greatness*, wholly moral, and invisible to the vulgar eye."

From Miss Gertrude Halifax to my sister, who with her brothers—especially Montague, Stephen, and John—had been helpful in the time of Provost Hawtreys's last illness:—

"BRUNSWICK SQUARE (BRIGHTON),

"January 28, /62.

"MY DEAR ANNA,—Thanks! sad as they are, for your great kindness. How I do wish I had been in your place for the two days you were necessarily at home, and a few hours would have brought me, but perhaps I am thinking of *myself* in saying so, but how happy he has been, surrounded by such love and kindness in such near and dear friends. I can hardly think he still breathes, but has been sufficiently conscious to know that your kindness has extended to his dear sister's future—that has naturally occurred to me, and I felt Church House must not be her sanctuary. But what a comfort to think of John's kind consideration crowning all the kindness,

and cheering *his* last earthly anxiety. I hope you will tell John how much I feel, more especially under the circumstances of his own peculiar grief—but you will all have the blessing of recollecting not only the *use* you have been now for weeks past, but the comfort as every way ministers of comfort to a dying friend.

“Do not despair of a will, tho’ that has often occurred to me—Bishop Dampier left no will. Every drawer and desk searched by us all, and in fact the hope was given up, but I was in the study before a table covered with written papers, and quietly turned them over, still hopeless; but I spied a paper in the Bishop’s hand, a longish paper, and immediately found its purport—it was a testamentary paper, unsigned, merely drawn up as a sketch of a will; but on that the executors acted. I should think about the time of the sale of the books, *he* must have made a will, and he never burnt a paper, I believe, and wrote on scraps sometimes. I shall be very sorry indeed if nothing of the kind remains; all I fear is that very *little* will remain. Your letter is most dear to me, and most grateful I am for keeping me in your mind when you have had so much to fill it. God bless you, my dear; and ever, as He has always, bless you all. I will communicate with Mary Taylor, and enclose your letter. Poor dear Marianne will with Charlotte be truly sorry for the loss to us all. I have lived to lose many friends, the penalty of long life. I will not say I shall open your next expecting to hear of the last; and then poor Elizabeth! she must be told, and how will she bear it?—Ever yours, G. Hx.”

CHAPTER LXVII

A SERMON

A SERMON preached by Stephen, January 1866 :—

“In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord!” The noise and rushing of the tempest which lately swept over our shores is stilled

again, but not without having left ineffaceable marks of its having swept by. While the memory of its vehemence and power is yet in our recollection, it cannot be amiss to listen to the solemn voice in which it told us that in the midst of life we are in death.

We are so maritime a people that there is hardly a family, even in our inland towns, of which some son, brother, or near relative is not by profession a seaman, and so vast and various are our Colonies, that what family of those now collected within the walls of this church cannot call to mind dear and near friends who have crossed the mighty ocean to seek a provision for life which the sea-girt straitness of our island denied them at home.

We sympathise, then, with those who do their business in the great deep in an especial manner, and therefore, by all of us, the mournful tidings of the devastation caused by the late tempest were of thrilling personal interest. We were all able to place ourselves in the position of those whose near and dear friends were swept off into sudden destruction—for who amongst us has not waved an adieu to beloved ones bound on a distant voyage, and watched the receding vessel as it set out on a course in which it would have to buffet with fierce winds and waves.

To us, then, who have these personal reasons for being affected by the sad disasters caused along our shores by the late tempest, it is most suitable so to consider them that they may bring home to our hearts the true and awful words: "In the midst of life we are in death," and the sequel, "Of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O God!"

From every coast of England comes to us the wail of the fatherless and widow—roads full of wrecks; sixty vessels lay over-night in the roads; two ride out the gale; one beat out to sea; seventeen succeed in reaching the harbour's mouth, the rest are grinding together on the rocks. On the east coast the lifeboat and its gallant crew of 19 men sets off amidst blinding storm and rain to rescue the crew of a stranded vessel. They get among the breakers, the boat grounds, the surging wave heaves it over, and the crew are crushed beneath

its weight, or encased alive as within a tomb. The water rushes in, rescue there is none; except for two or three who escaped, they all perish. Some fourteen brave-hearted men perish in doing a heroic act, and some ten families are fatherless. Besides these and the like disasters which we know of round our coast, we may expect that, one by one, we shall hear of one and another vessel missing, and never heard of after this storm. The vessel foundered in the open sea, and every soul on board perished. This will be the whole tale.

But the fact that in the midst of life we are in death will be brought home to us more strongly by fixing our eyes on one single catastrophe, and that is, of course, the foundering of the passenger ship *London*, bound for Australia, the saddest story on record, we are told. The name and reputation of the ship and its captain was such that all bound to Australia sought a passage by this vessel. A large company of nearly 200 passengers started full of life and hope, soon after Christmas Day, for Australia. The vessel of iron was as strong and light as art could make it, and there was a fearful buffet in the Bay of Biscay, between this product of man's skill and the raging waters—the mountains of waters fall upon the ill-fated vessel, and carry all before them; rip off the hatches, fill the vessel, and finally sink it. On the 11th of January, all, except the nineteen who escaped in the small boat, sank into the depths of the sea.

We have a very truthful account of the events of that fearful struggle from the chief engineer who had command of the boat that was saved.

The very composure, self-possession, and self-devotion of all on board, make the story far more impressive and instructive than if they had lost presence of mind and perished with frantic cries. There was nothing of this in the history given: it must of course be sketchy and imperfect, being merely what came under the observation of one, in those four days of extreme peril and impending destruction; but it is all so natural, that it seems it must be the real facts we are reading; and the self-possession and coolness portrayed make us the more forcibly realise that in the midst of life we are in death.

The whole story will make the foundering of the *London* take its place, as an instance and token of English nerve, self-control, and firmness, in English history, along with the kindred stories of the *Amazon*, the *Orpheus*, and the *Birkenhead*.

We close the perusal of the history with the same feeling we have experienced when reading of those other maritime catastrophes, or of the Indian Mutiny. We feel thankful that the varied classes of our fellow-countrymen thus placed in positions not only of extreme peril, but, humanly speaking, of certain destruction, show uniformly firmness, resolution, constancy, and self-devotion. We see the captain doing all that human effort could do during those four terrible days, till the last of those mountains of water fell upon the stern of the vessel, making an open breach for the sea to flow in. Then he walks solemnly into the cabin and tells his assembled passengers that all hope is over—and in solemn silence the word is received.

Again we see him walking to and fro, instructing the helmsman of the frail boat, which carried off the 19 that were saved, the course they should steer, while he refused to go with them, as his post was with his passengers in his ship. He would abide, and go down with them. And as we read this story of self-devoted adhesion to duty, it is with no little thankfulness we reflect that he was a man of good religious principles and life, and had partaken of the Holy Communion on Christmas Day before setting sail.

We see the Colonial Bishop and the respected Wesleyan Minister, each in their way exhorting, instructing, comforting, praying for their brethren in calamity. We see the family party of ladies reading God's Holy Word to the second-class passengers; the father and husband invited to save himself in the boat, return to his wife and children to die with them; the strong, athletic tragedian—after using what are called superhuman efforts at the pumps—leaning calmly and solemnly on the cabin door and patiently

abiding the result when all hope was gone, and further effort useless.

Such are some of the scenes, the fragments of the history of those four awful days which have come to us, all betokening resignation, patience, fortitude, self-devotion.

A touching and natural incident in the leaving of the boat occurred. "There is room for one more—fetch a lady." The messenger meets a young lady. When she sees the depth she would have to be let down—"Oh! I cannot go down there!" and she shrank back, and her would-be deliverer goes alone.

And now the steerer has received his last instruction from the captain. "East-north-east to Brest" were the last words. The whirl of water round the stern began to be excessive; there was great danger of the boat being sucked down with the ship. It was therefore hastily cut away.

At that moment those in the boat hear above the roar of the waters the cry of a girl, her face blanched with horror. "A thousand guineas if you'll take me in!" But it was too late, the boat was adrift, the ship was settling down; to have returned would have been certain destruction.

A moment more and the vessel itself, settling down stern foremost, threw up her bows into the air and sank beneath the waves. Then all was over, and 220 were launched into eternity. They had had but a fortnight before all the prospect of life that we have. So true it is that in the midst of life we are in death.

Why do I gather up the principal features of this most moving tale, and present them to you in the house of God? That you may feel the force of the first statement; but, still more, that you may realise and act on the second: "Of whom shall we seek for succour but of Thee, O God."

After that last plunge of the broken and dismasted vessel beneath the waves, what is the next scene of conscious existence of those who are sent to the bottom of the sea. They are in eternity; time is past; the record of their life

is closed. In the hands of a merciful God and Saviour the Church leaves the departed, and we may leave these our brethren, trusting that there is hope in their death.

Our business is with ourselves. Judge yourselves, brethren, that ye be not judged of the Lord. There is One that sitteth above the water floods, who can hold the waters of the sea in the hollow of His hand. Who openeth, and no man shutteth; who shutteth and no man openeth.

“Of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O God. Who like a father pitieth us, His children, who never will turn away from any that cry to Him.

The killing sin is this: He has said it Himself — “Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.” I felt this morning strongly, as I was coming up from Eton after the morning service, and passed through the various groups that stood smoking and lounging, waiting for the soldiers to come out of church that they might hear the band play.

A friend of some of these, as he passed along, made some remark. I did not hear it, but I judged what it was from the answer, which was: “It’s pleasanter to be outside.” I heard the young man’s word, and thought of the dread plunge of the *London* into the abyss of waters; and the words of the funeral service came to me: “In the midst of life we are in death; of whom then may we seek for succour but of Thee, O God.” Here was one who might the next moment be in eternity, wantonly and profanely refusing to come to his Saviour that he might have life. Oh, the madness: will he continue in it till it is too late! Will the piteous cry of the young girl from the *London*—“A thousand guineas if you will take me in”—be a feeble picture of him, in the day when he might well offer the whole world for his soul!

Are we brethren of those who perished in the *London*? Is our lease and tenure of life the same as theirs, and shall we be careless, prayerless, idle, profane? We know not how near the fatal last plunge into the abyss we are at this moment. Christ is now holding out His hand. “Come unto Me” is His word.

If we perish, it must be our own act. As Noah preached

and entreated those that lived in his day to come into the ark, so now Christ calls us to come into the Ark of His Church. If we perish it is because we find it pleasanter to be outside. In the days of Noah they found it pleasanter to be outside, eating and drinking, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, till the day that Noah entered the Ark and the flood came. Then was it too late. God had shut him in. Then when too late they found that to be outside was perdition.

How awful sound those words "too late," especially when contrasted with the loving words addressed to us to-day. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," which gracious words may to-morrow be changed into: "It is too late; depart, I never knew you."

One word more about our poor brethren that perished in the *London* and their sorrowing friends. I daresay you observe in the notices that appear day by day among the "deaths" in the *Times* paper, that we are gradually introduced into the domestic history of those who perished, of families severed, the prop of the family gone, faithful servants, children engulfed in the common ruin. These notices sound day by day like the solemn note of the funeral bell. Let us think of these, our bereaved brethren in our prayers. We are no better than they, though we are spared the affliction that has befallen them: it may be our turn next, and our lot will be none the worse for having shown sympathy to those that were in distress. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again" said One whose word is truth.

The sermon I have copied is carefully dated at the beginning *Jan. 28, /66*, and is written entirely in pencil, probably rapidly written, as he knelt at the table in his own room at Church House (for this was a favourite attitude of his), in the afternoon of the day on which he had heard the remark made: "It is pleasanter to be outside," and preached the same evening.

Out of the abundance of his sympathetic heart his mouth spoke.

CHAPTER LXVIII

APPRECIATION

I HAVE a few letters to give which were addressed to my dear brother Stephen by people who had read his "Introduction to Euclid," or his other books.

One is not to him, but to a mutual friend :—

"MY DEAR GORE,—I return you with many thanks Hawtrey's books—the most entertaining and instructive and interesting productions. The hints that he gives, and the plans he adopts with respect to his school, might be adopted with great success in other schools. But still you would want the *man*. You might search Europe and America and not find another Stephen Hawtrey, a man with that inborn instinct which attaches boys to him in such a wonderful way.

"He can be their companion, their playmate, and still their schoolmaster: 999 out of 1000 might try it and fail.

"The second vol. is the most delightful romance possible, and ranks, I think, next to 'Ivanhoe.'

"I should by all means give him *all* that the Woods and Forests can give, for I am sure that it is an *honour* to the Crown to have such a man in its neighbourhood.—Believe me, ever yours,

SACKVILLE G. BOURKE."

FROM MR. HOLYOAKE TO THE REV. STEPHEN HAWTREY

"20 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, 10th July 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter, for your consent as to my boy, and for your books. If your teaching be, and I doubt it not, as frank and resolute as your letter, I should be proud myself to be in your hands; for whatever you taught, even were it error, I should expect to get so vigorous a hold of, that it would be good discipline to embrace it. . . .

"Mr. Roebuck told me a few days ago that 'my son would be fortunate if he obtained you as his preceptor.' I believe it. I am capable of gratitude, and I feel it deepliest to the teacher and the physician.—Very sincerely yours,

"G. J. HOLYOAKE."

A letter from the Rev. Stephen Hawtreys to Mr. Holyoake, not dated, but probably written in 1868 or about that period :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was greatly pleased to hear from you to-day. . . . I am glad to hear that you think your boy is improved. He is a dear fellow, and tries to do his best ; I hear very good accounts of him.

"Many thanks for your Birmingham address. I had already seen a good report of it from a Birmingham paper, and read out every word of it to my sisters.

"The English alone would have riveted us—its fulness, power, and telling sentences.

"Of course, the kind of writing, and the sentiments, were as new to us as they were racy.

"My views, ideas, and ways of looking at social and other questions are all taken from the New Testament, so that the picture of the unshackled giant (the people) throwing off his chains and rising with his inherent might, throwing aside every helping hand, is not the picture that would have suggested itself to my mind.

"'Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the Law of Christ,' would have been my motto.

"If your giant follows your advice, and 'puts away with impatient contempt the pitiful, fitful, partial, mendicant instruction with which Voluntaryism has cheated and degraded him so long,' he will rob me of the greatest joy of my life. For twenty years I have employed my professional income beyond what my maintenance required, in giving as hearty, cordial, elevating, and refining education to the children of parents who had not money to command it [as] I have given to my Eton pupils. The result has been a life ten, aye, a

hundredfold, brighter and happier than if I had spent that money in surrounding myself with luxuries—or enjoyments, as they are commonly called—or in buying the estimation accorded to wealth and station. I have been paid over and over for anything I have done by trust and fellow-feeling. I have learned patience, endurance, firmness, and hope from my intercourse with my fellow-men in that class. So the blessing has been mutual. Am I to be denied this light of life?

“Why may not each give to other what [each] has to give that may benefit the other, and by happy experience experience the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus when He said: ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive?’

“You give me your mind in the Birmingham address. May I ask you to turn to pages [] of my Narrative Essay, there you will find my thoughts and hopes about the same subject.

“Don’t let your liberated giant be too hard upon us, and spurn with too much impatience those who have sought and found marvellous happiness in following the rule, ‘Mind not alone your own things, but every man also the things of others.’

“That God may give us (both you and me) a right understanding in all things, and may guide us into all truth, is the prayer of, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

“S. HAWTREY.”

Many letters written to my brother on receipt of his books have been preserved, and much pleasure did they appear to have given. Here is one, dated May 11, 1868, from Westwood, Sydenham, and written perhaps by a relation of Bishop Barry:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—Now that I have read all your little books I feel that I must trouble you again with a few lines of sincere thanks for the great pleasure and interest you have afforded me. The stories are themselves most interesting and amusing, but the principles they are designed to illustrate are of such great importance that all the time I was reading them

I kept recurring again and again to the deep meaning that lies beneath them all. . . .

“It was a most interesting and unexpected discovery to me to find some account of your own school days in one of the books you sent me.—Yours, very sincerely,

“ARTHUR BARRY.”

FROM AN ETON PARENT

“HAUGHTON, SHIFFNAL, SHROPSHIRE.

“My elder boy has, I find, been laid up at Eton since his return with bad cold, which I hope has been the sole cause for his non-appearance in your Mathematical class. For, without any disrespect to any other master, I certainly shall be disappointed if he is not ‘up’ again to yourself, inasmuch as you have evidently obtained the art not merely of engaging a boy’s affection and confidence, but of detecting and bringing out his good qualities.

“The discovery that has been made in this respect almost leads one to wish that one could be a boy again, to be led and not driven, and encouraged instead of terrified. But I will not say more on this subject, further than to wish you success in your praiseworthy experiment at St. Mark’s, and altho’ I have many calls of a like nature, I cannot refuse a trifle in aid of a work which strikes one as not only excellent in itself, but one which I hope and trust will be a model for the country at large, and do more for the rising generation among the poor and labouring classes than all the Prisons, Penitentiaries, and Reformatories, which, after all, are but uncertain palliations. —Believe me, yours sincerely,

J. BROOKE.”

CHAPTER LXIX

CORRESPONDENCE WITH FRIENDS

COPIES of letters from my brother Stephen to the father of two sons who were to come to St. Mark's. The father was a professional musician of high character and great musical repute, Mr. Ries:—

“CHURCH HOUSE, WINDSOR, *April 22, '75.*

“Do you really wish your boys to become St. Mark's Boys? and that they should grow up under my tutelage. There are two of the cubicles in one of the villas I took you over, vacant; the house especially under my own direction. The boys expected have not been able to come this school time, and I am happy to give you the refusal of the unexpected vacancies.

“My sister Mrs. Donkin and Miss Donkin are now staying with us at Church House, and you may suppose we talk of you. . . . —I am, yours sincerely,

“STEPHEN HAWTREY.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, WINDSOR, *Aug. 12, '75.*

“MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. RIES,—I send your little boys' reports. . . . The first school time is always the greatest difficulty. The second is much more successful, and as they set off towards the end of the school time in the right direction, with a determination to get good reports, I hope they will go on steadily in the same direction. I should like to hear from you or Mrs. Ries, whether you think the effect of their school life and companionship has been good. Give them my kind love, and tell them I am working very hard to make their new house ready and comfortable for them.—I am, ever yours, most sincerely,

STEPHEN HAWTREY.

“My sisters are in Yorkshire or they would join me in kind regards.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME (in the following year)

"ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, WINDSOR, *Christmas '76.*

"I do not know how it is that after giving us the idea, by their manner and improvement, that they are going to do well, when it comes to the examination, your boys don't shine as we think they should.

"The eldest is turning into a fine manly boy, with a dash of humour about him.

"The second seems so good, earnest, dutiful. I cannot understand his failing in examination.

"I must say of the *minor* (who is now in the choir) that his reverent, earnest manner in Church makes me very happy to witness.

"You know the trouble we have been going through, and that the dear, loving Mother of the Donkin family . . . has been taken from us.

"It was her wish on her deathbed that the family gathering at Church House of her children should not be discontinued; they are all with us, therefore, the married ones with their wives, and one little one, Arthur's first-born."

Apropos of the gathering mentioned here, one of the younger generation writes: "None of the nephews and nieces (by no means only those of the Donkin family) who shared in those almost annual Christmas gatherings at Church House will ever forget the open-armed hospitality with which relations and friends were welcomed in that elastic house. It seemed pervaded by the genial presence of its master, who came and went, generally in search of somebody or something, constantly busy, but in every interval beaming with delighted hospitality upon his guests."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"*June 30, '77.*

"I return to you my dear little boy, your Ferdinand. He is very dear to me, and if ever he can have a Sunday to come

(Saturday and return for his Monday morning school) do let him run down to us. His bed in his brother's room will be at liberty, and on account of his having *no summer holidays* we must do what we can to give him pleasure. He has promised (with your leave) to come next June and spend a week with us. I have to give him a Bible with an inscription of my love and goodwill, but I have it not yet. He shall have it when he comes to see us, or Paul shall take it to him. He is a quiet but dear and most sweet boy: the memory of him will be precious to me."

The above letters were sent to me some weeks ago¹ by the elder of the two brothers.

"I look back," he writes, "upon the days, or I should say *years*, which I spent at St. Mark's as the happiest in my school life. . . . I well remember when I first came to the school with my brother, how Mr. Hawtrey cared for and looked after us like a parent, and often asked us to Church House to spend a Sunday afternoon."

And he adds to the kindness of lending me the letters, by asking me to return them, as he would "much like to keep" them.

Another of his old pupils has lent me the following letter (C. H. Purvis):—

"PAKEFIELD, LOWESTOFT, *Sept.* 11, '85.

"MY DEAREST BOY,—How often have we all in our lodging by the seaside read over your lovely letter to me.

"The seven years are gone indeed, but they are seven years that I shall never forget! Your gradual growth, and always so ingenuous, so faithful, and true! I am, of course, happy, truly happy, that you count them among the happy days of your life.

"My sisters are very much touched at your affectionate message which you sent them by me.

"If, as you are reading by yourself at home, you meet

¹ 1889-90.

with any difficulty, mind and make a letter of your difficulty, and write. It will be such a satisfaction to set to work and answer it.

“Whenever you can find any opportunity in passing through the neighbourhood, come and establish yourself in your old quarters, or your loving Warden’s House.

“I don’t know that anything makes me happier than the hope that there was truth in what Mrs. Harris said, when I said it gave me great pleasure that there were never fallings out between the boys of our schools, and she replied: ‘We owe it to your boys, they are such gentlemen.’ I cannot but hope this kind observation of hers had truth in it; certainly it is the joy of my life to think it is so; and this I know, that of all, no one ever passed thro’ my hands that was so gentlemanly and ingenuous as you, my best of boys. Tell your brother that we will talk about and settle about his reading on his return to St. Mark’s. Farewell, my dearest boy. Find or make a reason for coming to St. Mark’s *as often as you can*.

“S. H.”

This letter, too, I am to be sure to return!

The following letters are addressed to Mr. Puttick, a gentleman who had a large business on his hands in London, but who had time and ability to take a strong, benevolent, and artistic interest in music, in the oratorios especially—which at that time (for many years before, and some years after the date of the following letter) used to be performed in Exeter Hall, and in the Handel Festivals. The choir of Trinity Church in Windsor, and for a time that of Eton College Chapel, was formed by the masters and some of the boys of the Old St. Mark’s School. These came under the notice of Mr. Puttick, which led, greatly to my brother’s satisfaction, to their having the opportunity and advantage of joining the choruses from time to time of the Sacred Harmonic Society in their performances in London, or at the Crystal Palace. There is no allusion to these matters in the first of the letters, but I give it as characteristic of the writer:—

FROM MY BROTHER, THE REV. S. HAWTREY, TO
MR. PUTTICK

“WINDSOR, *June 24th*, 1863.

“MY DEAR MR. PUTTICK,—I have seen nothing of Alfred to-day. I suppose you were prevented sending him, but I hope you will send me a line to-morrow on the subject.

“The fact is, our pleasure party in the country is put off, because, as the papers will have told you, this is the day of our grand cricket match, Eton against Winchester, and I thought he would like the sight.

“The screeching excitement and the gaiety of the playing fields would have been much greater fun for him than the trip with our choir to Colnbrook. Give him my best regards, and tell him his visit stands adjourned to another day—but I cannot let him off. . . .—I am, yours ever most truly,

“STEPHEN HAWTREY.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME (after St. Mark's had attracted the class of parents mentioned in the following letter which is dated only—)

“*Tuesday morning.*

“I hear with lively interest whatever interests or is likely to benefit one for whose character and person I have so sincere a regard and respect as I have for yours.

“May your new friends long enjoy the benefit of your friendship and the advantage of your large capacity and first-rate business habits and your extensive knowledge. I have great pleasure in sending all my tracts to any one whom you may introduce to my notice. . . . Remember the upper St. Mark's, poor professional men, clergymen, widows. There are plenty of men of well-conditioned minds and hearts, but slender purses, whom I should like to benefit by giving their sons a good education.—Yours ever affectly,

“S. HAWTREY.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“CHURCH HOUSE, *February 3rd*, 1867.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—Oh, the touching and affecting letter you have written to me. I long to go and see you; I never can forget the ready, co-operative, loyal way in which you have ever acted by me—it has been to me a real happiness of life that I have made your acquaintance and had the happy varied intercourse of these past years with you.

“I feel a damp is thrown on the whole subject by your being prostrated [so] that I feel no heart in the matter. I am myself suffering from a bad cold, or I would take advantage of the half-holiday to-morrow to go and see you, and express personally my concern and sympathy.

“Don’t think of me or anything. Rest, rest, rest! I have long wished you to rest, and now you are forced to. May you find peace in your rest, and comfort.

“May the sweet and solemn strain and words, ‘Rest in the Lord, wait patiently on Him, and He shall give thee thy heart’s desire’ steal into your heart and by God’s grace bring blessed peace to you.—I am, your sincere friend,

“STEPHEN HAWTREY.”

FROM THE SAME TO MRS. PUTTICK

“HÔTEL BELLEVUE, ABENDBERG,

“SWITZERLAND, *August 15th*, 1873.

“MY DEAR MRS. PUTTICK,—I have before me a card, full of the deepest pathos.

“I could not bring myself to think it was *he*. Some one told me they saw an advertisement which might refer to him, and I wrote (because I would not believe it) to himself. I wanted to prove it was not he, by drawing from him a letter in his easy, beautiful, flowing handwriting. I wanted to see among my letters one of those directions so well known which was sure to contain within something generous, free-minded, large-hearted, helpful.

“Instead, I receive this touching card telling me that my



STEPHEN, SON OF JOHN AND ANNE HAWTREY

XVI



dear, valued, honoured friend is no more, cut off in the prime of his days. From the first hour of my acquaintance with your dear husband to the last communication we had together, I felt drawn to him by a singular mixture of affection and admiration.

"I thought the combination in him of the English man of business with enlarged and generous impulses, knowledge of mankind, appreciation of art, affectionate feelings, large interests, and thoroughly and practical philanthropic sentiments, formed a rare and very attractive combination. I very seldom referred to him but in difficulty, to get information, instruction, help, and the like from him; and always was he *ready*—ready, and more than ready. I think I may say that I never applied to him in any difficulty without getting what I wanted, even though it cost him labour and thought and exertion to get it for me.

"The events of now many years float across my memory; his pleasant smile always hopeful and lighting up his countenance, is before me. What! is it gone, that look so full of life?

"His introductions to Exeter Hall, our Canonbury meetings, our Windsor gatherings, his visits to me with interesting and distinguished friends. How pleasant it is to look back to an intercourse in which the more I got to know him, the more I learned to honour and regard him.

"But, of all our intercourse, I don't know that any incident touches my heart more sensibly at this moment than his having been pleased, in one of our conversations, to let me have a little insight into his love and admiration of his wife!

"He was very much struck with the power of a dear niece of mine to produce living, speaking likenesses—(indeed, his at once recognizing her power and genius was a most gratifying commendation, for he was no common judge)—and after looking at a picture she had drawn of my sister, he turned to me and said: 'Would Miss Donkin take a picture? There is one,' he said, 'who was once young and very pretty; and though you could not call her young and pretty now, yet just as she is, I should like to fix, and keep her!'

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Puttick, how inexpressibly full of pathos it is to recall these tokens of the refinement, delicacy, and tenderness of your dear husband. To write about him to you, who were the nearest and dearest to him on earth, seems the only comfort in relation to him that remains.

"Oh, how happy that I had the good fortune to meet him and you together at that never-to-be-forgotten philanthropic gathering last Christmas time.

"I am now, you perceive, in Switzerland. We remain here till after the first week in September. If, on my return, your sorrow is not too fresh and deep, will you write to me? I should so value a few lines from you having reference to your dearest husband, my most valued and honoured friend. Any notice about him, every mark of respect shown him, by any of the wide circle of friends whom his philanthropic, artistic, human, and religious instincts and interests gathered round him, would be greatly valued by me as expressing a homage to one who deserved no common respect and regard from his fellow-men.—I am, my dear Mrs. Puttick, in deepest sympathy, your very sincere friend,

"STEPHEN HAWTREY."

As I copy this letter, I am struck by the manner in which my brother's well-deserved eulogium of the good man of whom he wrote reminds one, in parts, of himself—of his own character, his loving affections, his large-hearted philanthropy, his appreciation of art. It was not surprising that two such natures should have been drawn together in mutual regard and appreciation. Mr. Puttick was connected with a London vocal society called the Canonbury Union. My brother on one occasion invited the whole of this musical society to Windsor, and received them for luncheon in St. Anne's School, with the hearty consent and co-operation of his brother, the rector of the parish; after which they enjoyed the beautiful park and fresh country air, then returned to tea, and in the evening delighted us and a large number of our friends by giving a beautiful concert in St. Mark's new schoolroom,

which had not been built many years, and which made a magnificent music-room, being the largest but one in the county of Berkshire. Many can remember, in later years, how my brother used always to accede to the request of the secretary of the Amateur Madrigal Society at Windsor that he would lend the room for their concerts; and for many years, before the opening of the Albert Institute, they were held there. Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, who was the patron of this society, constantly was present at the concerts either as a performer or as one of the audience, and from time to time we heard of some word from her Royal Highness to my brother when he received her at the door.

"Am I late?" said the Princess on one occasion.

"Your Royal Highness is always in time," he answered.

"I ought to be if I am mamma's daughter," was the reply.

On another occasion there was a great wish to have a concert held at St. Mark's at a time when it was not very convenient to lend the room. But a very sweet little note from the Princess, bringing forward as a reason that the day would be her birthday, and the day after the Queen's, smoothed every difficulty. I am not sure whether it was on this occasion that the Princess, in moving to her seat, spoke to some little fellows, the youngest boys in the school, who were standing up in a row. "What did the Princess say to you?" they were asked afterwards. "She said, 'Sit down, dears,'" was the answer, and the kind words were valued by the dear head of the school as well as by the little ones of that school which he so much loved.

CHAPTER LXX

RETIREMENT FROM ETON

CHURCH House, Windsor, which he had built in 1851, was at this time Stephen's home, and that of his widowed mother, his two sisters, and his younger brother, Henry, who had

become, in 1852, incumbent of Trinity Church, for in that year Stephen, on becoming head mathematical master at Eton, resigned the living, and it was then most kindly given by his faithful old friend, the Rev. Isaac Gosset, to his brother, and former curate, Henry. But Stephen continued to do duty in Trinity Church until (and indeed after) his brother's exchange of livings with the Rev. Arthur Robins in the year 1873.

I must mention here a work carried out by my younger brother Henry during his incumbency of Holy Trinity Church. He and Colonel the Hon. E. H. Legge (adjutant of the Coldstream Guards) worked together to get a complete list of the names—2000 in number—of the soldiers who had fallen in the Crimean War, in order that they might be inscribed upon the front of the galleries in Trinity Church. The families of those officers of the Guards who had served—and who had lost their lives—in that war, contributed to the general cost, as well as to that of emblazoning the name and the coat-of-arms of their own relative, and the work was beautifully and completely carried out.

It had been much desired that Queen Victoria should contribute to this memorial to her Guards by adding some appropriate passage of Scripture to be placed below the names, and this her Majesty graciously consented to do; and by her desire several passages, of the requisite number of words, were submitted to her. The one chosen by the Queen was a selection made by Colonel Legge.¹

One panel gives a short account of the work as having been originated by the incumbent of the parish. This was submitted for approval to his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who very kindly inserted my brother's name, which he had himself suppressed.

In the year 1872 Stephen gave up the mathematical mastership at Eton, which he had now held, first and last, for thirty-six years.

He used to go on foot at first, and often running, from Windsor to Eton. Later he rode a favourite grey pony, on which he made the daily journey to the mathematical school,

¹ Appendix D., p. 402.

which he had built long years before, and where he had spent many happy days. As time went on, the pony was put into the little carriage which had been a present from Henry to his mother, and in it he was driven down to Eton.

The last day on which he went into school there, could not but be a sad one; and had he not had St. Mark's, the school of his own founding, to turn to, it would have been still more sad. But in that, and in family affection, he found occupation and comfort, and other interests did not fail to brighten his life. I must not omit to mention one in particular—it was the presentation to him of a most beautiful gift by his Eton pupils. Some of the Sixth Form dined with us at Church House, and gave the present, which was a very handsome silver gilt flagon and two goblets. In thanking them, he ascribed his dealings with his pupils at Eton to his cousin, Provost Hawtrey, whose wise and kind-hearted ways he had desired to follow.

To return to St. Mark's. Long before the period I have now reached, the cottage had been vacated, the boys met in a large schoolroom built on what is now St. Mark's playground, and, as time went on, Stephen was recognised and named as Warden of the school; and here I will introduce what his faithful and most interested helper, our eldest sister, wrote at the end of an account-book in which she had for years kept the accounts of St. Mark's School. On the last available space of blank paper in the book she wrote:—

“Here ends the account of money received and expended for St. Mark's School from 1863 to 1883.

“In early days the school received the Government Grant, and was visited by the Queen's Inspectors, whose very high accounts of the school are printed in their reports. I remember in the early days one of them said: ‘St. Mark's is like a paper-mill; you put in rags, which come out white paper.’

“No one was more surprised than the Warden when the school changed into what it is now (1863). By the advice of the Inspectors, he ceased to receive the Government Grants, and raised the weekly payments of the boys, so as to make

the school self-supporting, but it still continued to be, on the whole, for the same class.

"The Warden had often wished to have the boys more entirely under his own and the Masters' supervision, and having the opportunity of buying a building (which was for sale, near the large schoolroom), which had been a racquet court, he turned it into a boarding-house, having no idea of changing the social position of the school; but to his surprise there was not a single boy who came as a boarder who was not the son of a gentleman: clergymen, officers in the Army and Navy, professional men—the sons of those who had known or heard of the Warden through his connection with Eton, sent their sons. Of this boarding-house Mr. Blythe was the first House-Master; but it soon became necessary to build a second, to which he was promoted, the other being placed under Mr. Ogilvy's charge.

"At first the Warden hoped that the original day boys could have gone on as day boys, but this could not be satisfactorily accomplished, excepting in the case of those at the head of the school, who, from the length of time they had been there, had become gentlemen by education, and were looked up to both by day boys and boarders; so that the excellent tone of the school, especially with regard to truthfulness, continued to be handed down."

[To meet the difficulty above-mentioned, the Warden eventually bought a building, formerly a Baptist chapel, in another part of Windsor. There Mr. Dobson, who had been for eight years a Master in St. Mark's, became the Master, and under the Warden a school for the lower class of boys continued for some time to exist.]

"In the meantime, for the Upper School five boarding-houses have been built, and seven or eight graduates of Oxford and Cambridge have become Masters, and there are two or three gentlemen to teach modern languages, Mathematics, &c., and I trust it may do as much good—or more—in its end, as in its beginning."

It was in 1868 that the thought occurred of raising the

school fees; in 1871, the change had been made, and when the Warden retired from Eton, the two St. Mark's Schools were being carried on.

As may be supposed, he devoted himself to building up and continuing the work; he took classes in the school himself, vigorously teaching Euclid, and encouraging the boys by every means in his power.

In 1876 he was much alone, as the two sisters who lived with him were absent on account of the illness of another sister.

A secret correspondence was held with them at this time by Mr. Blythe, for the 12th of July (the Warden's birthday) was approaching. The boys wished to make him a present, and his sisters were consulted as to what it should be.

When the day came, the Warden was surprised at being requested, after morning chapel, to come into the "Underground"¹—and there to find the whole school assembled.

A meeting of the school in the Underground was only called by the Warden himself; so this was inexplicable, but only so for a moment. When the senior boys approached with a beautiful silvered tray, and a speech of affectionate congratulation, he understood; but too deeply moved for speech, he could only for the moment tell them to go to their houses. When there, they received a message to desire them all, after breakfast, to re-assemble in the Underground, and there he met them and told them how deeply he felt this mark of their affection; if any punishment was hanging over the head of any boy it was done away; the day was to be set apart as an annual holiday henceforth, and to be called "Founder's Day." There was, however, one stipulation made—no more presents were to be given. And only once—on one peculiar occasion—was the rule broken through.

¹ A vacant space below the great schoolroom.

CHAPTER LXXI

STEPHEN HAWTREY'S WRITINGS

A WORD must be said about the Warden's writings. In the earlier days of St. Mark's, he wrote a letter, giving an account of the school, and later, that one which has been largely copied here, telling of the most happy first visit to H.M.S. *Pembroke*. There was a second visit, as happy perhaps as the first, though the great interest of such a one as that first could hardly be repeated; also, a pretty and pleasant account of a sojourn of the school at Pakefield.

He also wrote graver and very valuable works: "A Narrative Essay on a Liberal Education," and a treatise on the "Aims, Duties, and Rewards of a Schoolmaster," which has been thus reviewed in the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, Saturday, February 26, 1870:—

"Nothing could better demonstrate the fatuity of the denominational fear that free schools will destroy existing religious schools, than the noble address just published on 'The Aim, the Duties, and the Reward of a Schoolmaster,' by the Rev. Stephen Hawtreys, A.M., Principal of St. Mark's School, Windsor. Mr. Hawtreys, who is a master of Eton, and who has not only a genius for tuition, but a living and generous passion for its diffusion, has built a school at Windsor (St. Mark's), which, in solidity of structure, completeness of convenience, and gracious purity of arrangement, is unequalled in the country. Mr. Stuart Mill thinks it beyond the power of schools to educate morally; and M. Ernest Renan has written to the same effect. Had either of these eminent authorities been conversant with what Mr. Hawtreys has been doing for many years, they would be of a different opinion. The family and personal principle of instruction followed at St. Mark's, the separate dwellings of the masters, the separate rooms proposed for the boys, are calculated to lay the foundation of an influence which becomes the best part of the future

life of the pupil. The primary 'aim of the teacher is to awaken the wish to do right in the hearts of those entrusted to him,' to replace suspicion, deceit, meanness, dulness, by intelligence, candour, trustfulness, simplicity, and truth. Mr. Hawtrey's theory of treating pupils with 'consideration and tenderness, without softness,' bringing out all the rightness of the heart and all the capacity of the brain, associating all the pride and gratefulness of the pupil with the memory of the teacher and the lad's school-days, giving the instructor a place in the heart and a part in the future welfare and possible renown of the scholar, is a noble aim of instruction which no national school which any Government in our time will create will ever supersede. No parent who has the sense to discern between the two kinds of school could ever hesitate between them, or, indeed, hesitate to sell his furniture, if he could thereby insure for his child instruction in the nobler and manlier one. Even denominational schools of the St. Mark's quality would hold their own against any free school we shall see in our time. Had Mr. Forster and Earl de Grey and Ripon paid a visit to this Windsor School before drawing their bill, it would not have displayed the timidity it does lest it should interfere with the existing schools. If they are what they ought to be and might be, no superseding them is possible."

Another of his works was "A French Eton"; an answer to Mr. Matthew Arnold's article, so entitled, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, in which the Warden, from the experience of his own early days, lifts a veil which had hidden some characteristics of the French schools visited, and held up as examples for English imitation by Mr. Arnold.¹ There were also sermons: one on National Education, from the religious point of view; and one in French, written for the villagers of a favourite mountain resort in Switzerland, where he was

¹ From Mr. Herbert Paul's "Matthew Arnold," p. 66: "Mr. Arnold was easily convicted by Mr. Stephen Hawtrey of not understanding the tutorial system at Eton. Nobody understands the tutorial system at Eton except Eton men, and they cannot explain it."

long remembered, and which he called "Le Sermon sur la Montagne," as that was his subject.

His last work, on which he bestowed as much thought and in which he felt perhaps as much interest as in any other of his educational writings, was his "Explanation of the First Twelve Propositions of Euclid." He got his artist niece to devise a chain to ornament the outside, which would show how the twelve propositions depend one upon another; and with deep interest and pleasure would he lead his pupils on from one to another, having endeavoured, by clear explanations and illustrations, to remove difficulties out of the way, so that the least capable should not be defeated or disheartened.

This book was favourably reviewed in the *Times* of January 23, 1874; and in March 1874, the *School Board Manual* notices it thus:—¹

"Euclid's meaning, when it becomes apparent to the intelligent student, is like melody to the ear of one born with a particular faculty for music. But while, out of every score of persons, several may be more or less imperfectly gifted with the power of appreciating melody, every person not absolutely defective in the matter of reasoning faculties may realize the beauty of Euclid. There is a common opinion that this is not so, but the common opinion is wrong. By the accident of going to the work with a prejudice, or of taking a prejudice against it at first sight of the letters and lines, or of an ill-qualified instructor, or of a want of reliance on their own powers of attention and comprehension, a good many pupils glance over the surface of Euclid, and condemn themselves to be bored with it so long as they study it, when they might easily find delight in it.

"All this has been seen and taken to heart by Mr. Hawtreys in the course of his long experience at Eton as assistant master, and as he sought at school to make the beauty of the study evident to the intelligence of his class, so in an agreeable, kindly little book, he has endeavoured to bring

¹ "An Introduction to the Elements of Euclid," by the Rev. Stephen Hawtreys, A.M., late Assistant Master at Eton (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.).

the intellect of the stranger who may avail himself of his help, into the same happy relations towards the great ancient Master of Geometry. How well he is qualified for the task is demonstrated by the following short passage from his preface, which will astonish many a teacher of Euclid, and many a pupil:—

“I am aware that it is the experience of some teachers that most boys find the study of Euclid repulsive. My experience is the reverse of this. I cannot call to mind the case of a single pupil who found the study of Euclid repulsive. They may have found it hard; they may not, in some cases, have been industrious and persevering enough to succeed in examinations; but all of them have felt that there was something real and great in Euclid.’

“The tutor whose experience corresponds with that passage, should be worth listening to on the question of the study of Euclid.

“Mr. Hawtreys devotes his little work of about a hundred pages entirely to the first twelve propositions of Euclid, on the theory, founded on observation, that the student who has been led to enter into the spirit of the first twelve propositions, does not need much more leading, for he has by that time grasped the meaning of Geometry, and thenceforward Euclid alone will be sufficiently explicit.

“On the title-page and outer cover of the book is a diagram consisting of twelve links of a chain, each successive link representing one of the twelve propositions, and the manner of their linking shows how the propositions hang together.”

Besides the review in the *Times* which I have mentioned, and that in the *School Board Manual* which I have given, the “Introduction to the Elements of Euclid” was favourably reviewed or noticed in the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent*, the *John Bull*, *Cambridge Chronicle*, *English Mechanic*, *Builder*, &c.

I add here letters of the same period to my brother from Professor Henry Smith (Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford), and Mr. Todhunter, who reviewed the book in the *Times*, and whose concluding words of that review I now give, as they explain Professor Henry Smith’s second postscript:—

"The publication of this Introduction to Euclid will be very acceptable to those who, in middle or declining life, notwithstanding the seductions of natural science, still remain true to the educational creed of their youth, namely—that classical knowledge is the supreme divinity, and mathematical knowledge her noblest minister; they will appreciate the support which Eton yields to their convictions. This great institution has indeed a traditionary connection with the two elements of an efficient education, dating from the epoch of her great Provost, the translator of Tacitus, the editor of St. Chrysostom and commentator on Euclid.

"Sir Henry Savile found materials for a course of lectures within a compass even narrower than Mr. Hawtreys; for he had only arrived at the end of the eighth proposition when he laid aside his Professor's robe and dismissed his hearers with the words, 'Valete et Studete.'"

A LETTER FROM THE LATE PROFESSOR HENRY SMITH
TO THE REV. STEPHEN HAWTREY

"64 ST. GILES, OXFORD, *Jan.* 12, '74.

"DEAR SIR,—I write at once to thank you for the copy of your 'Introduction to the Elements of Euclid,' which you have been so kind as to send me. It was very good of you to think of me in connection with one whose memory I revere so much as I do that of Professor Donkin. I perfectly remember the interview to which you allude.

"I have, of course, as yet only had time to turn over the pages of your book somewhat hastily. It would have convinced me (if I had not known the fact before) that you have been and are an admirable teacher of Geometry; and though, I suppose, that good mathematical teachers, like poets, 'nascentur non fiunt,' yet I cannot help thinking that you have now succeeded to a very great extent in explaining the secret causes of your own success, and that your book is likely to contribute powerfully to the improvement of the methods of geometrical teaching. I think, too, it ought to find its way into all Normal and Training Colleges, and it will be very

fortunate for the rising generation if their schoolmasters take the pains to study what you have written.

“One word about *Euclid versus the innovators*. I have always thought that, *if the teacher is good*, Euclid is as good a text-book as can be conceived. But the teachers are very often the reverse of good, and the austere formation of Euclid seems to have a particularly chilling effect upon them, which they manage to communicate to their unlucky pupils. If I thought that Euclid would be handled as you handle him, I should wish for no change whatever; and as it is, I do not wish for very much. And, indeed, I see you are not yourself a devoted worshipper of the text according to Simpson, or you would not have written the note appended to the fourth proposition—a note which has interested me very much.—Believe me to remain, very truly yours,

HENRY J. SMITH.

“I must add two postscripts—the first, that your vignette is really a charming illustration of the relation of the propositions to one another; the second, that though I have had Sir Henry Savile’s book in my hands, I have been so ungrateful to my founder as not to examine it properly. I hope, however (now that you have put me in mind of it), to find time to do so before long.”

FROM PROFESSOR TODHUNTER TO THE REV. STEPHEN
HAWTREY

“BROOKSIDE,

“CAMBRIDGE, Janry. 13, 1874.

“DEAR MR. HAWTREY,—I return the letters, which I have read with great pleasure. I am glad to see that Professor Smith noticed the picture on your title-page. He is an excellent man, of wonderful knowledge. I know of only one fault in him, which is serious and irreparable; namely, he belongs to Oxford, and not to Cambridge.

“I shall be much pleased if the review gets into the *Times*; and hope that I shall set it early enough to secure a copy. I know by experience that it is not easy to secure a

copy of the *Times* many hours after publication.—Yours
very truly,
L. TODHUNTER.”

CHAPTER LXXII

COLLÈGE COMMUNAL DE SALLENCHES

I HAVE another printed notice to put in here (the date, 1867, however, is a few years previous to the last). It is from a local paper of Savoy called *Le Mont Blanc*.

“1^{re} Septembre 1867.

“DISTRIBUTION DES PRIX AUX ÉLÈVES DU COLLÈGE
COMMUNAL DE SALLENCHES.”

It thus begins :—

“Notre ville était hier en fête. Nos rues étaient sillonnées dès le matin par une foule pittoresquement barriolée accourue des divers points de l'arrondissement pour venir chercher les jeunes élèves de notre Collège.”

And thus ends :—

“La journée a donc été bonne pour tous ; pour le chef de cette municipalité qui voit ses ardentes aspirations vers le progrès aussi franchement suivies ; pour le directeur de notre Collège qui receuillait le fruit de sa persévérance dévouée ; pour ce professeur de musique exposant les fruits remarquables d'une méthode qui lui permet de former en trois mois un orchestre qui en vaut bien d'autres ; pour la ville entière qui peut se réjouir de posséder un établissement de second ordre, tenant certainement le premier rang parmi ses émules.”

I have made this paragraph precede another which really comes before it, because I think it will be seen how such a school, such efforts, and such success would have appealed to one of the visitors—none other than the subject of this memoir.

The preceding paragraph is as follows :—

“ Nous devons mentionner un suffrage non moins précieux que ceux de l'assistance toute entière. Un étranger, venu des bains de St. Gervais, montrait dans les rangs de l'assemblée sa tête vénérable, et semblait écouter avec plus d'intérêt que tous ses voisins ce qui se disait dans la salle ou sur le petit théâtre improvisé; il applaudissait avec une émotion apparente. C'était le Révérend Hawtrey, directeur du célèbre Collège d'Eton en Angleterre. Il disait après la cérémonie au Frère Valfrid, en lui offrant un exemplaire d'un de ses traités sur l'éducation, qu'il n'avait jamais vu dans son pays de fête de ce genre qui l'eussent plus sincèrement intéressé.”

We will forgive the editor—and hope Eton will forgive him—for the small mistake of “*directeur* du célèbre Collège d'Eton.”

CHAPTER LXXIII

EUCLID

THE following is part of a letter sent out upon the issue of a second edition of the “Introduction to Euclid,” by its author :—

“CHURCH HOUSE, WINDSOR, *November 1878.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I hope that an old schoolmaster, who has been engaged in teaching only three years less than half-a-century, may thus address those who are engaged or are interested in education. . . .

“It was in the year 1846 that the writer of this Introduction to Euclid established a parochial school in Windsor, the characteristic feature of which he wished to be, that after the necessary foundation of all learning was laid, the boys' minds should be mainly brought out by the study of Euclid and the structure of language, *i.e.* grammar.

“The year 1846, it may be remembered, was the year in which the Privy Council gave that impulse to education the

benefit of which we are now feeling. The Revd. H. Moseley was the first Queen's Inspector of Schools in the district comprising Windsor. To him I laid open my thoughts and wishes. His reply was, 'By all means work out your ideas, and see what comes of it.'

"I have done so, and now in the year 1878, when Mr. Moseley and most of the men of our generation have passed away, I am able to say that, having acted on his advice, I am not less astonished than thankful to observe what good and useful men in every kind of calling the lads thus educated have turned out.

"I could tell of telegraph boys becoming the superintendent of telegraph works at home and in foreign parts; of boys who left school to hammer out nails on an anvil, writing to me from the West Indies and South America, where they had the charge of engineering works which were being erected there. These boys, after a few years' service, having been picked out for these positions of trust by those who knew, and, it may be, cared nothing about their early education; but simply because, when compared with their fellow-workmen, they were found intelligent, self-reliant, and efficient. I could tell of one, sent to a British Consulate abroad, ready to undertake any duty, from brushing the Consul's shoes upwards, now occupying a responsible position in the English Consular Service. In our own country I could refer to many an honoured name among the heads of Institutions, the Clergy, Professional men, Bankers, to Engineers, Architects, Builders, to the Managers of very distinguished Printing Offices, and, if I may be allowed to allude to them, Chefs of Her Majesty's Kitchen, who would, I think, be ready to subscribe to the truth of my words, that lads whose minds have been cultivated mainly by the study of Euclid have turned out singularly able and useful men.

"It was only the other day that I met and was recognised by an old scholar whom I had lost sight of for ten or twelve years.

"He told me he had enlisted in the Royal Engineers, and was then on his way to the East India College, Cooper's Hill,

to pay his respects to Colonel Chesney (its valued head). In reply to my question how Col. Chesney came to know anything about him, he said he had served under him in India, that he had been very good to him, and had employed him, he added with a smile, to teach his non-commissioned officers Euclid!

"Now when I remember that the men who are thus valued, and are doing their duty in life with credit to themselves and benefit to their country, are those who as boys used to sit round a table with me, their eyes glistening with delight and animation as we used to be doing the propositions of Euclid together or solving deductions, I cannot but feel that in teaching them how to learn Euclid, in making it a book of interest to them, we had been doing something far better than if—led away by what must be a great temptation to teachers of the present day—we had merely aimed at preparing them to show their knowledge on a given day in a competitive examination.¹

"This history of a long and happy experience will, I hope, be accepted by my brethren as a sufficient apology for my offering, before that night comes when no man can work, as my contribution to the cause of education, an elementary treatise, the aim of which is to increase and extend the usefulness of that grand old book Euclid, of which many notable things have been said; for instance, that it is the most

¹ The allusion in the foregoing will be best understood by the following paragraphs extracted from the "Narrative Essay on a Liberal Education":—

"For myself I can remember few hours of greater enjoyment than those in which—shutting out the noise, eagerness, and contention of the outer world, and taking up a book which has held its ground for more than 2000 years—I have endeavoured by its help to open the minds of the young, to bring out those faculties which God has given them, by the calm, unimpassioned investigation of truth, for truth's sake, to which its pages guide us . . .

"Come here, my friend, and stand beside me. Look into those boys' faces. They are merry-hearted boys; they laugh like others, and sing, and play. Look at them now. Mark the fixed eye, the riveted attention, the animated countenance, the smile of satisfaction. They are not conscious of all this; but you and I, looking into their faces, can see it. What is all this the sign of. The interest and pleasure felt in the exercise of their mental faculties in following out intellectual truth.

"Give me then your sympathy, my friend, and tell me if you do not think that Euclid is doing them a great good."

wonderful book that was ever written by man. That it is the master key that unlocks all knowledge. That it teaches, as no other book does, how to learn, making one know when one knows a thing and *when one doesn't know it*. That it produces a well-developed mind ready to turn with ease and vigour to any special pursuit.

"To these sayings let me add a *dictum* of my own. . . . That whoever has gone through the ordeal of a struggle with Euclid successfully, comes out of that ordeal intellectually changed, having been lifted to a higher intellectual sphere than he could have reached without it, from which high level he never can come down all his life long."

An interesting episode took place in the year when the Guards returned to Windsor from Egypt. My brother was at that time renting a house which faced the road from the station to the barracks. He had the house decorated with trophies of flags, and with a great banner, on which, in letters of gold, was displayed the motto—

"Welcome home, most noble Life Guards."

In front, on tiers of steps, the whole of St. Mark's School was assembled. "When I take off my hat, cheer!" he had said to his boys; and as the "war-worn soldiers" came by—those that were able on horseback, the invalids in carriages—there rose a cheer that we will hope gladdened their hearts; they cordially responding, some by taking off their helmets, some by holding them at arm's length on the point of the sword!

CHAPTER LXXIV

THE MOVE TO THE WARDEN'S HOUSE AND RETURN TO CHURCH HOUSE

ON the 12th of July 1877, the first stone was laid by Anna Hawtreys, the Warden's eldest sister, of a house situated near the lower end of the Church House grounds which was to be for a future headmaster of St. Mark's School, and she

proposed later, that the family should leave Church House for a couple of years and live in the new house, till it should fill with boys, and thus be more acceptable to whoever the Warden might offer the headmastership to. To himself this idea was very agreeable, and the years spent there by himself and his family were happy years, though by no means unmarked by trials. He loved to be in the midst of his boys. He taught them, visited them in their rooms in the corridors, helped them in every possible way; awakened in the very early morning those who wanted to be up betimes, and who would leave a request to be called in his room overnight. Then at the close of each school time, there was the choir supper and the house supper, and the speeches; again, again, and yet again, did the Warden rise to propose the health of one and another, so that no one should be left out, and, if possible, a speech be got from every one. And what loving words have been spoken of himself on such occasions, felt no doubt by boys, if spoken by their less diffident Masters.

The two years proposed had lengthened into nearly seven, and arrangements had been made by the Warden for handing over the school to a governing body, and the conduct of it, as well as the Warden's house, to the Rev. Arthur Upcott, the headmaster chosen by the Warden, when, in 1886, a most grievous sorrow befell him—perhaps the most grievous bereavement which had ever befallen him. This was the death of his beloved eldest sister, Anna Hawtrey. She who had been in her early girlhood his helper, who had been interested about him and for him all his life, who had been his right hand, and had taken her share in all the school business with the utmost diligence and care, was now called away after a short illness to the home she had long been preparing for. She had almost seemed to recover from an illness which attacked her towards the end of January, and was much interested in planning, not only the return to Church House, but also a visit for the summer holidays to the neighbourhood of Innsbruck, where the Warden had been asked to take a summer chaplaincy. She had spoken of this with interest on the 12th of February, planning to take a niece with them,

which proposal she knew would give pleasure to all concerned, but a severe pain that evening attacked her in the chest, and her strength sank. She was spared lengthened suffering, and passed away the next day.

The mother of the niece mentioned above, who just twenty-four hours before had had a pleasant talk with her about the trip to Innsbruck, wrote as follows:—

“ She has passed the darksome valley,
 She has gained the Home above,
 She has entered on the glory
 Of Eternal Light and Love.
 Think how now her wondering sight
 Greets the loved ones ‘ gone before,’
 Who, in raiment washed and white,
 Throng to meet her at the door.

How with joy they close around her,
 See the Mother’s fond embrace !
 See the Sisters’ eager greeting
 As they kiss her radiant face !
 Earthly garment cast aside,
 She is now all glorified ;
 Yet her very self is there,
 Only made so wondrous fair !

Now she understands the story
 Of the Father’s boundless love,
 How He welcomes each to glory,
 In His many Homes above.
Now she has full comprehension
 Of the free salvation won,
 Of the wonderful Redemption
 Wrought for us by God’s own Son

Now no more the steps will falter,
 Now no more the spirit faints,
 But in ‘ Glory Everlasting’
 She is ‘ numbered with the Saints.’
 For the bonds of death are riven
 By the perfect Sacrifice ;
 Ransomed, stainless, free, forgiven,
 Rests she now in Paradise.

“ *February 13, 1886.*”

If anything could have comforted the Warden in his grievous and sudden bereavement, it was the affection and respect which was shown to her dear memory, and the hope that the example of her piety and devotion might be blessed to the boys in whom she had felt so much interest. His last printed words are those which he spoke to them in chapel the first Sunday that he preached after her death. He had been in the habit for several years of preaching at the Feltham Reformatory on Good Friday. He went thither this year, taking me with him, and preached on the text, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He pressed this verse upon them again and again, and in ending, and in speaking of the uncertainty of life, he told them touchingly, but calmly, of the death of her who had been his companion so long, and had from time to time seen him go, and welcomed him back from that very expedition (to preach to them).

The athletic sports always took place at the end of the spring term, and this year a greatly appreciated honour to my brother and the school was conferred by the Princess Christian coming to give the prizes, which her Royal Highness did with the utmost kindness and condescension.

On Easter Eve my brother and his family moved to Church House. Those with him were Mr. Daman, our brother-in-law, a niece, and myself, and there most of the summer term was passed. The Warden opened a visitors' book for his boys, and gave them Euclid lessons regularly; also two garden parties, which he had every reason to think were enjoyed by his much-loved guests.

It had been proposed that he and I should go abroad earlier than had been intended, but we did not start before founder's day. The proceedings in the morning of the day were, after chapel and breakfast, the usual exhibition of gymnastics, speeches, prizes, and after luncheon the band played in the cricket field while a match was played between past and present boys.

The organ recital followed, and as the day wore on, tea was provided in the Church House meadow, and after this there was a drawing to the great school. It was understood that there was to be an entertainment by Mr. Capper, but there was another reason, and a compelling one, which caused all to assemble there. All perhaps but one knew why, and that one was the Warden. He entered the room, not knowing that the scene of ten years ago was about to be repeated, till Gainsford, the captain of the school, stood before him with a beautifully embossed silver bowl in his hands, which, with words of respect and love, he placed in those of the Warden—and then a great cheer filled the room. He was so totally unprepared for this moving token of the affection of his boys, that he much regretted that he had not had some idea of it beforehand, so that he might better have expressed to them the feelings awakened by it. As it was, he did not say much; but all that he left unexpressed was probably understood and believed in.

He was pleased the next morning early by my bringing him a note I had written overnight to the donors, and he had it lithographed and sent round to them.

The Sunday after this he preached his last sermon in the chapel. In it he says that it might be the last time he would have an opportunity to address them in chapel, and it proved to be indeed the last.

CHAPTER LXXV

TYROL

WE took leave of the school and of our eldest brother and his family, who were at the "Junior House," and started on 19th of July for the Continent. On our way to the Tyrol he enjoyed meeting some dear friends at Beatenberg, and visiting Mezringen, a place to him full of interesting old associations. On the way thence to Mentelberg, where his chaplaincy was,

we by appointment met our niece, Alice Donkin, who was to spend the summer with us, and were later joined by her brother Edward. We saw something of Innsbruck and places around. At Achensee—a very pretty place—we had the pleasure of hearing some of the Tyrolese singers, who sang beautifully, and found that some of them had been in England many years before, and had actually sung at Eton in my brother's mathematical school.

After leaving Mentelberg, we went to Ober Ammergau. We were to have been there in 1880, and to have seen the Passion Play, but were prevented by the very serious illness of our eldest sister. She had been deeply interested in the thought of seeing that wonderful performance, but she accepted her illness as an indication that it was better for her not to go, and never wished it again. But now the place had a twofold interest for us, who thus, being in the neighbourhood, made our pilgrimage there during one of the years intervening between the performances of the Passion Play. We were there for part of two days and a night, which we spent at the house of Joseph Meyer. My brother was very much struck by the simplicity, sense, and manliness of this good man, who had twice taken the principal part in the play.

On the way home we visited Nuremberg, and once more my dear brother chose many photographs to refresh memory and to show to friends in England. The journey home was by Strasburg, Paris, and Dieppe, where we joined our brother John, who was staying there with his family.

My brother's letters from Switzerland in former years have been mentioned, and some have been given. During this last foreign sojourn he wrote once more a series of letters, and in one he said, "Take care of these letters; I think they will be the last." I was beside him and said, "Why do you say that? say at least *may* be," and to please me he wrote "may" under "will."

CHAPTER LXXVI

RETURN TO WINDSOR

ON returning to England, as Church House was let, we were hospitably received at the "Junior House." The holidays were not yet over, but he had wished to return early and to attend to some business which he was anxious to complete. He was at this time well, but he showed a desire for rest and repose when there was no special claim upon him. Indeed, throughout the journey he had from time to time betrayed a want of the strength which had for so long been his portion.

While he was still at the Junior House, the boys returned; this was a pleasure. Also he had pleasure in telling, or in hearing me tell, of the beautiful drive from Innsbruck to Ober Ammergau, of the kindness of the friends we had visited on our way thither at Partenkirchen—Colonel Ward, brother to the First Lieutenant of the memorable *Pembroke*, and his family—also, the enjoyment of those who liked the photographs he had brought home, pleased him. Besides all this, there were the chapel services, where his dear voice was once more heard in the responses. On the first Sunday in the term he would naturally have preached, but he wished to offer that opportunity to his friend the headmaster. My brother, however, celebrated the Holy Communion at the early service on that day, and with a power and clearness of voice which might have belonged to a much younger man. He had anxiety at this time about the health of our eldest brother Montague, who was far from well, and thought about him, catering for him that he might have special and delicate food. Another characteristic deed was writing letters home for a little boy newly come, who was not much of a scribe; and yet another, which marked his last evening at the Junior House, was, getting close to the light (for his sight was not so good as it had been) to read aloud some story to the boys while they had their tea.

Later, on that same evening, Wednesday the 29th of September, he and I went back to Church House. After

family prayers, on coming up to his own room, he knelt again with me, and offered a special prayer on beginning life again in the dear old home. In the few words that he said, he prayed that "their future years might be their best."

The next morning he took his Euclid class, and was occupied later in the day in writing or in looking over papers. In the evening he went with me to the Junior House and after that went to St. Mark's House, where his pears had been stored. He was anxious they should not get spoilt, and now with the gardener's help he packed in baskets and carried round to the houses, all that remained.

CHAPTER LXXVII

LAST DAYS

It may have been twenty-four hours after this that he began to feel ill; and though after this there were fluctuations, and great hopes from time to time that he might get better, and encouragement from his Windsor and London doctors, and though he contrived once more to take his Euclid class, yet he never really regained health.

One great pleasure he had before he became too ill to enjoy it. He received an unexpected letter one day from the secretary of the Royal Humane Society to say that a medal had been awarded to one of his boys for gallantry in saving life (during the summer holidays) on the Lake of Geneva. He sent for the boy—Guy Danvers Wheeler—one already much valued and well thought of by him, and warmly embraced and congratulated him.

On Sunday the 10th of October he wrote to the headmaster (as well as can be remembered) in these words:—

"MY DEAR UPCOTT,—Will you tell them that I earnestly desire the prayers of the school in chapel. Oh, how dear is the school to me!—Affectionately yours,

"S. HAWTREY.

"*Sunday, October 10, 1886.*"

Sunday the 17th was a rather better day. On the next day I observed that he shook his head. I asked why, and he answered, "A prayer to God to restore me to you."

On Thursday the 21st of October his three brothers—Montague, John, and Henry—and two of his sisters-in-law, and his home family, received with him the Holy Communion, and the same day his old friend, Canon Carter, visited and prayed with him. The last few days, besides two trained nurses to wait on him at night, he was kindly cared for by one of the Sisters from St. John the Divine's Institute in London; and also his niece, Miss Alice Donkin (who, since her summer travels with us, had returned to Düsseldorf), came to be with him. He recognised her, and perhaps that recognition was the last earthly joy that he knew. This was on Monday the 25th of October.

During all those anxious days, and those that followed, prayers were offered up for him in his own chapel, where, also, the beautiful hymns were in sympathy with the feelings of those who loved him. He was also prayed for at Eton, at Trinity Church, Windsor, and at Nutshalling, his brother Henry's church, near Southampton; and on Wednesday evening the 27th October, a special service was held in St. Mark's Chapel for him.

The last hours approached, and were calm. He seemed to be sleeping. A kind friend, a medical man, who came to see me, even on the last day, tried to give me encouragement. But the Sister who attended him was less hopeful, and at half-past two in the morning of the 29th of October she came to my room and said gently: "I think now you must come." I came, and while the home family knelt round his bed praying, the dear spirit passed calmly away.

And here I will insert a few more words taken almost exactly from a letter I have already quoted from.

Writing to a son in India, my brother Henry says:—

"CHURCH HOUSE, Oct. 30th, 1886.

"Aunt Flo received me, and took me in to see him. His room was arranged as for a little 'lying in state.' He,

on his bed, with white wreaths, flowers, and crosses on the coverlid; between the wall and the bedstead a little table, on which were two lighted candles (it was after dark now), and the Ober-Ammergau crucifix, which they had brought home, and vases of white flowers.

"A cambric handkerchief was over his face. This was removed, and I do not know that I ever looked on so calm and sweet a face, every line and look suggesting the words: 'Asleep in Jesus.' Then we two, after gazing in silence some little time, knelt down and offered up our thanks to our Heavenly Father for having, as we humbly believed and trusted, taken to himself the soul of our dear brother.

And now, as I write, the choir of Holy Trinity Church, close by, are singing, and the sounds of the Hymn, 'Days and moments quickly flying,' come in at the windows as they sing in memory of dear Uncle Stephen, the builder of that church, and its first Incumbent; the first Mathematical Master at Eton; the first Warden of St. Mark's School, who lies so silent and peacefully—his work, his loved work over, and he at rest."

On the day of his funeral a little procession—the Prefects of the school and his family—surrounded and followed him from Church House to St. Mark's. At the school gates, the Masters and the whole school met them; Mr. Blythe saying the beautiful opening sentences of the Funeral Service.

The coffin, covered with flowers, was placed near the east end of the chapel, now crowded with friends, besides the ordinary congregation; and here the first part of the service was performed. A remarkable feature of the day was the kind and voluntary attendance of the non-commissioned officers of the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, who had known him in past days. Also, some of the postmen and police came to pay him this last respect.

The service was concluded at the Eton Cemetery, when his friends and his boys met on the spot where our father, mother, and our eldest sister lie.

To the three inscriptions to their memory the following was added:—

To the ever blessed memory of
STEPHEN HAWTREY,
Founder and Warden of St. Mark's School, Windsor ;
First Mathematical Master at Eton ;
First Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor.

“Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord ; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

CHAPTER LXXVIII

IN MEMORIAM—BY CANON CARTER, A.D. 1886

CANON CARTER wrote a notice, which appeared in the *Guardian*, after the death of his old friend:—

“Stephen Hawtreys church and educational work,” he writes, “is part of the religious and intellectual history of the last fifty years and more. Having been a personal witness of his varied labours during all this period, with many common links of mutual interest and frequent interchange of brotherly kindness, I feel it a sacred duty to relate in what ways and with what object his untiring energies, his intellectual gifts, and earnest devotion were employed.

“Having taken his B.A. degree in 1832, the work which became the starting-point of all that was to follow commenced the very next year. The way for him was opened through his cousin, Dr. Hawtreys, then Headmaster of Eton, who appointed him to a kind of private mathematical tutorship. It has always appeared to me a striking instance of my dear friends power that, not being an Eton man, considering the conventionalities of a great historic school, he was able to do so much towards, perhaps, the most important change of late years introduced into its system. At that time mathematics at Eton were pretty much on a level with dancing and fencing

as a mere extra study, and the Eton world was only just beginning to awake to the call then pressing upon it—to add this high department of mental culture to its then all-absorbing classical curriculum. The origin of what has now become a main part of general school-work carried on by a staff of Masters—all University men, working side by side with the classical Masters—was the undertaking by Stephen Hawtreys to instruct privately the few aspirants to something in advance of what had as yet been attempted. It was while he was thus engaged that the Eton Church movement began, of which the then George Selwyn was the head and leader, the object of which was to arouse spiritual life in Windsor and the adjoining parish of Clewer with the hamlet of Dedworth. He at once joined the movement, and the part assigned to him, working with George Selwyn, was to get a new district formed for the Clewer part of Windsor and a new church built, and, meanwhile, to open and carry on services at Dedworth.

“Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, built at a cost of £10,000, raised mainly by George Selwyn’s and his own efforts, was consecrated in 1844. He became the first incumbent, and continued to hold this laborious cure, to which was attached the chaplaincy of the Household Brigade, together with his Eton work, till the year 1852.

“Stephen Hawtreys’s work at Eton has been so eclipsed by his foundation of St. Mark’s School that few are aware what it must have cost him to advance the mathematical instructions at Eton to the proportions it had attained when the class moved into the well-known octagon building at the end of Keats Lane, which he erected, and where he ceaselessly exerted himself in moving the growing body of his pupils to take interest in their work.

“Like many other great works, St. Mark’s School, on the outskirts of Windsor, arose out of the smallest beginnings. The school began with about twenty boys: out of this grew, by a process very similar to the growth of our greatest public schools, the present St. Mark’s, Windsor, with its boarding houses, staff of Masters, chapel, and playground. Its founder showed in its construction and management the same

combination of religious zeal, keen moral earnestness, personal sympathy, affectionateness, and versatility of intellectual and social device, such as marked, though on a less prominent scale, his Eton work. It may be added also, the same peculiarity of a loving, enthusiastic temperament. He was wont to say that his own idea of dealing with boys was expressed by the late Dr. Hook, when Vicar of Leeds, 'that no educational result that deserved the name was produced otherwise than by the contact of human living soul with human living soul.' He was not behind the age in its sympathy with gymnastic developments; he could beat many a younger man himself, carrying the heavier knapsack on mountain expeditions in Switzerland, in parts of which he was well known and loved. He was also, like his friend and once fellow-worker, Bishop Selwyn, a great bather. His plans for St. Mark's showed the value he set on these subordinate features of modern school life equally as on its more momentous objects.

"In the year 1872 his Eton work ceased, and from this time he devoted himself entirely to St. Mark's, resigning its immediate government only about six months before his death. There was no work within reach to which his warm sympathy and often helpful services did not extend; many a school is familiar with his magic lantern, which he kept constantly supplied with fresh slides; and his genial presence, countenance beaming with joy at others' joy, hearty voice, and fatherly kindness, will long be gratefully remembered. A buoyant spirit to the last, giving its special brightness to the deeper dominating principle of his inner being.

"The crowds that gathered at his funeral were a touching token of the feelings of attachment and respect with which he was universally regarded. *Requiescat in pace.*"

CHAPTER LXXIX

LETTERS FROM OLD ETON PUPILS

MR. ARTHUR JELF, one of my brother's Eton pupils, writes to me:—

“It is a real pleasure to me to be able to give you some recollections of your brother, my dear old friend, Mr. Stephen Hawtrej.

“He was a man of remarkable individuality, and had a great power of attracting and attaching people by the force of his energy and large-heartedness.

“It is nearly 50 years since I first knew him at Eton as the Head of the Mathematical School, then just brought within the scope of the regular curriculum.

“The successful progress of the school was very largely due to his initiative and exertions. He is the only man I ever knew who could not only be enthusiastic about pure mathematics himself, but could infuse a portion of that enthusiasm into his pupils.

“I can see now the beaming smile and glistening eye with which he hailed in a boy—who at last began to take in his lucid explanation of a problem,—the dawn of intelligence!

“He kept a list of ‘the initiated’ (*οἱ μύσται*), that is, of those who had mastered the meaning of the 4th proposition of the 1st Book of Euclid.

“He was a most conscientious and painstaking teacher, and I have ever felt grateful to him for what he taught me. He was most lavish with the prizes which he gave at the end of each ‘half.’ ‘The Tomline,’ the great mathematical prize at Eton, was given once a year, and he did all in his power to stimulate the competition for it. I never got it, but was high up in ‘the select’; and I well remember the hospitality which we received at Church House on the occasion of what was always called ‘The Tomline Sock,’ to commemorate the result of the examination.

"Nothing could exceed the heartiness and hilarity of the gathering, and Mr. Stephen Hawtreys was as bright and boyish as the youngest boy there.

"Another trait in his character was his enthusiastic love of scenery, especially Swiss scenery, his description of which filled me with a great longing to visit the country. Accordingly, in the summer holidays of 1855, by arrangement with our respective families, he took E. R. Divett (who was at 'my tutor's,' the Revd. Edward Coleridge's, with me) and myself for a delightful tour, combined with some mathematical coaching. The tour was most comprehensive, embracing Cologne, the Rhine, Bâle, Berne, Thun, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, the Valley of Simmenthal, the Lake of Geneva, Chamonix, Zermatt (then little frequented), the Monte Moro, Lago Maggiore, Lago d'Orta, the Simplon, the Furka, Grindelwald, the Faulhorn, the Brünig, Lucerne, and Paris. Mr. Hawtreys's knowledge of the different countries made him an excellent guide, and he spoke French so well that he was often mistaken for a Frenchman. His German was more tentative, but he was never afraid of practising it, and I remember a funny scene when he was publicly haranguing some washerwomen on their delinquencies, in words beginning, 'Kommen Sie hier alle Wascherein!' &c.

"The above slight reminiscences give little notion of the breadth of view which characterized Mr. Stephen Hawtreys's life and work. My long friendship with him, which extended far beyond my Eton days, showed me that he was a man of large ideas and wide sympathies. The one great object of his life, was to extend to the lower middle classes the same principles of education, based on trust and honour, which have given to Eton and our other public schools their great position in the world. This was the *raison d'être* of his pet foundation, St. Mark's School at Windsor, which remains, and I trust will remain, as a monument of a large-hearted and enlightened English gentleman.—Yours, very truly,

"ARTHUR R. JELF."

Another letter from an old Eton pupil, the Rev. Montague Noel, is as follows :—

“I have always had an affectionate remembrance of Mr. Stephen Hawtrey. He, as well as all your family, were most kind to me, including Mr. John Hawtrey, in whose house I was from the time I went to Eton in 1850 till I was passed on to Dr. Balston’s.

“Mr. Stephen Hawtrey always seemed to be overflowing with kindness, whether to old or young. His sympathies extended to poor as well as to rich.

“He was before his time in creating interest not only in mathematics,¹ the study of which he caused to take its proper place in school work, but also he attracted boys to the study of arts and sciences. He made them wish to see the scenes in foreign parts that were depicted in his magic lantern. But, at the same time, he did not forget to further the cause of the Church and of Religion. It was a great pleasure to me and to our children here when, about 20 years ago, he gave an excellent address at our Sunday Afternoon Children’s Service.

—Yours, most sincerely, MONTAGUE H. NOEL,
“Late Vicar of St. Barnabas, Oxford.”

One of my nephews, Edward Donkin, has contributed the following :—

“When I try to write down my recollections of Uncle Stephen, I find, with some disappointment, that they mostly turn upon small matters.

“A Windsor newspaper some 35 years ago spoke of him in these words, to the best of my remembrance :—‘Great indeed is the good that this noble-minded man is doing in our Royal Borough.’ When a person of whom that kind of thing could be said is the subject of one’s recollections one feels that the recollections ought to be in some sense on a great scale. But mine, as I said, deal with small matters. I can only hope they may convey some idea of what he was.

“For instance, if I had to give an example of his extreme

¹ See Appendix E, p. 402.

kindliness, and his power to feel with and for others, the best I could do would be to recall an incident that stands out in my mind with the reality of an instantaneous photograph. When I was a small boy at Eton—a shy, sensitive little boy—he had invited a party of Eton boys to tea, some ten or twelve, and, as I was living in the house, I sat down to tea with the others. As it happened, all the rest were from the lower school, I alone, having lately got my remove, from the upper. During tea some one remarked on its being a lower school party. ‘Yes,’ said Uncle Stephen genially, ‘we are all lower school—except him;’ and he made a sign towards me. I wish I could express the effect of those words, followed by that gesture and the look that went with it. He seemed, on the one hand, to make himself entirely one with the lower school boys, to take their part, and to scout the interloper from the upper school; but there was a kind of playful, apologetic gentleness in the scouting, which took away any possible sting from it. Other masters would have sat enthroned above lower boys and upper alike; it was characteristic of Uncle Stephen to come down to our level, give, as it were, both hands to the others, and yet have a hand to spare for me.

“Two other occurrences dating from that time are in my mind. I was once unwell, and he said that what I needed was a warm bath at bedtime. Instead of leaving this for some one else to see to he did it himself, he, with all his Eton cares on him, as well as those of St. Mark’s, and no doubt much else besides. The bath was got ready in his own bedroom, and he did the sponging with his own hands, I need not say how gently; then I was dried and transferred to my own bed. It is worth noting, moreover, that the remedy succeeded—the ailment went away; a proof, perhaps, of his insight even into physical child-nature.

“The other occurrence, if it is not too absurd to mention, shows how indulgently he would bear with a little boy. I was doing my lessons beside him one evening, when suddenly I felt a dreadful sensation of something like a beetle or an earwig creeping about inside the leg of my trousers. ‘Oh, there’s something in my trousers!’ I cried out in great woe and alarm.

'Oh, hold them, just there; that's where the thing is.' Instantaneously Uncle Stephen gripped the garment like a vice, imprisoning the supposed beetle, and preventing its further excursions. I then disrobed, he still holding the trousers tight; finally, the invader was looked for, and, as far as I remember, was proved not to exist at all. What I shall not soon forget is the kindness of that firm clutch, and his forbearance towards my silly little panic. Did he carry this forbearance too far? Would it have been better for me and other boys to have been treated more stringently by him at times? Perhaps it was better still for us to have remaining with us the picture of a character that seemed to set no limits at all to kindness.

"It was not only to myself, needless to say, that he did such things. Long afterwards, when I was an assistant master at St. Mark's, I remember how he got ready a special breakfast for a delicate little boy whom he had noticed as not eating the ordinary food, and seeming to be out of appetite. A nice hot sausage was brought up—as likely as not Uncle Stephen had cooked it himself—and he got the little boy to sit down again, and persuaded him to eat some. If you heard of such a thing being done by any ordinary schoolmaster you would ask how on earth he could pet a single boy in that style? What did the others say? But I doubt if the other boys took offence when Uncle Stephen did such things. They knew they might all expect the same pure kindness, each according to his needs. Uncle Stephen delighted in ministering to the boys' wants with his own hands. If a boy's cupboard door would not shut (I speak, of course, of those in the Warden's House) it was to the Warden he would appeal, and the Warden would come and put it right. I remember Uncle Stephen showing me a special finishing touch which he had discovered to the process of tucking up a little boy comfortably in bed; the corner of the pillow was to be bent over in a particular way till it stuck under the sheet, making an embracing shelter for the small neck.

"All such infinitesimal things illustrate that intense thoroughness which was characteristic of him, and which made him

throw himself into the very heart of whatever had to be done. I suppose the great results he achieved in education came from the same quality in a higher form ; a complete penetration into the essential needs of boys' undeveloped intellects. He gauged his own nature well when some one at Church House 30 or 40 years ago asked him what was his chief characteristic (it was at the time when 'Confession-books' were in vogue). He answered : Intensitiveness. At the period when my brothers and I had taken up fiddle-playing he was fond of admonishing us with a story about Paganini's advice to a pupil : 'Go and practise scales 6 hours a day for a year.' The pupil did so, and came back at the end of the year. 'Go and do the same for another year.' The pupil did so. 'Go and do the same for another year.' The pupil did so. 'Now go and play anything and everything ; you can.' (I never heard this story from any other source.)

"In another way Uncle Stephen's intensitiveness came out in those admirable rules for French pronunciation which he devised and made his boys learn : rules which absolutely hit the bull's eye of the difficulty (or so I should suppose)—'Soothe your j's,' 'Loathe your eu's,' 'Grunt your n's,' 'Gargle your r's,' 'Flute your u's,' 'Roar your (I forget what).'

"A remark that my brother Reginald once made sums up what I should think most people who knew Uncle Stephen would feel, each in their different ways. Reginald had an engineering business of his own at that time, and was telling me how much hampered he was by the need of a really energetic and devoted assistant. 'Well,' I said, 'what kind of a man would be the one for you ?' 'Oh,' said Reginald, in a tone implying that there was only one answer, 'Uncle Stephen.'

"Together with his intensitiveness he was supremely broad-minded and large-hearted. It was for others that he paid such attention to little things. For himself he lived, I think, in a sense a very un-careful life, caring little about petty exactitudes, not in the least punctilious ; he was too much engaged with grand, far-reaching aims and principles. Most men of an ordinary kind would naturally be supposed to carry about with them such articles as a bunch of keys, a

pocket-book, a little ready money, and the like. I hardly think one could conceive Uncle Stephen possessing a bunch of keys or a pocket-book. As to ready-money, perhaps I may be allowed to mention what I believe was the fact (though it hardly should belong to *my* recollections), that his money affairs, great and small, were left unreservedly in Aunt Anna's charge. When he needed a few coins she gave them to him. I have heard him in Switzerland playfully grumble at being kept so short that he had nothing to buy a stamp with. But he did not keep others short. My mother once discovered that she had overdrawn her balance, and in her difficulty she wrote to him. She afterwards liked to describe how, in answer, he arrived at our house in person by an early train, with his cheque-book sticking out of his pocket.

"He was a very rapid letter-writer, and used, I believe, to write his numerous letters largely in the earliest hours of the day, getting up at 4 or 5 in the morning, and making tea for himself with a spirit-lamp. Often, I think, he slept little; perhaps he needed little sleep. I remember once that when saying good-night to some one who was to occupy the room next his, he offered in fun to make known each hour by knocks on the wall. Resting, taking it easy, made but a small visible portion of his life, which seemed, to the looker-on, to consist of a perennial torrent of occupation; teaching, organising, interviewing people on business, personally superintending and stimulating a hundred different operations connected with Eton and St. Mark's, or with other educational and clerical work; operations that ranged from mixing the concrete for a new wall in the playground (I have watched him doing this with his own hands) to composing, getting printed, folding up, directing, stamping, and posting educational pamphlets addressed to the parents or the schoolmasters of Great Britain generally. There was a period about the sixties when I recollect a sort of institution, that he rested in an armchair on Sunday afternoons and Aunt Flo made hot lemonade for him. It stands out by its rareness; one saw less of such respites in his later years of health. At all times, whatever had to be carried out, he was sure to be in the thick of it. He might

employ the mere hands and physical activities of others ; but the brain-work, the thought and contrivance, the energy, spirit, and courage were, in things little and great, largely supplied by himself.

“The *Quarterly Review*, in referring to one of his pamphlets, described it as displaying ‘the homely simplicity of a Socrates.’ The description would be quite misleading as applied to himself personally ; he had a polished grace and courtesy of address and manner which perhaps does not always go with strong qualities such as his. But the words are not inapt as expressing the character of his mind and thought, which was at the antipodes of anything like pedantry. One never had from him the least touch of high-flown ‘bunkum.’ When I was a young assistant master at St. Mark’s, and had notions as to improvements in the teaching, I once asked him what his aim was in educating boys. ‘To get them to Heaven,’ he answered quickly, in a manner that implied that he had no more to say and would rather not theorise. But here, as in everything, he was in practice liberal-minded and broad, not prejudiced ; like Moses, ‘very meek,’ willing to adopt the position of a learner.”

CHAPTER LXXX

CONCLUSION

AND now I will close with a word or two about the St. Mark’s School, which was so dear to him.

I find part of a letter from him, the beginning of which is missing, and I therefore have no date to give nor the name to which it is addressed :—

“I refer you to the report of the school time, the getting up and the printing of which works me and wears me away too much, when others are recreating in the holidays, but which is most honestly done, and which being scanned and examined and commented on at home, brings boys back resolved to do

well in the coming school time. I do find that this method, and loving the boys and caring for them does bring out the best features of their characters, does improve them, and make them better and better boys the longer they are under its influence. Believe me, it is better than flogging. It has been the comfort of my life to find it so. This is the source of happiness I have sought, and here I have found it, in the love and improvement of the boys, and in the sympathy and gratitude of parents. I have found more than my fair share of happiness in life. Thus St. Mark's, being a labour of love to me, has brought to me what I want, deep interest, hope, and happiness, through God's mercy.—I am yours sincerely,
“S. HAWTREY.”

I think the above may have been addressed to a Master, who was working in the school, and who desired to bring in such a system of pressure as was alien to the mind of the Founder. The Master in question was very efficient in bringing boys on in their studies, and when he left the school (by his own wish, for my brother never would dismiss him, though he was a thorn in his side), his departure gave a shake to the school, from which, alas! it never recovered.

I may here briefly add that when my dear brother—always remaining Warden, as he did—gave the headmastership to Mr. Upcott, the school was in a goodly condition, numbering about 130 boys, and I suppose might in time again have increased in numbers, but in 1891 Mr. Upcott had the offer of Headship to the Clergy Orphan School, and accepted it. He was succeeded by Mr. Stanford, upon whose leaving the school, one of the Masters who had worked under my brother—Mr. Mack—was appointed; but the numbers were decreasing, and Mr. Mack was obliged, at the close of the winter term in 1894, to give up the attempt to carry on the school.

I was living in one of the houses at the time, and during one term I gave up a room to one of our faithful Masters, himself an “Old Boy,” who carried on school with the very small number of day boys who remained. And the term after that, the present Headmaster, the Rev. C. N. Nagel,

came to St. Mark's, bringing with him the boys of his former school at Bath. So work was once more begun in the great schoolroom, the playground was again peopled with cricketers and football players, and service celebrated in the chapel, where, in the prayer for the school, the petition is constantly offered up

“Prosper the designs of its Founder.”

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

WITH respect to a tradition that the De Alta Ripas Dawtreys or Hawtreys took their name from the river Arun, I can only say it is not one which has ever been held in our family with respect to our own branch, nor, as far as I know, to any other; and perhaps may be considered not to agree with the statement that when Agnes Percy was married to Joscelin of Louvain she had already in her train a knight named Dawtreys.

I copy now from another source. Some years ago, I think probably from a Lincolnshire antiquarian correspondent, there came into my hands some MSS., which, before returning them, I had copied. These up to the present time have been of but little use to me, but I think passages from them may add to the interest of this history.

The manuscript is headed

“Alta Ripa, Hautrive, Hawtreys, Dautry,”

and begins thus:—

“Heringham or Hardham in Sussex was in ye Conqueror’s time called Heriedeham, and was held by Roger Montgomeri. It consisted of 5 hides of land, 3 fisheries, meadows, &c.¹ It soon obtained the name of Hawtreys or Alta Ripa (ye latin word Ripa in Norman writings generally means a river, not a bank).² There was an ancient family of Knights, owners of much land in these parts, and of fair possessions even in ye very bosom of the ‘High Stream’ from which they took their name, and were called de Hawtreys: which name remains to posterity, this day being called Dawtreys, and in Latin de Alta Ripa.

“The Land which they had in the level of ye Parish of Hardham or Heringham, is insulated almost clear round by ye ‘high

¹ Domesday Book.

² Dugdale’s *Mon.*, vi. 307.

stream' being near about seven miles in compass, all but a nicke or isthmus of some six furlongs long, whereby it joineth to the Parish of Waltham. On ye west side of ys land of Hardham (lying altogether, No Man's land lying within it) did they found a house of Black Canons about ye time of H. II. . . .¹

"It is said yt Joceline of Louvaine who married Agnes, daughter and heir of William de Percy, and to whom was confirmed ye honour of Petworth (Collins' 'Peerage') gave Haultrey to John, who assumed a surname from the place. The Alta Ripas held of ye Percies and of the honor of Petworth Kembrichton in Salop as well as the Sussex Estates, and it is probable yt their arms, five fusils in fesse, were adopted from ye ancient coat of ye House of Percy."

"PEDIGREE OF THE SUSSEX HAWTREYS

1. JOHN DE ALTA RIPA, or Dawtrey, received from Josselin of Louvain the Manor of Hardham, near Arundel. His grandson
2. JOSSELIN had two sons—(1) WILLIAM, who founded the Priory of Hardham; his granddaughter, EVA, married Sir JOHN ST. JOHN in the reign of Edward I.; represented by the family of GORING.
3. (2) JOHN DE HAWTREY.
4. THOMAS DAWTREY.
5. JOHN DAWTREY.
6. JOHN DAWTREY.
7. JOHN DAWTREY.
8. ANDREW DAWTREY, *m.* ALICE, daughter of — MILL, Esq., of Hampshire.
9. (1) SIR JOHN DAWTREY, Kt.; (2) EDMUND HAWTREY, Esq., of Petworth, High Sheriff of Sussex, 1492; *m.* ISABEL, daughter and heir of Sir THOMAS WOOD, *temp.* Richard III.
10. SIR JOHN DAWTREY, of Moor House, in Petworth, High Sheriff in 1527, *m.* JANE, eldest daughter of Sir RALPH SHIRLEY, Knt., ancestor of the Earls Ferrars.
11. SIR JOHN DAWTREY, Sheriff in 1547, *m.* CHRISTIAN, daughter and co-heir of NICHOLAS MOOR, of Wickford, Hants.

¹ Dugdale's *Mon.*, vi. 307.

12. WILLIAM DAWTREY, Esq., of Moor House, Sheriff in 1566, afterwards Knt. of the Shire, *m.* MARGARET, daughter of W. ROGERS, Esq., of Eltham, Kent.
13. WILLIAM DAWTREY, of Moor House, living in 1620, *m.* DOROTHY, daughter and co-heir of ROBERT STONEBY, Esq., one of the tellers of the Exchequer.
14. SIR HENRY DAWTREY, Knt., of Moor House, *m.* ANNE, second daughter of Sir D. DUN, of Theydon Gurdon, Essex.
15. WILLIAM DAWTREY, Esq., of Moor House, *m.* AMY, daughter of JOHN STRUTT, Esq., of Warley Place, Essex.
16. THOMAS DAWTREY, Esq., of Moor House and Doddinghurst, living in 1717, *m.* SARAH, daughter and co-heir of WM. BRIGHT, Esq., of Talmash Hall, Essex, *d.* 1680.
17. WILLIAM HAWTREY, Esq., of Moor House and Doddinghurst, who died, 1758, and left no heir. He was succeeded by his nephew, RICHARD LUTHER, Esq., of Myles's, in Essex, whose lineal descendant is D. TAYLOR, of Clifton, who quarters the Hawtrey Arms.

From Burke's
Commoners. It
is not said who
now possesses
the estate at
Petworth.

"The Alta Ripa who founded ye Priory at Hardham, was William ye son of Robert.

"This Robert was returned in 14 H. ii. by William Paganel (Paynel) as holding of him half a Knight's fee in Yorkshire.

"No record mentions it: but there must have been some close tie between these two families. In many instances, ye one attested ye charters of the other. They had an interest in many the same manors, and ye Alta Ripas held their estates in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire of the Paynels.

"Alexander, younger son of Ralph Paynel, enfeoffed Robert de Hauterive in ye Vill. of Manby, a Hamlet of Broughton, in Co. Linč. Robert attested a grant of ye Church of Budichton by Joscelin de Louvaine to Lewis Priory,² and another grant of Joscelin was witnessed by Robert and his son William. . . . A register of Kirkstall Abbey recorded a grant by William, ye son and heir of Robert de Alta Ripa,³ of a carucate of land in Cookridge, with a confirmation of ye Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

¹ Eyton's "Salop," iii. 3.

² *Liber Niger Heam*, ii. 321.

³ *Mon.*, v. 54 7d.

"William was one of the principal tenants of the Honour of Petworth.¹ He was Lord of Hardham, and there founded ye Augustinian Priory of St. George in ye reign of H. ii., and gave to it the advowson of ye Church of Kemberton, which, in 1291, was valued at £2, 13s. 4d. per ann., besides a pension of £1, 10s. to ye Prior of Heringham. William² founded also ye Cistercian nunnery of Gokewell, in ye township of Manby in ye Parish of Broughton near Brigg, in Co. Linč." (At a meeting of the Lincoln Architectural Society, Report, p. 102, in 1854, there were exhibited four charters belonging to W. S. Heselden, Esq. A paper on them was read by the Rev. F. P. Lowe.)

I will only comment upon one or two points contained in the MS. One to which I wish to draw attention is the "close tie between the Hawtreys and the Paynels," because in our own direct line of ancestry, about the middle of the fifteenth century, there was a marriage between Thomas Hawtrey of Chequers, and Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Paynell, of Oxfordshire. Again, as will be seen by any who may care to study the manuscript, mention is made, though not of Algarkirk, yet of *Lincolnshire*, as well as of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and it would be interesting if we could find out that the old Algarkirk family had been the source from which sprang the Sussex branch of Hawtreys, as, later, that of Chequers. Indeed, the name "Adam de Alta Ripa," occurring, as it does, more than once towards the close of the MSS., as well as twice in our Pedigree, suggests the possibility that the De Alta Ripas, or Hawtreys, mentioned in the manuscript, may have been at least akin to those whose descent is traced in the Pedigree, and, perhaps, closely akin to them.

The mention also, introduced into the MS., of the Charters exhibited at a meeting of the Lincoln Architectural Society, in 1854, may lead some of those who read these pages to obtain a sight of them.

¹ Eyton, iii. 3.

² Extract from White's "Lincolnshire," page 537, ed. 1872:—"Near the Hamlet of Littleworth, nearly a mile east of the village, are the remains of Goxhill Priory, founded by William de Alta Ripa for Cistercian nuns, about the year 1185. At the dissolution it was granted to Sir Wm. Tyrwhitt. What remains of the Priory is called the Chapel, and forms the kitchen, dairy, &c., of a farmhouse, now occupied by Mr. Robert Felstow."

APPENDIX B

THE following letter was written in the first year of Charles I., 1625:—

“To the Right Worthy R. HAWTREY, Esqre., one of His Majts. Justices of the Peace, and Compounders for the County of Midsex., at his House near Uxbridge, these—

“We have sente unto you by this Bearer, a letter of warninge from the Officers of His Maties. Greencloth, to give warninge for your composition Poultrie due unto His Matie. out of the Countie of Middlesex, for this present year, that it may be delivered unto me within one month, next after the receipt thereof, according to the tenour of your composition, at His Maties. Storehouse, within Bishopsgate, London. But now so it is that the sickness hath and doth keep the King from coming into these parts, or near London, that we are forced to keep the Storehouse 30 miles from London, between Salisbury and London, at a place called Farnborough, where I desire the Poultry may be brought, according to the content of the said warning letter; or, otherwise, if you please to give me 100 marks from the County for the performance of the same, as formerly I have had, then I will undertake the same and discharge the County; and likewise, if you please to give me four and twenty shillings veal, I will undertake your veals and your butter at 7d. a pound for a whole year from Michaelmas last, or for seven years, if I live so long and the County hold their composition. I have made bold to write unto your worship, because I have dealt with you heretofore for these services, and the rather because you spake to me about them in Westminster Hall the last Term. I have therefore writ unto you my mind, signifying unto you what my demands are for every kind, praying for answer by this Bearer, that I may know what to trust unto. I am very willing to do this County any service I can, so that I may be no loser by it, and I have set you as reasonable rates as I can, but for the Poultry, I must have present money if I undertake it. I would therefore intreat you to let me know when I shall attend you for it, and I will bring a certificate for the County's discharge, as formerly I have done.—Thus, craving pardon for my boldness, I humbly take my leave, and rest your worship's at command,

EDWARD DICKENSON.

“From His Maties. Storehouse in Farnborough in the County of Southton. this 13 Oct. 1625.”

This letter is written on the first page of a large single sheet in the writing of that period like the German character, beautifully written and regular.

Poor Carter's letter I have not the original of. We will hope it met with a kind response.

The following is a copy, or I might almost say a translation—so different from our modern English does the beautiful looking writing appear—of another of the old Ruislip Papers. The date is 1636:—

“Whereas upon a petition latelie exhibited to the Lords of his Matys. most honoble. Privie Counsell by ye Papermakers within the Counties of Middl. and Bucks: neare to his Matys. houses at Hampton Court and Windesor Castle, and restrayned from using their trades, by order of the said Lords for better preventing of the infeccoñ of ye plague in those places, that their honors would be pleased to appoint some counsell to be taken for present maintenance of the said poore papermakers, their wives and children during the tyme of their said restraint. It pleased their Lordshipps, by their order of the first of November last 1636, to appoint that the hundreds in which the said papermills were, should contribute towards the relief of the said Papermakers, and maintenance of their Families and workmen during the time of their restraynt from work untill their honors should think fitt to permitt them to use their trade againe. And Mr. Barron Denham, the Attorney Generall, and the Justices of Peace of the said County neare the said Mills, were by the said order prayed to settle a present course for their reliefe as aforesaid. Now wee, the said Sir John Denham, one of the Barrons of his Maties. Exchequer; Sir John Bankes, Knt., his Maties. Attorney Generall; Sir John Lawrence, Knt., and Barronett Sr. Thomas Ffowler, Knt., and Barronett Sr. John Parsons, Knt., Ralph Hawtrey and Henry Bulstrode, Esqres., Justices of the Peace within the said Counties; having in pursuance of the said order of the sixt of November last taken into our considerations the great losses and charges sustayned and borne by the said papermakers during the time of their said restraynt; Have thought fitt and do hereby direct that there be allowed soe soon as it may be collected, out of Stoke hundred, in the Countie of Bucks: for the reliefe of the Papermakers belonging to Horton Mills, and Wyrardisbury Mill within that Hundred, 150 £ for 15 weekes now expired, and out of Spelthorne Hundred in Com. Midds. for the Pap. makers of Poylemill in that Hundred for 25 weekes—76 £ and for the Pap. makers of Stanwell Pap. Mills in that Hundred for 12 weeks of their

restraint 27£ 8s., and for the Papermakers of Longford Pap. Mills in Elthorne Hundred for 12 weeks of their restraint 36£ 12s. And for the Papermakers of Isleworth Pap. Mills in that Hundred 35£ for 12 weeks of their restraint; which severall somes wee think fitt to be taxed and assessed upon the Parishes within the said severall hundreds in such manner as is used to levie upon neighbouring parrishes for supplie to the releife of the poore of such other Parrishes in the same Hundreds as are overburdened with poore, but not able to releive their poore.

"Dated this eight day of Decembr. 1636.

"JO. DENHAM.

JOHN BANKES.

"RAFFE HAWTREY.

HENRY BULSTRODE."

The paper on which the foregoing is written is folded narrow and inscribed outside—

The Coppie of The certificate
concerning the papmakers.

APPENDIX C

(See page 197, Vol. I.)

A FEW more notes on the subject of the families of Colclough and Vesey are as follows:—

"Sir Cæsar Colclough, born in 1694 married 2ndly, Harriet, daughter of Agmond Vesey, Esqre. Had five sons, Vesey, Agmond, Adam, *Thomas*, Richard, and several daughters, Frances, Harriott.

[Cæsar, who was long a prisoner in France, never assumed the title, although the patent (1625) was in the family, and in Henry VIII.'s time, Sir Anthony Colclough was at Tintern (1543), and had a grant of land from the Crown.]

"Thomas (Colclough), Rector of Enniskillen, married Florence, daughter of the Hon. Bysse Molesworth, brother to Lord Molesworth, and had by her one son, who died unmarried, and three daughters: Harriet, who married Jonas Watson; Caroline, and Florence who died single.

"Harriet (daughter of Thomas Colclough, Rector of Enneskillen, and fourth son of Cæsar Colclough), having married Jonas Watson, Esqre., Captain H.M. Service, had issue as follows:—Ann, born on the 25th November 1785; Thomas Colclough, 20 of June 1787; Henry, 28 February 1789; George Oliver, 10 March 1790; Edward, 9 January 1792; William Jonas, 27 April 1795; Harriet, 22 June 1797."

The above is copied from a very old worn MS. in possession of my cousin Anna Watson entitled "Family History."

APPENDIX D

THE words selected by Colonel Legge and adopted by the Queen are as follows:—

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the Faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day: and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing. Fight the good Fight of Faith, lay hold on Eternal Life, whereunto thou art called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our Faith, Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the Throne of God.”

APPENDIX E

FROM a notice of Mr. Hale's life in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November 1894:—

“The mathematical branch had just (1850) been instituted in the school, under the headship of the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, a most well-known Eton character and patriarch.”

APPENDIX F

(See page 86, Vol. I.)

COPIED FROM MY SISTER'S (MRS. DAMAN'S) MS. BOOK

The following letter was written by Mrs. Aspin, who was daughter to Ann, the eldest daughter of John Hawtrey of Ruislip and his wife Susan. The said Ann married Mr. Lee of London, and the letter throws some light on the Irish Hawtreys, and how they came in possession of a picture of old Ralph Hawtrey, who lived to be ninety-nine, and who was brother to Ann Lee:—

“20th of July 1741.

“DEAR COUSIN,—I have this half-hour been looking at this pleasant rain, which then moved me to come upstairs to write to you to put you in mind you are to come and spend a day with me before the dust rises again; so I hope I shall see you soon . . . for

you must come and fetch your white shoes, and Mrs. Needham her almonds and raisins, or I tell you both I shall be very loth to part with them. I was very much obliged to you for your kind letter, for I was very glad to hear you was got safe home, you know, upon two accounts, and also upon a third, for I hope it will make you the readier to come again, and if you have any business with Mr. Lynch or Mr. Rogers, I can send my chariot for them to dine with us. I am highly obliged to you for your kind invitation, the thought of which is so very agreeable that I think nothing, but my dullness and fears could prevent my accepting of it; but, who knows, if you and Mrs. Needham will come often to me, as good Mr. Lynch said, you may put new life and spirits in me to give me courage to come from home. I believe the town is now at the emptyest, which makes it very dull, though I have had a little variety lately, for a Cousin Ralph Hawtrey of ours is come from Ireland, and has been very much with my Cousin Blois, who brought him to see me; he is a very agreeable young gentleman, and in very good circumstances. They dined with me three times; we always drank your good health. I told him what a great fortune, and what a charming pretty lady you was. He seemed mighty attentive at the hearing an account of you, and that he heartily wished the best lord in the land might be your husband. He was so pleased with my Uncle Hawtrey's picture, as your good Papa gave Mr. Blois, as he has ordered to have a copy of it sent to Ireland, where he is now gone for a Saturday. I beg my humble service to Mrs. Needham, and am, Madam, your very humble servant.

LUCY ASPIN.

"To Miss Rogers at her house at Eastcot."

Mrs. Aspin was first cousin twice removed to Miss Rogers.

APPENDIX G

LATIN epitaph in Trinity Church, Windsor, opposite to my father's, to our mother's memory :—

In piam memoriam,
 ANNÆ, JOHANNIS HAWTREY,
 Per quinquaginta Prop. Annos uxoris Fidelis et usque,
 Adjutricis, matris amantissimæ, amatissimæ
 Possuerunt quatuor filii Totidemque Filiæ Superstites,
 Vale Mater Dulcissimæ, Eo, ordine quo Deus optimus,
 Permiserit, Te Patremque Beatum Speæta Resurrectionis,
 Ad Vitam Eternam, Per Jesum Christum,
 Dominum Nostrum, Sequamur.

APPENDIX H

(See page 72, Vol. I.)

SIR Robert de Grey's daughter Barbara was married, in 1650, to Ralph Hawtrey (who lived to be ninety-nine). The two following letters are from Lady de Grey, her mother, to John Hawtrey of Ruislip, father to Ralph:—

"HONORED SIR,—This day's meeting with my brother Barker I hope hath fully satisfied him in all particulars concerning what have been spoken of, in your last letter I understand that it is your pleasure that [there] should be no delay of the young ones staying. Sir, I am still in the same mind I was in, that Easter will be soon enough for the time of marrying. My resolution is that my daughter shall not be married in London, I think Bury a more convenient place to be privet in such a business. I was glad to hear of Mrs. Hawtrey's willingness and good liking of my daughter. I beseech you present my best respects and true love to her. So committing you and all yours to the protection of Almighty God, I rest

"Your truly loving friend and servant,

"ELIZABETH DE GREY.

"Bury, Novem 11 day, 1650."

SECOND LETTER

"HONORED SIR,—These are to present you with many thanks for your kind letters, and to joy you of your new daughter, which I do most willingly give to yourself and my good sister Hawtrey, desiring that you may find much content of her, as I do of my son. I was unwilling to delay the marriage any longer because I knew it was your pleasure to have it speedily concluded, which was done the last Thursday. I pray God send His blessing along with it and that it may prove a happy day to us all. . . . I wish that the Copyhold land had been taken of your name, then it had been better and less trouble than now is like to be, but you shall find that all things will happen well at last. We were all here much grieved and sorry to hear that yourself and my sister

was not well. I beseech God Almighty send you both a sudden recovery and a long and happy life, so prayeth your

“faithful loving friend to command,

“ELIZABETH DE GREY.

“My love and services to your selfe and sister,

“With your daughter's humble duty.”

APPENDIX I

(See page 35, Vol. I.)

THE first Hawtrey who settled at Ruislip was the father of two sons, John and Edward (and two daughters, Frideswid and Margaret). John, the eldest son, married “Breedget,” the widow of Gabriel Dormer. Edward, the younger son, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Gabriel Dormer.

“At Eastcote House, Ruislip, once the residence of the Hawtreys” (writes my sister Emily Daman), “there are several chests full of old family letters and documents. Amongst these papers we found Gabriel Dormer's will, in which, after many bequests to his wife Breedget, he leaves his signet ring to his cousin, Ambrose Dormer.

“This Ambrose was father to Sir Michael Dormer, who married Dorothy, daughter of William Hawtrey of Chequers, and Sir Michael's sister, Winifred, married William, son of William Hawtrey of Chequers, so there was a double connection with both Hawtreys of Chequers and Ruislip. The will is dated 1537, and in it Mr. Hawtrey of Ruislip is mentioned, showing that the families were acquainted in his lifetime.”

END OF VOL. II.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
THE LATE
JAMES H. HAWKEY, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

By
JAMES H. HAWKEY, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

LONDON:
Printed by
J. H. HAWKEY, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

THE first History of the late James H. Hawkey, Esq. of the County of Middlesex, was published in the year 1780, and was the work of a Gentleman of the same name, who was the father of the late James H. Hawkey, Esq. of the County of Middlesex.

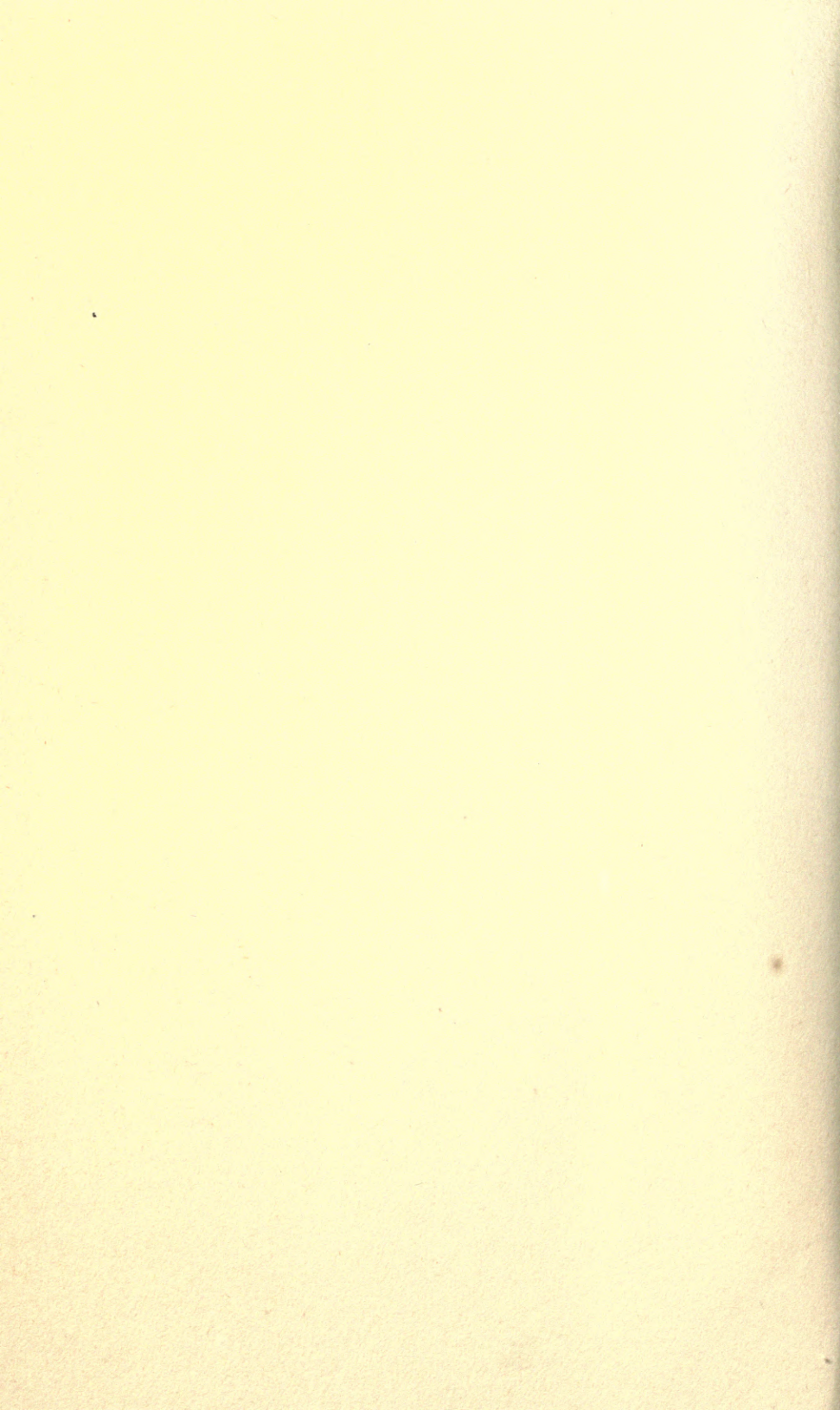
"At Easton, near London, in the year 1780, the late James H. Hawkey, Esq. of the County of Middlesex, was born. He was the son of the late James H. Hawkey, Esq. of the County of Middlesex, and the daughter of the late James H. Hawkey, Esq. of the County of Middlesex.

"This Amherst was father to the late James H. Hawkey, Esq. of the County of Middlesex, who married Dorothy, daughter of William Hawkey, Esq. of Chesham, and Sir Michael's sister, William married William, son of William Hawkey of Chesham, so there was a double connection with both Hawkeys of Chesham and Renshaw. The will is dated 1757, and in it Mr. Hawkey of Renshaw is mentioned, showing that the families were acquainted in his lifetime."

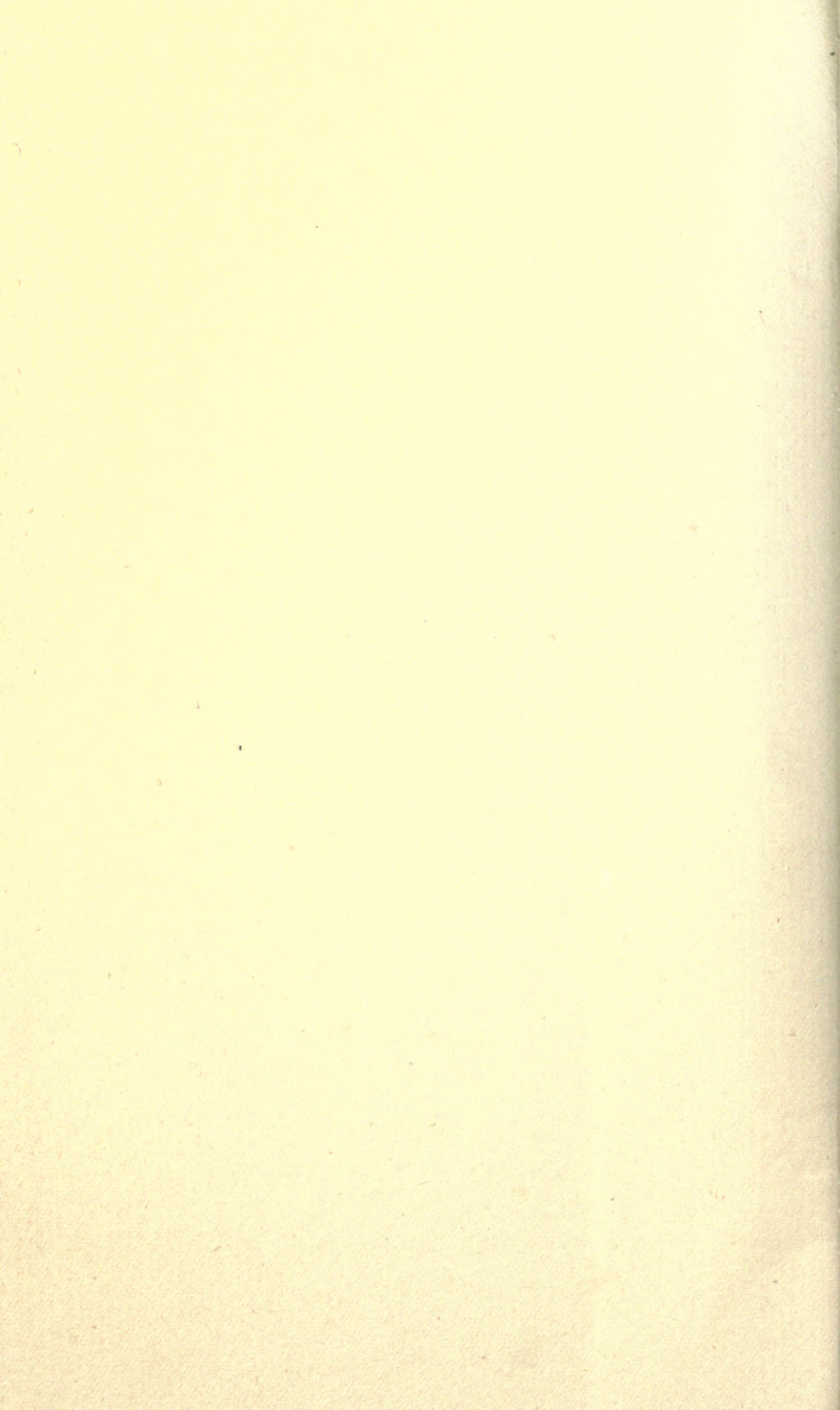
THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
THE LATE
JAMES H. HAWKEY, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

By
JAMES H. HAWKEY, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

LONDON:
Printed by
J. H. HAWKEY, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.







UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 108 845 9

